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BLAZE'S HISTORY OF THE DOG.

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Histoire du Chien chez tous les Peuples du Monde. Par Elzéar Blaze. Paris. 8vo. 1843.

It is somewhat singular that the dog, who is the universal favorite and companion of man, should not have found a pen among his myriad admirers to trace his history with the fulness it deserves. He has, indeed, in addition to the place that he occupies in the various works on natural history, been frequently made the subject of specific treatises. But all the books that we have seen are poor, when contrasted with the abundance of the materials—with the innumerable anecdotes that are scattered on every side, and the rare opportunity that is presented for original observation by an animal who accompanies us from the cradle to the grave, and who lives with us nearly upon the footing of our fellow-man—*semi-homo canis*. It was, therefore, with unusual pleasure that we saw the announcement of the work of M. Blaze, which professes to be a history of the dog among *all the nations of the world*; and the expectation raised by the title was increased tenfold by the preface, in which we are told that the book is the fruit of twenty years of study and attention. Unhappily there is an utter disproportion between the result and the time and labor expended. Twenty months would have been an ample allowance for what has cost M. Blaze as many years. He

has brought together some curious matter on the different uses to which the dog has been put by the superstition, ignorance, and cruelty, as well as by the gratitude and intelligence of man—the more welcome that it is frequently derived from antiquated authors who are little known, and not at all read. But even this part of the subject is far from being exhausted, while all that relates to the habits and instincts of the canine race is, relatively to its importance, extremely meagre. It is strange that M. Blaze, who is evidently a sportsman rather than a man of science, should have neglected the things in which he might be supposed to be most interested and best informed. A graver fault than that of omission is the insertion of some altogether gratuitous strokes of irreverence and indelicacy, which must be as injurious to the work as they are disgraceful to the author. For the rest M. Blaze writes throughout with French vivacity, and often, inspired by his love for the dog, with eloquence. Whatever his defects, he possesses at least that prime requisite for his task—a true enthusiasm for his hero.

If we were to take our notions of the dog from most of the words derived from his name, or proverbs and comparisons into which he enters, we should imagine that he was among the lowest of the brute creation. From the Greek *κύναι*, a dog, proceeded *κύναιος*, or cynic, one who snarls like a dog; and sundry compounds, such as *κύναιστος*, impudent as a dog, abundantly testify, that

the canine family, like some of higher pretensions, gains nothing in respectability by pursuing its genealogy into distant ages. The Romans were not more complimentary than the Greeks; and to come at once to our own time we have the French *canaille* and *cagnard*, both derived from the Latin *canis*, and applied, the first to the scum of the population, the second to an idle and slothful man that only cumber the earth. Comparisons, it is said, are odious, and the whole canine race, without distinction of species, must be entirely of that opinion. They have been the standing similitude for things that are mean, hateful, and disgusting—the type of contentiousness, impudence, avarice, lust, gluttony—of furies, demons, parasites, thieves, lawyers, and last of all, with a sad want of gallantry to one party and injustice to both, of women. The married man, says one classical sage, needs no watch-dog at his gate—

‘Non opus est, uxor latrat in æde tuâ,’ &c. &c.

M. Blaze has collected a variety of these forms of speech, and has generally defended his client with zeal and success from the imputations they convey. Is the dog called filthy?—“he is much less so,” he replies, “than certain men of your acquaintance and mine.” Is he exclaimed against as greedy?—“I should like to see you,” retorts his advocate, “if you had only a single mess for your dinner, and some one attempted to snatch it away.” St. Chrysostom speaks of the dog as fawning on you when you face him, and slyly biting you when your back is turned. “I ask pardon of St. Chrysostom,” says M. Blaze, “but he has libelled the dog. I have known, and still know, many men of this description, but never a dog.” At least, then, he is a thief.—“No,” answers M. Blaze, “because he has no idea of *meum* and *tuum*, and if you will but teach him, you may leave him to sleep when he is famished near a roasted fowl. Moreover he is often accused of thefts he has never committed. The servants charge him with their iniquities, and he has no tongue to defend himself.”

Whatever praise has been ascribed to the dog in proverbial expressions, is the exception and not the rule; and why—since the individual is always thought and spoken of with love—has the race been selected for comparison with what is odious and offensive? The simple reason, we imagine, is their *domesticity*, which constantly exposing all their actions to the view of man, they form the prominent image when we see in our kind the qualities of brutes, whose ap-

propriate instincts may be vices in us. But as words break no bones, and, where you cannot understand them, wound no feelings either, we should care little by what names the dog had been called, if he was treated with practical kindness.

Like every animal that was not cloven-footed, and did not chew the cud, he was unclean to the Jews, and consequently with them he was safe from sacrifice. Heathens, on the contrary, made a religion of that which was an impiety to Israel, and the dog contributed his full proportion to the mountains of flesh that palpitated on the altar. The Romans, who without fastidiousness immolated him to the gods, whipped him annually for a criminal, and then impaled him, because his ancestors had slept on the night on which the Gauls attempted to seize the Capitol. The folly and cruelty of this Roman commemoration was surpassed, however, by a custom which existed till the reign of Louis XIV., in the metropolis of France, where it was the wont of the civic authorities in full costume to burn yearly a number of cats, for what offence, we are not informed, on the Place de Grève.

The sacrifice of the dog, if legends are true, brought upon him another distinction—that of being eaten. Porphyry relates that a part of his carcass having fallen from the altar, the priest picked it up, and burning his fingers with the smoking flesh, put them suddenly in his mouth. The taste was so savory, that, the ceremony ended, he ate his fill of the dog, and took the rest to his wife. However this may be, the dog somehow or other found his way to the larder. Hippocrates says he was eaten by the Greeks, and the Romans considered him to be so great a delicacy, that a puppy was prominent at some of their most sumptuous feasts. In China, it is well known, he is fattened upon vegetables like an ox or a pig, and publicly sold in butchers' shops. Numerous savages hold him in high estimation, often preferring him to all other meat, and reserving him for their chiefs. The sale of dog-flesh for human food is carried on secretly in Paris, though forbidden by the government, who extend a formal sanction to the traffic in horse-flesh. M. Blaze, who has frequently eaten both, prefers dog. Buffon, on the contrary, thought it extremely disagreeable. But as those nations who relish it most keep their dogs exclusively on vegetables and fish, and will never touch a European breed that is carnivorously fed, neither Buffon nor Blaze can have tasted the viand in perfection.

In Lapland the dog is killed for his skin, and in countries where no other motive hastens his death, the necessity there is to place a limit upon population still brings numbers to a violent end. The dog-tax in England has proved a measure of beneficence by stifling in its birth superfluous life, since few under these circumstances rear a useless progeny. Elsewhere nearly all the dogs that are born are suffered to grow up, and running about the streets mangy and half-starved, their existence becomes a nuisance to the public and a burthen to themselves. In France the *chiffonniers* are commissioned to knock the wanderers on the head. A few years since the government of Bombay was obliged to send a cargo of dogs to be destroyed out at sea, in order to relieve the city of their inordinate numbers without offence to the Parsees, who regard them with reverence. But less delicacy is observed in various great towns of the East. A man armed with a heavy bludgeon drags a dead dog through the street, which bringing about him all the curs of the neighborhood, he mows them down right and left with his club. It is said that they set upon him from a knowledge of his evil designs: Lord Bacon, indeed, has mentioned it as a matter of notoriety that, whenever the dogs of a town are condemned, their instinct reveals the errand of the executioner.

The sacrifice of the dog was simple ignorance, to kill him for food is a question of taste, to check his unlimited increase a matter of compulsion. But to butcher him for sport is a wanton inhumanity, of which the untutored savage has left the distinction to civilized nations. It was in the country of Virgil and Cicero that English mastiffs, transmitted to Rome by a special officer maintained in our island for the purpose, were exposed in the amphitheatre to deadly combats with the beasts of the forest. It was in England herself that the practice found perhaps its most sedulous imitators—that lions were fought, bulls baited, and that the contests of dogs, who tore one another till they died on the spot, became a fashionable amusement. But of all the cruelties of which the dog has been the victim, the greatest, unquestionably, are those perpetrated in the name of science. Experiments within a certain limit are perhaps excusable in the interests of humanity. But to dissect living animals as a regular system—to butcher them by scores and hundreds! What discovery could justify such abomination? And still more, what discovery that these barbarities have

actually revealed is worthy to be set against a fraction of the agonies of its thousand martyrs! M. Blaze assures us that in every great town in France there are people whose sole occupation is to collect the subjects for these monstrous experiments. We have shuddered to read, and find it impossible to write, his details of scenes which might lead us to question which was the brute and which the man.

The physicians of former days employed the dog in a manner hardly less revolting in the cure of disease. He was opened alive, and applied warm as a rare specific to assuage pain. They had sometimes the mercy to cut his throat, and wait the expiration of life before the afflicted members were plunged in his vitals. He entered largely into the Pharmacopœia. His bones were pounded for powders, his fat melted for ointments, his carcase distilled for a liquid of extraordinary virtue.

Black has been an ominous hue for man and for beast, and black dogs, in the common creed, were the agents of magicians, and the earthly form of the Evil One himself. Cornelius Agrippa was always accompanied by one of these animals, and his friend and disciple, Wierus, in order to disprove the universal notion that the dog was a demon, was obliged to publish that he had not only the appearance, but all the habits of his species, (see Bayle's article on Agrippa.) Even so late as 1702, the French soldiers who defended Landau against the arms of the Imperialists, were firmly persuaded that the dog of their general was a familiar spirit, the real author of all the military movements, and a pledge, by virtue of his supernatural powers, of certain victory. Popular credulity was sometimes wrought on in a contrary direction by crafty monks. Baronius affirms that the dogs refused the bread which was thrown them by the assassins of Thomas à Becket. They took, according to M. Blaze, the same method to express their disapprobation of a young man who married his cousin without a dispensation, sternly refusing to partake of the delicacies of his wedding banquet.

We have seen the dog the victim of man. Man has frequently, on the other hand, been the victim of the dog. The prohibition to the Jews, recorded in the book of Deuteronomy, to make an offering in the temple of the price of the dog, shows that he had attained a marketable value, which is a clear proof that he was already domesticated. But he still preserved much of his natural ferocity. The flesh torn by beasts was ordered to be

cast to him by the Levitical law, and it is a threat of Scripture, often repeated, that dogs shall devour the carcases of wicked men. 'Him that dieth in the city shall the dogs eat, and him that dieth in the fields shall the fowls of the air eat.' 'The sword to slay and the dog to tear,' is one of the judgments announced by the prophet Jeremiah. If we pass from sacred history to profane, we find the anthropophagous tendencies of the dog alluded to in Homer, where Hector promises Ajax for a meal to his dogs—a fate from which Hector himself was narrowly rescued by the tears of Priam. As long in fact as dogs retain a tincture of their native wildness, they eat the lord of the creation with as little compunction as the meanest of the animals he has subjected to his rule. They are to be found busy on the field of battle, mingled with vultures and jackals, and ever forward to assist them to discharge their office of scavengers of nature. Lord Byron saw them by the Seraglio at Constantinople preying on the dead bodies of refractory Janizaries: hence the well-known lines in the 'Siege of Corinth,'—

'From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh,' &c. &c.
There is something in the chase which maintains in hounds a sanguinary disposition in the midst of domestication; and it has been no unusual thing for them to devour persons who fell down in their kennel, or who entered incautiously without a weapon to keep them at bay. But the only instance with which we are acquainted of a man being fairly hunted in modern times is that of worthy Parson Adams, who so laid about him with his crabstick that the field was strewn with killed and wounded. There has been no lack of another sort of man-hunt—the tracking of a flying enemy by the keen-scented blood-hound. Sir Walter Scott has made all the world familiar with the manner in which border forayers were pursued by these noble animals; and how even rulers of Scotland had been compelled to learn the arts of William of Deloraine, who

'By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds.'

Bruce broke the continuity of the scent, and threw out the dogs, by wading down a stream, and springing into a tree without touching the bank. Wallace escaped by killing a suspected follower—a device not uncommon on such occasions, when the dog invariably stayed at the blood, which confused and blunted his delicate perceptions. That it was no easy matter to

turn aside the pursuit is evident from the anecdote which Robert Boyle relates of a blood-hound who tracked a servant along several miles of a public road to the house where he was lodged in the market-place of a town, without being perplexed for a single moment by the multiplicity of foot steps. From chasing princes and heroes the bloodhound sank to be the detector of deer-stealers and felons. It was while reserved for this ignoble trade that they made a prize of the last scion of royalty which it was their fortune to follow—the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, who was detected by their aid at the bottom of a ditch in which he sought concealment after Sedgemoor.

A more questionable use of the dog was to train him for war. The ancients early discovered this faculty of his nature. He was probably taught at first to garrison castles and fortresses, where, from his vigilance and bravery, he answered all the purposes of an armed sentinel; and this mode of defence is said by Colonel Hamilton Smith to have continued till the introduction of regular armies. From their admirable power in anticipating surprises, they have been largely employed, especially by the Turks, to guard outposts. At the present moment the French videttes in Algiers are always preceded by a couple of dogs. Anciently they were conspicuous in the action itself. After Marius had defeated the Cimbri, his legions had to renew a deadlier battle with the women and the dogs. The Celts deemed their dogs of such importance in war that they armed them with collars of pointed iron, with a breast-plate for a shield. Some dogs accounted with the latter piece of defensive armor, and repelling an assault of soldiers on a citadel, form the subject of a bronze discovered at Herculaneum. Certain Gauls not only made the dog discharge the duty of a soldier in their wars: a squadron of two hundred formed the body-guard of their king. But it would be endless to relate the multitude of occasions in which the dog has been employed in the capacity of a warrior. The instance which most nearly concerns ourselves—for, if Camerarius is to be believed, it was imitated by Queen Elizabeth in Ireland, who sent no less than six hundred dogs with the army of Essex—is the use that was made of them against the savages in America. Columbus set the example in a battle with the natives of St. Domingo, when, with two hundred foot, twenty horse, and twenty dogs, he routed a prodigious army of Indians. The terrible wounds in-

flicted by the dogs upon naked savages created such a panic that thenceforward they became a part of the tactics of American warfare. Notwithstanding our reprobation of the Spaniards, a hundred blood-hounds were, in 1795, landed in Jamaica under English auspices, to attack the Maroons. When a trial was made of them by a sham fire, they rushed forward with the greatest impetuosity, dragging along their keepers, who held them back by ropes, and even turning in their ferocity to bite the muskets till they tore pieces from the stocks. Happily the Maroons, hearing rumors of the dogs, surrendered without a blow, and the barbarity which promised to be a stain upon our name was for once the cause of a bloodless victory. Those who, on that occasion, quoted the position of Paley, that if the grounds and end of war are justifiable, all the means that appear necessary to the end are justifiable also, forgot the limitation made to the doctrine by the moralist himself, who says that the combatants are nevertheless bound to respect those conventional laws which the custom of nations has sanctified, and which, whilst they are mutually conformed to, mitigate the calamities of war without weakening its operations. Without this conclusive reasoning, it is still enough that the instincts of humanity are against such warfare. 'The heart has its arguments as well as the understanding,' is one of the immortal sayings of Pascal.

When Pietro della Valle visited Persia, during the early part of the seventeenth century, it was the regular mode of execution, for certain classes of criminals, to cast them to dogs kept expressly for the purpose. He saw some Jews, accused of magic, brought within the view of these terrible destroyers, with a promise of pardon if they turned Mahometans. At the sight of the dogs, all the Jews, except one, preferred apostacy to death; 'and as for him,' says Della Valle, whom I know not whether to call constant or obstinate in his foolish opinion, he was torn to pieces and devoured by the dogs, invoking the name of Moses with his latest breath. He had been happy,' he continues, 'thus to die if he had been a Christian; but being, as he was, a Jew, these sufferings served but to anticipate a little in this world his future hell.' If the old traveller had written a treatise on intolerance, he would probably have produced nothing half so forcible as this cool reflection of a simple mind inflamed by no peculiar degree of theological ardor.

Oviedo, in his 'History of the Indies,'

says that a criminal who was cast to a dog, accustomed to eat the condemned, having fallen on his knees, and begged for life, the animal stopped short, and refused to do his office. The Spaniards, taking it for a miracle, pardoned the poor wretch; but M. Blaze thinks that the effect was produced by the eyes of the man meeting those of the dog, which he believes, according to a popular notion, to be a method of intimidating, or, as it is usually termed, fascinating animals; and he speaks as if he had tried it with success on unruly horses. Sismondi relates an instance of forbearance stronger and better authenticated than that which we have quoted from M. Blaze. Some hounds of the tyrant of Milan, who were fed on the flesh of man, taught to chase him for their prey, and already rendered ferocious by scores of victims, not only refused to kill a boy that was given them, of twelve years old, but when the keeper, in consequence of their obstinacy, cut the throat of the child, showed an equal repugnance to touch the corpse. In this case, at least, may not the phenomenon have arisen from the tender years of the victim awakening their dormant affections? The canine species have a peculiar love for children, though, like all their acquired faculties, it is irregularly distributed. How gently they treat them, how much they endure from them! Colonel Hamilton Smith saw a child bite a pug-dog till he yelled, without his manifesting the slightest ill-humor.

But it is in none of the circumstances we have been hitherto describing that the dog has won the esteem and affection of mankind. He alone, of all the brute creation, shows a perfect attachment—alone understands our wishes, adapts himself to our habits, waits upon our commands, associates with us as a friend. The service of man, while a single link of the connexion remains, is a necessity of his existence. The Siberian dogs, set free in summer to shift for themselves, though overtaken, treated with brutality, and nearly starved return to their masters at the approach of winter to be harnessed to the sledge. The Pariah dog of India, when homeless and unowned, will fasten on a stranger, and exhaust every art to induce him to adopt it. Colonel Hamilton Smith tells of one that fixed his regards on a gentleman travelling rapidly in a palanquin, and continued to follow him with wistful eyes till he dropped with fatigue. No one can question that this disposition of the dog is a peculiar gift of Providence for the benefit of our race. Other animals surpass him in beauty and

strength, yet in every quarter of the globe the dog alone is in alliance with man, because he alone is endowed with the impulse that renders him accessible to our advances, and submissive to our will. His domestication, in the opinion of Cuvier, is the most complete, the most useful, the most singular conquest we have achieved, and perhaps, he adds, essential to the establishment of society. Without his aid we should have been the prey of the beasts we have subdued. To use the happy expression of M. Blaze, the dog is a deserter from the enemy's camp, by whose assistance we have conquered the animated world. In our present civilized society we can hardly realize the extent of his early services. To learn his value we must observe the price that is set on him by savages. The Australian women have been seen to suckle pups at their bosoms. It is stated by Captain Fitzroy to be well ascertained that the natives of Tierra del Fuego, in times of famine, eat the oldest of their females rather than destroy a single dog. 'Dogs,' say they, 'catch otters; old women are good for nothing.' The chase, in fact, is the first need of man, and the first instinct of the dog. Dogs, when wild, form themselves into packs, hunt the boar and the buffalo, and even, upon occasion, the lion and the tiger. The cubs especially are the objects of their unceasing warfare; and such is the terror they have in consequence inspired to the tiger, that in India the appearance of an ordinary spaniel excites his alarm.

The vast power and courage of certain races of the dog are truly extraordinary. The story told by Pliny of an Albanian dog of Alexander the Great, who conquered, one after another, a lion and an elephant, is probably a fable, like the addition of Ælian, that his tail, his legs, and his head, were severally amputated without loosening his hold, or producing even an appearance of pain. As little do we credit the feat of a mastiff in the reign of Elizabeth, who was reported to have fought and beaten in succession a bear, a leopard, and a lion. But there are better grounds for believing that one of this species really engaged the king of beasts in the reign of Henry VII., who absurdly ordered him to be hanged for his presumption; and it has been frequently proved that three or four can carry off the victory. Colonel Hamilton Smith was witness of a scene between a bull-dog and a bison, in which the former seized the latter by the nose, and kept his hold till the infuriated animal crushed him to death.

The terrier grapples with beasts of twenty times his size, and, however cruelly mangled, dies without a groan. It is thus that the dog, who provides the savage with food by his swiftness, protects him by his bravery. Such prowess and endurance belong to few of our domestic breeds. But nature develops the faculties which the occasion demands. The dogs that live amidst wilds and dangers are all conspicuous for hardihood, daring, and insensibility to pain. Their cunning and sagacity are in like manner proportioned to their needs. The dogs by the Nile drink while running, to escape the crocodiles. When those of New Orleans wish to cross the Mississippi, they bark at the river's edge to attract the alligators, who are no sooner drawn from their scattered haunts, and concentrated on the spot, than the dogs set off at full speed, and plunge into the water higher up the stream. An Esquimaux dog that was brought to this country was given to artifices which are rarely seen in the native Europeans, whose subsistence does not depend on their own resources—strewing his food round him, and feigning sleep, in order to allure fowls and rats, which he never failed to add to his store. But even with us the dogs who hunt on their own account display an ingenuity which is seldom attained by those who hunt for a master. The wily lurcher, who more than any other dog is addicted to poaching, when he puts up a rabbit, makes immediately for her burrow, and there awaits her arrival. M. Blaze had two dogs that hunted by stealth, of whom one started the hare, and the other concealed behind a fence, pounced on her as she passed through her accustomed run. A story is told of a pointer and a greyhound who combined together—the greyhound availing himself of the scent of the pointer to find the game, the pointer of the speed of his associate to catch it. The pointer becoming suspected was furnished with a chain to impede his movements: and still continuing his roving life, it was at length discovered that the greyhound, to enable him to hunt as usual, carried the chain in his mouth, till he himself was called on to take up the chase. The skill of the common hound, though less striking, is still proportioned to the exigencies of the service, and is something more than a mere instinct; for when a young dog is entirely at fault, one experienced in the craft will detect the doublings of the fox or the stag, the devices to break the scent, or the attempts to divert it by starting another animal. It is practice which has taught him

to unravel the intricacies of the chase, to distinguish between conflicting scents, to divine the *ruse* of a fugitive that is fertile in resources. In one thing, however, old dogs and young, tame dogs and wild, are all alike, and that is in the interest they take in the sport. The symptoms of preparation never fail to produce in them the most lively transports. The dog whose master is accidentally prevented from taking the field will often seek out a neighboring sportsman, and enlist in his service for the day, though it would be a vain effort to entice him for any other object, and equally vain to attempt to retain him when the sport was at an end. Even in the company of his master, true as he is to his allegiance, he will attach himself for the occasion to a total stranger who chances to be a better shot; and yet, far from deriving any advantage from the result, he entertains a dislike for the bones of game, which he eats, when he eats them at all, with the reluctant air that shows them to be distasteful.

With many nations the dog adds to his own functions those of the horse. He is indifferently employed to hunt the reindeer, the seal, and the bear, to carry burthens on his back, to draw his owner in the sledge. Pliny relates that the Colophonians in their wars had dogs to drag the baggage. A freak of Heliogabalus was to ride in a chariot drawn by a team of eight. But it is the Esquimaux, the people of Kamtschatka, and of parts of Russia and America, that have used draught-dogs systematically, very nearly to the exclusion of the usual beasts of equipage or burthen. The adaptation of the dog to a duty for which he hardly appears to be intended by nature is not without its inconveniences. Either from the irresistible force of an instinctive propensity, or else from hunger (for they are so ill-fed that they have been known to eat their leather harness, and when free from trammels to devour one another,) the team, which ordinarily consists of twelve, will start off at the scent of game, and, regardless of the driver, hurry him at the risk of his neck over every obstacle. The leaders, who are old dogs and better trained than the rest, are said by Von Wrangel to display in such conjunctures remarkable sagacity, pretending to have got upon a fresh scent, and seducing the hindermost by their affected eagerness into a false track. Besides these involuntary outbreaks of canine nature, bad usage has inspired some of them with such dislike to their masters, that they are for ever attempting in cooler moments to overturn

the sledge. To compensate for the dangers to which they thus occasionally expose their drivers, they in common steer their way with undeviating accuracy, amid mist, darkness, and storms, through any path they have once travelled, and indicate what no eye could trace, the hut buried in snow. At St. John's in Newfoundland, about two thousand of the fine dogs who take their name from the place, transport heavy loads of wood and provisions, and in return for their labor, are left the half of the year in which they are not required, without a single morsel beyond what their own exertions can procure; and in the remainder, when at work, are so little cared for, that large numbers die of a species of plague that is generated by neglect. Here, and on the continent, dogs have been used on a smaller scale to drag hand-carts, though from the fright they occasion to horses, they have never been much approved of in large towns. For the sake of the dogs we shall rejoice to see the practice entirely prohibited elsewhere, as it has lately been here by Act of Parliament.

As a carrier of merchandise, the most delicate task which the dog has to perform is in the inland smuggling trade of the Continent. In this arduous service, which is constantly fatal to him, he shows a wonderful sagacity. Loaded with goods, he sets out in the night, scents the custom-house officer, attacks him if he can take him at a disadvantage, and conceals himself, if escape is difficult, behind a bush or a tree. On his arrival at his destination he will not show himself till he has first ascertained that the coast is clear, and while he remains gives warning of the approach of the common enemy. It is manifest that a whole army of custom-house officers can do little towards exterminating smugglers, of whom the supply is unlimited, who cross the frontiers in silence and darkness, whose road is the pathless wood and plain, who snuff danger in the wind, and who either evade it by their swiftness, or find a lurking-place in every hedge-row.

We turn with pleasure from the illicit functions in which the monopoly of guilt and profit is to the man, and that of peril and suffering to his faithful animal. The shepherd's dog in his own department is a perfect miracle of intelligence. He understands the sign, the voice, the look of his master. He collects the scattered sheep at the slightest signal, separates any one that is indicated from the rest of the flock, drives them wherever he is told, and keeps them all the while under perfect control,

less by his active exertions than by the modulations of his voice, which expresses every tone from gentle instruction to angry menace. These are his ordinary performances, visible every day in a thousand pastures. But he can do greater wonders. It chanced one night that seven hundred lambs, committed to the keeping of the Ettrick Shepherd, broke loose from his control, and scampered away in three divisions over hill and plain. 'Sirrah, my man,' said Hogg mournfully to his *colly*, meaning it for an expression of grief, and not for a direction, 'they're awa.' Silently and without his master's knowledge, for it was too dark to see, the dog left his side, while the shepherd passed the hours till morning in a weary and a fruitless search after his wandering charge. At the dawn of day he was about to return to his employer, with a heart full of despair, when he caught a sight of Sirrah guarding at the bottom of a deep ravine, not, as he at first supposed, one division of the lambs, but the whole of the vast flock, without a solitary exception. 'It was,' says James Hogg, 'the most extraordinary circumstance that had ever occurred in my pastoral life. How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself, from midnight until the rising of the sun, and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety.' On another occasion the same famous shepherd saw a dog, when it was utterly dark, put upon the path of a ewe that had been lost by her owner near a neighbor's farm, and which was supposed to have mingled with her fellows that were feeding in the surrounding pastures. 'Chieftain,' said the master of the dog, pointing to the spot from which the sheep had gone off, 'fetch that, I say, sir—bring that back; away!' And away he went, and back he brought in half an hour the identical sheep. A sheep-stealer, who was at last discovered and hanged, used to carry on his trade by secretly signifying the particular sheep that he desired out of a large flock, as he viewed them under the pretence of purchasing, to his dog, who returning by himself, a distance of several miles, at night drove the selected sheep, which were undoubtedly the fattest, to his fastidious owner. Both Scott and Hogg relate this picturesque story most circumstantially from the annals of the Justiciary Court in Scotland. Sir Thomas Wilde knew an instance in which three oxen out of some score had mingled

with another herd. 'Go fetch them,' was all the instruction the drover gave his dog, and he instantly brought along with him those very three. A cattle-dealer, accustomed to drive his beasts for nine miles to Alston in Cumberland, once for a wager sent them alone with his dog. The animal perfectly understood his commission. He kept the straight road, ran when he came to a strange drove to the head of his own to stop their progress, put the beasts that blocked the path upon one side, then was back again to the rear to hie on his charge, and thus adroitly steering his way and keeping his herd together, he carried them safely to the destined yard, and signified their arrival by barking at the door of the dwelling. More than this, the dog will on emergencies volunteer services which occur to none but himself. One has been known of his own accord to overtake a runaway horse, seize his bridle, and hold him fast till he was secured. Lately in France, a stable took fire that was full of cattle, and, as usual, the animals stricken with terror, refused to stir. It caught the eye of the farmer's dog, who rushed in, and by barks and bites forced out at two several charges the greater part of the beasts, and went back a third time for a few remaining sheep, when the flames had made such progress that they were already dead.

It may be questioned after all whether the sagacity of the dog in keeping sheep is equal to his sagacity when he has taken to kill them, a vice that is incorrigible when once contracted, admitting no other remedy than the death of the culprit. The dexterity by which he endeavors, as if aware of the consequences, to escape detection, is not surpassed, and hardly equalled, by human felons. Sir Thomas Wilde was cognizant of a case in which the dog had learnt to slip off his collar, and put it on again when he returned from his nocturnal depredations. In a similar instance the animal took the additional precaution of washing his bloody jaws in a stream, unless indeed the supposed act of cunning was simply the result of thirst. Bewick, in his *History of Quadrupeds*, mentions a dog that for three months committed havoc on every side in defiance of the most strenuous exertions to effect his destruction. His habit was to sit on a hill from whence he could command a view of the surrounding roads, and have time to escape at the approach of danger. On this watch-tower in which he placed his security, he was at last shot.

The Turks inherit the Jewish creed of the uncleanness of the dog. It is the name

of contempt by which they designate infidels. The priest, when he walks abroad, carries a wand in his hand to keep the dogs at a distance, lest he be defiled by their touch:—a precaution scarcely necessary, since their unerring instinct has taught them to avoid all contact with a Moslem. Not being admitted into the house the animal is obliged to provide his own abode, and either occupies ruined buildings or burrows in the ground. Having no master he must seek his own food, and eats garbage, carrion, dead men, and even living, if they are found under circumstances which excite a suspicion that they are bent upon unlawful designs. Such, or nearly such, has been the condition of the dog in the East for ages past, as appears from what is said in the fifty-ninth Psalm: 'And at evening let them return, and let them make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city. Let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied.'

'It were well,' says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, 'if the population of dogs decreased in the same proportion as the inhabitants of Egypt; a smaller number would suffice for all the purposes for which they are useful, and the annoyance of these barking plagues might be diminished to great advantage. Their habits are strange: they consist of a number of small republics, each having its own district, determined by a frontier line, respected equally by itself and its neighbors; and woe to the dog who dares to venture across it at night, either for plunder, curiosity, or a love adventure. He is chased with all the fury of the offended party whose territory he has invaded; but if lucky enough to escape to his own frontier unhurt, he immediately turns round with the confidence of right, defies his pursuers to continue the chase, and, supported by his assembled friends, joins with them in barking defiance at any further hostility. Egypt is therefore not the country for an European dog, unaccustomed to such a state of canine society; and I remember hearing of a native servant who had been sent by his Frank master to walk out a favorite pointer, running home in tears with the hind leg of the mangled dog, being the only part he could rescue from the fierce attacks of a whole tribe of "*suburrane canes*." This he did, to show he had not lost or sold his master's pointer, at the same time that he proved his zeal in the cause of what Moslems look upon as an unclean and contemptible animal.*

At night these dogs perambulate their several districts, and if they meet a man without a lantern, he is supposed to be a thief, and runs great risk of being worried, nay, eaten up. 'These accidents,' says M. Blaze, 'occur frequently at Constantinople. Last year an English sailor was only saved

by climbing to a roof, where he passed the night surrounded by a thousand dogs who happily were unable to take him by assault.'

The true house-dog is more amiable, and equally efficient. It has been absurdly affirmed that his value is proportioned to his timidity, because he is thereby rendered doubly clamorous from his anxiety to obtain protection for himself. But such a dog is of as little service in indicating danger, as an alarm-bell would be that was rung unceasingly. He barks at every thing—the wind and the moon as well as the thief, and either keeps you in perpetual terror, or teaches you to neglect his warnings altogether. Neither is there no alternative between silence and cowardice. Every one that has had to do with dogs must be well aware that many breeds which give a loud alarm are models of bravery. In general, however, the quiet dog, like the quiet soldier, is the most determined. The house dog is capable of being brought by education to any degree of perfection. From his kennel in the court-yard he distinguishes the habitual inmate from the occasional visitor, the visitor from the stranger, the stranger from the thief, as is easily gathered from his monitory bark. His hearing is probably the principal sense by which he conducts this delicate analysis, recognizing the step of those who frequent the house, and with others discerning the firm and honest tread of innocence from the doubtful, hesitating, stealthy pace of timid guilt. His temper is too often soured by his being constantly chained, and then he becomes indiscriminate in his attacks; and is liable to fly upon any body he can reach. But when judiciously treated, he is a rare combination of fidelity to his master and humanity to others. It is no uncommon thing for him to attend the thief through the premises without on the one hand permitting him to touch a single article, or on the other attempting to molest or detain him. Still where the intention is clearly criminal, the courtesy of the dog is by no means to be reckoned on; for if he forbears to bite, he is apt to drive the depredator into a corner and keep him shivering with fear and cold till assistance is procured. When his master is in question his courage rises to a pitch of heroism. Petrarch had a dog that snatched a naked sword from the hand of a villain who attacked him. Some thieves in France laid one night a leg of mutton on the road to detain the dog of a traveller, whom, when he had got some distance from his protector, they robbed and murdered. The dog arrived from his

* This passage is from '*Modern Egypt*,' by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, now in the press.

repast before the thieves had escaped, and engaged them in battle. It was in vain that they fired at him. He continued to fight till he strangled one and drove the other into a tree, at the foot of which he steadfastly remained till the officers of justice relieved him of his prisoner on the following day.

A long train of anecdotes attest the retentive memory of the dog for the assassin of his master, and the vengeance he takes on him. The first is that related by Plutarch, in which king Pyrrhus made his army defile before a dog, who for three days guarded a murdered corpse without eating or drinking, and who seized the culprit as he passed along. The most notorious is the story of the dog of Montargis, who dragged his master's friend to the spot where he was buried, flew on the assassin wherever he met him, and finally overcame him in a single combat which took place by the orders of Louis VIII. Benvenuto Cellini, who, notwithstanding that his vanity and superstition have often seduced him into the belief of absurdities, appears nevertheless not to have exaggerated his impressions, has given a graphic narrative of an incident which happened to himself. A thief one night broke into his shop. The dog contended with the culprit though he was armed with a sword, and next running into the journeymen's chamber awoke them by drawing off the bed-clothes and pulling them alternately by the arm. The men, not comprehending the cause of his importunity, drove him from the room and locked the door. Nothing daunted he returned to the charge, and overtaking the thief, who had retreated into the street, he held him by the cloak. The fellow had the wit to cry out *mad dog*, which brought the loiterers to his assistance, and for this time he escaped. After a considerable interval, as Cellini was walking in one of the squares of Rome, his dog flew on a young man, and endeavored to tear him to pieces, in spite of the sticks and swords that were brought to his defence. The dog was got off with great difficulty, and the man was retiring, when some bundles fell from under his cloak, in one of which Cellini espied a little ring of his own. 'This is the villain,' he exclaimed, 'that broke open my shop, and my dog knows him again;' and he once more let loose the animal—but the thief lost no time in imploring mercy and confessing his crime.

The most mysterious faculty of the dog, one that approaches to divination, is yet to be told. A dog of Henry III. of France was perfectly furious toward the regicide

Clement as he advanced to the audience in which he slew his sovereign, and could with difficulty be retained in an adjoining room. The mere nastiness of the monk may have excited the bile of the dog. But there is an equally celebrated case in which an English mastiff, who had never attracted the regards of his master, followed him one night to bed, and, though repeatedly repulsed, could not be quieted till he got permission to remain. That same night an Italian valet entered his master's room with a design to murder him, and was only prevented by the faithful sentinel pinning him to the ground. The solution must be looked for either in the minute observation of the dog, which leads him to notice circumstances that escape our eyes, or else in a conjecture adopted by M. Blaze, that the emotion of a man who meditates a crime produces a peculiar odour from his body.

The best specimen of a trusty guardian, that still continues in common use, is the dog of the carrier. They are of no particular breed, but all remarkable for the sternness with which they defend property intrusted to their care. One that was told by a sweep to lie on his soot-bag till his return, suffered a brutal carter to drive over him rather than stir an instant from his post. In France the wagoner trusts the reins to his dog while he loiters behind in the *cabaret*, and horses and goods are never more secure than under his sagacious superintendence.

The dog who prevents your property from being stolen will sometimes recover it when it is lost. A lady in Bath found her road blockaded by a strange mastiff, who compelled her to retrace her steps, and brought her to the spot where she had dropped a shawl, which he no sooner saw in her possession than he galloped away. A boy who let fall some cakes from a basket found, on his arrival at home, that the greater part had been gathered up by his dog, who deposited them untasted, and then set off to fetch the remainder. Mr. Bell, in his 'History of British Quadrupeds,' mentions that a friend of his own dropped a louis-d'or one morning as he was on the point of going out. On returning late at night he was told by his servant that the dog had fallen sick, and refused to eat; 'and what,' says Mr. Bell, 'appeared very strange, she would not suffer him to take her food away from before her, but had been lying with her nose close to the vessel, without attempting to touch it. On my friend's entering the room, she instantly jumped upon him, laid the money at his

feet, and began to devour her victuals with great voracity.' An affecting story has frequently been told of a dog who persevered in leaping upon the horse of a traveller to call his attention to his money, which he had left on a bank where he halted to rest. His master, imagining he was mad, shot the poor animal, who retired to die upon the purse. Some dogs possess a singular knack of hunting out any thing that has recently been in the possession of their masters. There is one ludicrous anecdote of this faculty which we fear is too good to be true. A gentleman made a bet that his dog would identify a franc that he threw down upon the Boulevards at Paris. Before the dog had discovered the money a passenger picked it up. Presently the dog caught the scent, followed the stranger to his hotel, remained with him all day, and attended him to bed, to the great delight of his newly constituted master, who was extremely flattered by his sudden attachment. But the moment the gentleman pulled off his small-clothes, in the pocket of which he had placed the franc, the dog barked at the door as if desirous to go out. The door was opened, the dog caught the breeches, and rushed away to his rightful master. Shortly afterwards arrived, all *deshabillé*, the owner of the breeches, trembling for a purse of gold that lay in the same pocket with the important franc. The dog is not always upon the side of the aggressed. There is no weapon of defence which cannot be converted into a weapon of attack, and so it is with an animal that can be formed to any thing at the pleasure of his master. Highwaymen have accordingly taught them to aid them in their violence, and pickpockets to filch from counters, and seize reticules in the streets.

With the old writers none of the canine family appears to have excited more astonishment than the dog of the blind beggar. They dwell upon his sagacity with peculiar fondness, and have described him so well that we will allow them to speak in their own words. Here is what old Montaigne, who had his eyes open for every thing singular, says on the subject :—

'I am struck with admiration at the performance, which is nevertheless very common, of those dogs that lead blind beggars in the country, and in cities. I have taken notice how they have stopped at certain doors where they are wont to receive alms; how they have avoided the encounter of coaches and carts, even in cases where they have had sufficient room to pass; and I have seen them, by the trench of a walled town, forsake a plain and even path to take a worse, only to keep their masters further from

the ditch. How could a man have made this dog understand that it was his office to look to his master's safety only, and despise his own conveniency to serve him? And how did he acquire the knowledge, except by a process of reasoning, when the path was broad enough for himself; that it was not so for the blind man?'—

A passage from an old Spanish author of the seventeenth century, translated with curious felicity by Lord Brougham, in his delightful 'Dialogues on Instinct,' gives us an account of the beggars' dogs at Rome :—

'The blind man's dog,' says he, 'will take him to the places where he may best hope to get his alms, and bring him thither through the crowd by the shortest way and the safest; nay, he will take him out of the city some miles to the great church of St. Paul as you go to Ostia. When in the town he cometh to a place where several ways meet, and with the sharpness of ear that the blind have, guided by some sound of a fountain, he gives the string a jerk by either hand, straightway will the poor dog turn and guide him to the very church where he knows his master would beg. In the street, too, knoweth he the charitably disposed houses that be therein, and will lead thither the beggar-man, who, stopping at one, saith his pater-noster; then down lieth the dog till he hear the last word of the beadsman, when straight he riseth and away to another house. I have seen myself with great joy, mingled with admiration, when a piece of money was thrown down from some window, he would run and pick it up and fetch it to the master's hat; nor, when bread is flung down, will he touch it, be he ever so hungry, but bring it to his master, and wait till he may have his share given him.'

We may add, that when the dog observes a funeral or any other assembly in a neighboring street, which is likely to conduce to the profit of his master, he turns aside from his accustomed route to join the throng. M. Blaze saw the dog of a beggar who had lately died carrying on the trade for his own subsistence. He put a penny into his tin, and the dog went straight to a baker's shop, and purchased a roll.

Edwin Landseer happily called the Newfoundland dog 'a Distinguished Member of the Humane Society;' and he has richly earned the tribute that has been paid him by that happy genius. His element is water, and his business to rescue those who are not at home in it as himself. This propensity of his nature is sometimes carried to a laughable excess. There was a Newfoundlander at Paris that would not even suffer that any one should bathe. He promenaded along the banks of the Seine, plunged in after the swimmers, and encumbered them with his help. While he was allowed to go at large no one could enjoy the luxury of a bath without being forcibly hurried back to land. Hence his officious

zeal requires no stimulus when the danger is real. Nor is it a mechanical impulse. There have been instances in which he has summoned assistance when he has been insufficient by himself, or when no one was at hand to recover the object of his care. He counts his own life for nothing in his generous efforts. He will make an attempt to carry a rope from a sinking vessel to the shore, though the sea rages to a degree that renders it impossible for him to stem the tide.

There is no sacrifice of which a dog is not capable on behalf of his master. The dread of fire is overwhelming with animals, and yet (as we have already seen) he has been found occasionally to brave the flames. At Libourne, in France, in 1835, one of the townsmen gave an old suit of clothes to dress up an effigy. His dog happened to be by when it was burnt, and taking it for his master, he jumped upon the fire again and again to tear it away, biting those who attempted to retain him, and would have been burnt to death unless his master had appeared.

Few incidents of the Odyssey have been more admired than the knowledge of Ulysses by his faithful Argus, after a lapse of twenty years. Homer describes the recognition as instantaneous. Sir Walter Scott, with nicer discrimination, according to our observation, in relating the reception of Morton by his spaniel, represents it as gradual. The animal commences by barking as at a stranger, and it is only when recovered from his first surprise, and after much snuffing and examination, that he begins a course of capering and jumping. But in truth wherever Sir Walter has touched upon the dog, he has depicted him with a fidelity that naturalists might envy. We hardly feel as if passing from fiction to fact in telling an anecdote recorded by Tallemant des Reaux. A lady of his acquaintance who came from Poitou to settle in Paris, left a spaniel behind her. Ten years afterwards she sent some clothes, packed by herself, to the person who had the charge of the dog. The little creature no sooner smelt them, than he gambolled around them, and showed every mark of excessive joy.

Devoted to his master in life, the dog mourns him in death. There are few fields of battle which do not present him watching and mourning by the side of a master that has fallen in the fight. Wordsworth has consecrated a poem to the fidelity of the animal who was found whining over the skeleton of a traveller who had per-

ished in the mountains of Cumberland three months before :—

‘How nourished there through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime ;
And gave that strength of feeling great
Above all human estimate.’

Still more affecting is the fate of a dog related by Daniel in his ‘Rural Sports.’ He belonged to a magistrate who was thrown into prison during the French Revolution. Denied admittance to the dungeon, he waited day after day at the prison gate till he won upon the affections of the jailer. Put out every night, he returned every morning. He attended his master through the sad scenes of his trial and death, and accompanied him to his burial-place. At the end of three months he refused to eat, and began to dig up the earth which separated him from the being he loved. His strength declined as he approached the body, he shrieked in his exertions to complete his task, and expired in the midst of his convulsive efforts.

Such examples are of course exceptions to the general rule, just as it is rare with ourselves that any one dies of a broken heart. But the love which one friend or relative entertains towards another, the dog universally, and with greater constancy, exhibits to men of every degree who will only treat him with moderate kindness. ‘There were particular people he could not abide,’ says Christopher North of one of his favorites, ‘nor at their hands would he have accepted a roasted potato from the dripping-pan.’ But these antipathies are the result of that singular instinct by which he divines, as if by inspiration, whether a person is the friend or enemy of his species. If he growls at the one, he fawns upon the other, and it is truly wonderful to see with what readiness and justice he exercises his judgment. Bewick relates that a Newfoundland dog came to shore from a ship that was wrecked off Yarmouth in 1789, with the pocket-book of the captain, and after resisting the attempt of a number of people to take it from his mouth he deposited it in the breast of an individual in the crowd whose face inspired his confidence. Whenever the dog departs from his amiable deportment, it is the fault of man, and not of his creature. How often it has been repeated that the greyhound is mistrustful, capricious, incapable of attachment, and even dangerous, for every one of which qualities he is solely indebted to his mode of existence when kept for sport. Fairly domesticate him, we speak from experience, and he is all in-

telligence, fondness, and imperturbable good humor. Charles I. said of him truly that he had the affection of the spaniel without the fawning. The dog places all his happiness in gratifying his master. Cowper celebrated in verse the act of a spaniel who jumped into the water, and plucked for him a lily that he had vainly tried to reach with his stick. It is an epitome of the spirit which animates the whole canine race, though it is not every dog that displays such discernment. The eager watchfulness of the dog to learn the will of man enables him nevertheless to perform the most delicate duties. The sepoy soldiers of India, apprehensive lest a defiling shadow should pass over their food, are said by Colonel Hamilton Smith to trust to the common cur to keep off intruders. He has so well learnt his lesson that he drives away birds by springing in the air, and takes especial care that his own shadow does not cross the vessels. A large part of the intelligence of the dog owes its development to this desire to please. He is for ever waiting on our words and our gestures, on our movements and instructions, till he acquires something of human supremacy.

Much has been written to demonstrate that he can even attain to the comprehension of the ordinary conversation between man and man. Gall declares that he had often spoken purposely of objects which might interest his dog, taking care not to mention his name, or make any intonation or gesture which might awaken his attention, and that he still showed by his behavior that he understood what was said. Lord Brougham says that a most accurate and literal person gave him an account, of which the substance was, that his shooting-dogs discovered by what they heard that he intended to go into Nottinghamshire on the following day. A mother asked her boy to fetch his sister's clothes, and on his refusing peevishly, she said, to reproach him, 'Oh, Mungo will fetch them;' and the dog immediately executed the commission. We agree with Lord Brougham that these instances of presumed interpretation of our language are probably due to the microscopic eye of the dog for what passes around him, though, as he justly remarks, this only illustrates the more how well animals can profit by experience, and draw correct inferences from things observed by them. Where the words are addressed immediately to himself, it is not difficult to determine that he collects their purport either from the introduction of

some well-learned phrases, or from the tone and action which accompanies them. To take an example which at first sight appears to support the higher view of the understanding of the dog. M. Blaze having one day lost his road, a peasant offered him his dog to escort him to a certain house. 'Take the gentleman,' he said, turning to the animal, 'to such a place, but don't go in, mind you, and come back directly,'—then to M. Blaze, 'I tell him not to go in, because he would fight with the other dogs.' The dog did as he was bid, conducted M. Blaze to the house, and returned to his master. Here it was clear that the house to which he was sent was a familiar word like his own name, and equally clear that he had been often scolded for venturing within its precincts, and embroiling himself with his kindred, so that he would readily comprehend the scope of the prohibition from the monitory voice with which it was uttered. It was certainly a beautiful display of docility; but as regards the capacity of the dog to catch the meaning of words, it proves nothing more than that he attaches ideas to a few customary well-defined and expressive sounds. He would seem, however, to have an accurate sense of the lapse of time. That he distinguishes Sunday is nothing. Every thing wears such a different aspect that he might identify it at a glance. But he is also conscious of the recurrence of any other day of the week. A dog that belongs to the brother of Sir Thomas Wilde runs away on the Saturday night, and remains from home till the Monday morning, in order to escape being chained on the Sunday. Southey says in his 'Omniana,' that he knew of a dog which grew up with a Catholic, and was sold to a Protestant, that would never eat on a Friday. His grandfather had one which every Saturday (the killing-day of the week) went a couple of miles to pick up offal at the butcher's shop. A bulldog mentioned by M. Blaze, who was accustomed to go on the same errand, kept to the propitious hour as well as the day. This dog was always present at family prayers, and when the last *Pater* was commenced he got up and stood at the door, that he might be ready to go out the instant it was opened. We suspect that he was instructed here by a slight movement in the circle, or by a variation in the pitch of reading, and not, as M. Blaze infers, by his ability to count the number of *Paters*. The dog also recognizes colors. Prisoners have written letters, according to M. Blaze, on yellow, red, or blue paper, and

sent them by their dogs, who knew by the tint to whom they were addressed. It is certain that the dog with a little training makes an excellent messenger. Mr. Kirby mentions in his Bridgewater treatise that one that was accustomed to carry packets to a house, went to the kitchen to be fed when he had deposited his charge, and, as soon as he had done, appeared barking at the parlor window, to give notice that he was ready to return. Some have gone so far as to knock at the door, or ring the bell. The Spanish writer quoted by Lord Brougham, says that a friend was wont when he called to leave his mastiff at the door of the house, and the animal, in imitation of his master, pulled the bell in order to get in. The dog of a shop-keeper, who ran in and out of the street-door during the week, had always recourse to the knocker on Sunday when it was shut. Priscilla Wakefield, who tells this anecdote, adds two or three more of the same nature. M. Blaze knew a dog whose habit was, not to ring the bell, but to answer it. He regularly followed the servant from the kitchen to the door, and the visitor from the door to the parlor. In his old age, becoming too deaf to hear the sound, he took up his quarters where he could see the bell, that by watching its motion he might continue to know when any body called.

The dog possesses the, to us, incomprehensible instinct—in common, however, with other animals—of finding his way by a road that he has never traversed. Mr. Blain tells of a dog that was sent by sea from London to Scotland, and escaped back to the metropolis by land. Boisrot de Lacour, a French writer on the chase, took a terrier from Rochefort to Paris, and though the dog made the journey in a carriage, and slept all the way, he returned when he was liberated to his former master. Once again he borrowed a hound of a brother sportsman, who resided at a considerable distance; the next day, when he was let out to hunt, he slipped away and ran off home, not, as was discovered, by the road he had been brought, but in a straight line across flood and field. M. Blaze calls this instinct a sixth sense, of which we can frame no sort of idea. 'Experience, however,' he continues, 'demonstrates that it exists. The camel conducts his master three hundred leagues through the sands of the desert, where there is no track to guide him. The pigeon carries letters through the pathless air. The birds of passage born in Europe emigrate to India; and, what is remarkable, travel ordinarily without their

parents who have made the voyage before. The horse finds his road across the snow; and probably all animals have the same faculty.' On the other hand, an extraordinary circumstance, related by Dupont de Nemours, in a memoir read before the French Institute, can only be attributed to the effects of intelligence. The dog in question was the property of a shoe-black at Paris, whose trade he sustained by dipping his paws into the mud and soiling the shoes of the first person that passed along. If the pedestrian continued his progress, he dirtied the next; if he stopped to have the mischief repaired, he remained quiet till his master was at leisure for a fresh customer, and then the game recommenced. He was purchased by an Englishman, enchanted with his cleverness, and taken to London. He contrived to escape, went to the inn where the coach that brought him put up, followed it back to Dover, and, after crossing in a packet-boat to Calais, again placed himself in the wake of a carriage, which pioneered him to Paris. One habit of dogs, that of deserting a town an hour or two before an earthquake, which is frequently ascribed to some strange and unaccountable instinct, depends simply on their everyday perceptions. The rumbling sound strikes their quick ears before it is heard by any one else, and scares them away. In our observation of the dog we seldom attach sufficient importance to the fineness of his senses. They are so acute that a sleeping dog knows whether he is touched by his master or a stranger, remaining quiet in the first case, and growling in the last.

Another feature of the dog, which is really singular, is the exceeding strength of his hereditary instincts. We will not build on the assertion that the progeny of the dogs trained by Cortez and Pizarro to destroy the Indians, attacked the savages with the same fury as their parents before them, because we think that the occurrence is not properly authenticated: nor do we attach any weight to the circumstance, recorded by White, in his 'Natural History of Selborne,' of the pups of the Chinese dogs that were taken from teat showing a dislike to animal food, because the vegetable diet of the mother must have affected her milk, and might very well have formed the taste of her offspring. But we confine ourselves to notorious and indisputable facts, such as that the peculiarities of the pointer, which are entirely artificial, have become nearly innate in a succession of generations; or as that the produce of a shepherd's dog, who is in active service, instinctively keeps the

flocks, while, if his father or grandfather have been taken away from their natural occupation, he will have lost the art, and be difficult to teach.

'I ascertained,' says Mr. Knight, who investigated this subject for a long series of years, 'that a terrier, whose parents had been in the habit of fighting with polecats, will instantly show every mark of anger when he first perceives the scent of that animal, though the animal itself be wholly concealed from his sight. A young spaniel, brought up with the terrier, showed no marks of emotion at the scent of the polecat, but it pursued a woodcock, the first time it saw one, with clamor and exultation; and a young pointer, which I am certain had never seen a partridge, stood trembling with anxiety, its eyes fixed, and its muscles rigid, when conducted into the midst of a covey of those birds. Yet each of these dogs are mere varieties of the same species, and to that species none of these habits are given by nature.'

Woodcocks resort in frosty weather to streams and rills that remain unfrozen, and the old dogs, who can always tell the degree of cold which induces them to shift their quarters, make, on such occasions, for the water. Not only did Mr. Knight find that their young did the same thing, but that the amount of their skill was proportioned to the experience of their parents at the time of their birth. The hunting dogs of Mexico seize behind, and never in front, the large deer of the country, who would otherwise throw them down and break their backs. Their offspring inherit the tactics of their fathers; whereas all other dogs commit the error of facing the game, and are killed in consequence. A pup of the St. Bernard's breed, that was born in London, took, when winter came, and the snow was on the ground, to tracing footsteps after the fashion of his Alpine ancestors, which he had never done in the previous seasons. The dog who dug a hole in the sand of the sea-shore to protect himself from the rays of a burning sun, while his companion, instead of imitating him, lay howling with pain, was probably the descendant of one of those canine colonies who burrow in the ground. It would be useless to comment on this strange propensity: hitherto it has remained as inexplicable as it is certain. If more attention was paid to it in practice, it might be possible to bring the qualities of the dog to a degree of perfection hitherto unknown.

More marvellous than all, in the eyes of the vulgar, are the tricks that have been taught to dogs by showmen. Plutarch saw a dog that would pretend to be poisoned. He swallowed the drug, and then went through the stages of dying, death, and

gradual revival. M. Blaze witnessed the exhibition of some dancing dogs, who took a citadel by assault: part feigned to be vanquishers, part to be killed, others affected to be wounded, and went about limping. They have been brought to spell two or three hundred words, to perform the three first rules of arithmetic, to play at cards, at draughts, and at dominos; and, if one of the number committed a mistake, the others corrected him. But, however calculated to raise ignorant wonder, we take no pleasure in these learned feats, which are mere mechanical exercises, impressed upon the dog with infinite labor and cruelty; and of the meaning of which he knows absolutely nothing. So it was with the dog that Leibnitz heard pronounce, after his master, reluctantly and indistinctly, above thirty words. Shortly after, a man at Berlin contrived to extort a species of resemblance to double that number, by exciting a dog to growl, and then working his jaws. It cost him six years to attain this idle result. 'I love better,' says M. Blaze, 'the natural language of the dog: it is a thousand times more expressive than the mechanical repetition of all the words in the dictionary.' Assuredly, it could not be more intelligible if he was gifted with speech; and among dogs themselves it appears to enable them to communicate past events and future intentions. A dog that has been bitten by one larger than himself, has been repeatedly seen to assemble his friends, who have gone in a troop to punish the offender.

This brings us to say a word upon the intercourse of dogs with one another, which is by no means of so amiable a cast as that which they maintain with ourselves. Their casual greetings are often of an angry, and generally of a mistrustful, surly nature. When strange dogs have once quarrelled they can never meet without renewing hostilities. M. Blaze avers that he had known the enmity of a dog extend to the master of his opponent, and no conciliation could disarm his wrath. They long retain the remembrance of any injury inflicted on them by one of their race. Tallemant des Reaux says that in his time the Bishop of Vence had a little dog who barked and pulled his cassock, as if to demand vengeance, whenever any one pronounced the name of a mastiff that had bitten him, and he continued to do this two years after the event. When the manifest superiority is combined with good nature, the dog will sometimes take only a playful vengeance. Colonel Hamilton Smith witnessed a curious

scene between a cur and a shepherd's dog, in which the former had bitten a sheep, and the latter to punish him dragged him by his ear to a puddle, where he kept dabbling him in the mud. On another occasion the Colonel was present when a water-dog showed to a stranger of his kind a perfect generosity. He plunged unbidden into the current of a roaring sluice to save a small cur maliciously flung in. In almost every case dogs contract an exceeding attachment when once they become companions. If one is attacked the other usually rushes to his aid. Though extremely jealous of their food, even appetite has been known to give way to affection. A Newfoundland dog who roamed at large was seen more than once, says Sheppard, in his 'Autumn Dream,' to leap the gate which separated the yard of the house from the farm-yard, and carry large bones that had been given him to a sporting dog who was tied up in the stable. We have often ourselves observed a greyhound suffer a little spaniel who lived with him to take away his food. In moments of danger they show the deepest sympathy. When a poor creature stuck fast in a burrow, his companions spent two days in digging him out with their feet. And Wordsworth commemorates another faithful friend, who stood moaning with outstretched paws to see a fellow-dog, with whom he was hunting, lost beneath the ice upon which he had trusted himself in pursuit of a hare. No one is ignorant of the love which the female bears to her young, and few are unacquainted with that marvelous and affecting instance of it quoted by Addison in a paper of the 'Spectator':—'A person who was well skilled in dissections opened a bitch, and, as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking, and for the time seemed insensible of her own pain; on the removal she kept her eye fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one than the sense of her own torments.' The horrible barbarity of the experiment almost overpowers our admiration of the maternal love, and we blush to contrast the cruelty of the man with the invincible affection of the dog.

Whatever opinion may be formed of the sagacity of the dog on particular points, it is impossible to deny that he possesses faculties in addition to those which we ordinarily call instinct. We have no intention at present to plunge into the thorny discussion of the precise extent of his in-

tellectual powers; but we feel assured that no one can follow the dog through the several phases of his history, and not acknowledge, in the words of Gaston Phœbus, which M. Blaze has taken for his motto, "That he is the most noble, most reasonable, and most knowing beast that God ever made." And, as all his rare endowments have been dedicated to man, there is no animal in creation that has a stronger claim upon our gratitude and love. M. Blaze, whose affectionate earnestness for the welfare of the dog is the great charm of his book, would extend his care beyond their lives, and erect monuments to their memory. A great poet, whose feelings are always warm and true, has supplied the answer in a tribute to a dog whose death he lamented, and whose "name" he "honored":

"Lie here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth!
It is not from unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no stone we raise;
More thou deserv'st; but *this* man gives to man,
Brother to brother—*this* is all we can."

But, if we raise no stone, the epitaph of the dog has been written in many splendid eulogies. M. Blaze has added one more to the number, which we think is not unworthy to stand beside the best:

'The dog,' he says, 'possesses, incontestably, all the qualities of a sensible man; and, I grieve to say it, man has not in general the noble qualities of the dog. We make a virtue of gratitude, which is nothing but a duty; this virtue, this duty, are inherent in the dog. We brand ingratitude, and yet all men are ungrateful. It is a vice which commences in the cradle, and grows with our growth; and, together with selfishness, becomes almost always the grand mover of human actions. The dog knows not the word virtue; that which we dignify by this title, and admire as a rare thing—and very rare it is in truth—constitutes his normal state. Where will you find a man always grateful, never ungrateful—always affectionate, never selfish—pushing the abnegation of self to the utmost limits of possibility; without gain, devoted to death, without ambition, rendering every service—in short, forgetful of injuries, and only mindful of benefits received? Seek him not—it would be a useless task: but take the first dog you meet, and from the moment he adopts you for his master, you will find in *him* all these qualities. He will love you without calculation entering into his affections. His greatest happiness will be to be near you; and should you be reduced to beg your bread, not only will he aid you in this difficult trade, but he would not abandon you to follow even a king into his palace. Your friends will quit you in misfortune—your wife perhaps will forget her plighted troth; your dog will remain always near you—he will come and die at your feet; or, if you depart before him for the great voyage, he will accompany you to your last abode.'

THE DIALOGUES OF PLATO.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Plato's Unterredungen über die Gesetze.* (Plato's 'Laws,' translated from the Greek by SCHULTHEK, with the Notes of Salomon VÖGELIN, Zürich professor.) 2 vols. Zürich, 1842-3.
2. *Platonis Parmenides, cum quatuor libris prolegomenorum et commentario perpetuo. Accedunt Procli in Parmenidem ommentarii nunc emendatius editi.* Cura GODOFR: STALLBAUMI. (The 'Parmenides' of Plato, with the Commentary of Proclus. Edited by G. STALLBAUM.) Lipsiæ. 1839-41.
3. *Schleiermacher's Introductions to the Dialogues of Plato.* Translated from the German by WILLIAM DOBSON, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge. 1836.
4. *The Clouds of Aristophanes, with Notes.* By C. C. FELTON, M. A., Eliot Professor of Greek in Harvard University. Cambridge, Massachusetts, U. S. 1841.
5. *Geschichte der Philosophie.* (History of Philosophy, by RITTER.) Hamburg.—1838-41.

PROFESSOR VÖGELIN'S edition of the 'Laws,' though good evidence of the continued zeal of modern German criticism, has little that immediately concerns us in resuming our articles on the Greek Philosophy. Vögelin argues with force and ingenuity, against good authority on the other side, for the opinion that the 'Laws' was written by Plato in his old age, and that as the 'Republic' had described an ideal state, his object here was to set forth a possible one. But these are questions which will not occur to us till we have redeemed the promise which was given at the close of our account of Socrates and the Sophists,* of exhibiting those passages of the defence of Socrates before his judges, and those incidents of his last imprisonment and death, through which we pass to the most correct judgment of the rise and mission of his greatest scholar. And when these have been shown, the method of Plato will require to be dealt with in some detail, before any of the great conclusions of his philosophy that are embodied in the 'Republic' and the 'Laws' can form a part of our inquiry. Plato was not twenty years of age when he became the pupil of Socrates; at the time of his master's execution by the people of Athens he was in his thirtieth year; he was more than eighty-two when he died.

His 'Apology' is our guide to what pass-

ed in the court when Socrates was told to defend himself, and to the labor and learning of Schleiermacher it is chiefly due that we can in that character so confidently use it. In the admirable work which is mentioned at the head of this paper, Schleiermacher has shown, to the satisfaction of the best scholars of our time, that the 'Apology' was, in all probability, as true a copy from recollection of the actual defence of Socrates, as the practised memory of Plato, and the necessary distinction between a written speech and one negligently delivered, could render possible. The great scholar has founded also, on the same admirable argument, a suggestion of great importance intimately connected with the view which has been taken in these papers of the position of Socrates in regard to general philosophy. That Xenophon had neither the design nor the capacity to exhibit that position, either in respect to doctrine or method, with any degree of completeness, or with scientific accuracy, must be admitted to be quite clear: and upon this Schleiermacher suggests that—over and above what Xenophon has described, and not in the least interfering with his practical maxims or successful strokes of character, but indeed strengthening both—it is very possible that Socrates may yet have been actually such a person as to give Plato a right and an inducement to portray him as he stands in the Platonic Dialogues. With this clue it seems to us that some germs of thought which pass for little in the 'Memorabilia,' taken and unfolded in that peculiar spirit and method which the Dialogues make everywhere apparent and predominant in the mouth of Socrates, would not seldom expand into profound speculative doctrines: which would thus appear to have been perhaps too hastily given altogether to Plato, when Plato's master should have had his share in them. With this clue, in fact, it might not be difficult to pierce farther than has yet been thought even possible, into that labyrinth of doubt to every reader of the Dialogues, as to how much of their Socrates belongs to Plato, and how much of their Plato to Socrates. The suggestion is even valuable for the light it would throw on the source of the exact individuality of a picture, which, if we are to consider it a mere work of fiction, we must consider Plato in almost equal rank with the greatest master of the dramatic art.

The exact words of Schleiermacher may be quoted. Having shown that the 'Apology' must be taken as the defence of

* *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 60, p. 331.

Socrates, reported by Plato, he proceeds thus:

"For Socrates here speaks exactly as Plato makes him speak, and as we, according to all that remains to us, cannot say that any other of his pupils did make him speak. And so little does this similarity admit of doubt, that, on the contrary, an observation of some importance may be founded upon it. I mean, whether certain peculiarities in the Platonic dialogue—particularly the fictitious questions and answers introduced into one proposition, and the accumulation and comprehension under some other of several particular propositions in common, often much too enlarged for this subordinate passage; together with the interruptions almost unavoidably ensuing in the construction of the period as begun—whether these, as we find them here so very prevalent, are not properly to be referred to Socrates. They appear in Plato most in those places in which he is particularly Socratic; but they are most frequent, and least clear of their accompanying negligences, in this dialogue and the following one [The 'Crito': like the 'Apology,' a report of an incident in the actual life of Socrates]. And from these considerations taken together, a manifest probability arises that these forms of speech were originally copied after Socrates, and consequently are connected with the mimic arts of Plato, who endeavored to a certain degree to imitate the language also of those whom he introduces, if they had peculiarities otherwise which justified him in so doing. And whoever tries this observation by the different works of Plato, will find it very much confirmed by them. And that other Socratics did not attempt such an imitation is accounted for, on the one hand, by the circumstance that no little art was required to bend, to a certain degree, these peculiarities of a negligent colloquial style to the laws of written language, and to blend them with the regulated beauty of expression; and on the other, that more courage was required to meet a certain share of censure from small critics than Xenophon perhaps possessed."

Leaving the whole question to those who have leisure to pursue it, (and its interest will repay the nicest consideration,) we open the 'Apology' of Plato for those passages which we have promised to lay before the reader. The opening sentences bore reference to a circumstance already known in the court: that the great orator Lysias,* on ordinary occasions strongly op-

posed to the philosopher, had composed a speech in defence of Socrates, and brought it to him for his use, and that he declined it. 'It is very eloquent,' he said, 'but it is too artificial for my character.' It is worthy of remark that there were other indications at the commencement of the trial, even among its leading instigators, of a desire to compromise or ward off the full consequences of the prosecution. Anytus himself is even said to have offered, on certain conditions, to withdraw it altogether: but Socrates refused the conditions. That the philosopher had, in some of his public arguments, given mortal offence to this person, we think tolerably certain. In the 'Meno,' indeed, Plato distinctly introduces him in a state of violent anger, leaving the company of Socrates with a threat, which, 'if it was ever uttered,' the indictment fatally fulfilled. Fatally, that is, for the honor of its promoters, and the wisdom of its judges: to Socrates there was not any thing fatal in the indictment or its issue. It is more than probable, from the whole course of the circumstances, that if he might have exerted a choice, he would have chosen both.

The charges against him he took in succession. The first he directly repelled, as falsely applied to one who had never outraged the institutions of the state. The second he subjected to a series of reasonings, by which his prosecutors were involved in deplorable contradictions: and it is that part of the 'Apology' which the student will find most strikingly corroborative of the views of Schleiermacher. Socrates closed this branch of the defence with a declaration, that by his course of life he had served faithfully and reverently a wise oracle of the Delphic god, and in all things else had but obeyed the warnings of the genius which had so often secretly counselled him. The third charge he treated with lofty indifference: almost derision.

which is omen of success, has so gallantly sustained every recent effort of CLASSICAL STUDY in the United States—depressed, and struggling against many disadvantages. His view of the general motives of Aristophanes does not differ from our own. His notes to this particular play, in the same agreeable spirit as those of Mitchell, are less trifling and perhaps more amusing. Certainly it is a book—this edition of the 'Clouds,' by Mr. Felton—eminently suited to the purpose in view. That American youth must be an inveterately anti-classical, or uncommonly dull dog, who does not suspect, by the first glance at his Professor's notes, that if he perseveres through the difficulty of the outset, he will discover something to repay him, in kind, for even the most amusing of the pursuits abandoned a while in favor of old Aristophanes.

*Lysias was the great leader of the art which, in the 'Clouds,' Strepsiades is so anxious that his son should acquire to help him get rid of his debts: an art from which old worlds cannot free themselves, and which new worlds are quick to seize: as the reader will perceive from sorrowful allusions of Professor FELTON to the transcendentalists and cloud-philosophers, who surround him in his little commonwealth of Boston. We regret that when we had occasion to remark on Aristophanes, we had not seen the edition of the 'Clouds' by this excellent American scholar; who, with a learning worthy of his cause, and a steady perseverance

But not for any particular charge, he said, had he been dragged before them that day. That he was not guilty according to the accusation of Melitus or Anytus, what he had said was proof sufficient: but that he was greatly unpopular with many persons, and that, if condemned, not Melitus nor Anytus, but prejudice and calumny in the minds of the many, would be the authors of his condemnation, they all knew to be true. These had done a like office for other and good men, and would continue to do it: there was no fear that he should be the last. The origin of the popular prejudice against himself, Socrates next explained. Never from the earliest time had there been any lack of imputations 'always at hand to be cast upon all who philosophize,' of not believing in gods: and such were the weapons of his accusers. What was hardest of all, he added, one could not do so much as know the names of the people who used these weapons, *except perhaps a playwright or so.** 'You have yourselves seen, in the comedy of Aristophanes, a certain Socrates who professes to walk the air, with much other trifling, about which I do not understand one jot: *and something of this sort is what is now imputed to me!*' If the great comic poet was in the court that day, he heard this with a feeling little to be envied. The demagogue Anytus he had scorned and hated, the poet Melitus he had ridiculed and laughed at, were then and there reversing the verdict of twenty years earlier date, and proclaiming the success of the comedy of the 'Clouds!'

For instruction and example to all following generations of men, Socrates now delivered these sublime passages.*

"Perhaps now, some may say, 'Art thou not then ashamed, O Socrates, of practising a pursuit from which thou art now in danger of death?' To such a person I may justly make answer, 'Thou speakest not well, O friend, if thou thinkest that a man should calculate the chances of living or dying—altogether an unimportant matter—instead of considering this only when he does any thing: Whether what he does be just or unjust, the act of a good or of a bad man. . . . Thus it is, O Athenians: wheresoever our post is, whether we choose it, thinking it the best, or are placed in it by a su-

perior—there, as I hold, we ought to remain, and suffer all chances, neither reckoning death nor any other consequence as worse than dishonor. I therefore should be greatly in the wrong, O Athenians, if when I was commanded by the superiors whom you set over me, at Potidæa and Amphipolis and Delium, I remained (like other people) where those superiors posted me, and perilled my life; but when, as I believed, the God commanded me, and bade me pass my life in philosophizing and examining myself and others, then, fearing either death or any thing else, I should abandon my post. . . .

To be afraid of death, O Athenians, is to fancy ourselves wise, not being so; for it is to fancy that we know what we do not know. No one knows whether death is not the greatest possible good to man. But people fear it, as if they knew it to be the greatest of evils. What is this but the most discreditable ignorance, to think we know what we know not? This, however, I do know, that to do injustice, and to resist the injunctions of one who is better than myself, be he God or man, is evil and disgraceful. I shall not, therefore, fly to the evils which I know to be evils, from fear of that which, for aught I know, may be a good. If, therefore, you were to say to me, 'O Socrates, we will now, in spite of what Anytus said, let you off, but upon condition that you shall no longer persevere in your search, in your philosophizing—if you are again convicted of doing so you shall be put to death'—if, I say, you should propose to let me off on these conditions, I should answer to you: O Athenians, I love and cherish you, but I will obey the God rather than you; and as long as I breathe, and it is not out of my power, I will not cease to philosophize, and to exhort you to philosophy, and point out the way to whomsoever among you I fall in with; saying, as I am wont, 'O most worthy person, art thou, an Athenian of the greatest city and the most celebrated for wisdom and power, not ashamed that thou studiest to possess as much money as possible, and reputation, and honor, but concernest not thyself even to the smallest degree about Intellect and Truth, and the wellbeing of thy mental nature?' And if any of you shall dispute the fact, and say that he does concern himself about these things, I will not let him off or depart; but will question him, and examine and confute him; and if he seem to me not to possess virtue, but to assert that he does, I will reproach him for valuing least what is highest worth, and highest what is most worthless. . . . I say, therefore, O Athenians, whether you believe Anytus or not, whether you acquit me or not, let it be with the knowledge that I shall do no other things than these: not though I should die many deaths."

At this tone of defiance, great agitation appears to have run through the court, and loud murmurs. Whereon Socrates bade the assemblage listen rather than cry out, since he had other things to say which they might be even more disposed to bawl out against, but would certainly be the better for hearing. He told them to reflect, that if they put him to death, being such as he

* Πλὴν εἴ τις κομωδοποιὸς τυγχάνει ὧν.

† In the above translation we have availed ourselves, with occasional exception, of an admirable version published some years ago in Mr. Fox's 'Monthly Repository.' It is much the best that we have seen: indeed it is the only one that will bear the least comparison with the original. Taylor's is poor in the extreme, and that which is found in the miserable compilation of 'Plato's Divine Dialogues,' is more French than Greek.

described himself, they would hurt him infinitely less than they would hurt themselves. 'Me, Anytus and Melitus will not hurt: they cannot. It is not permitted that a better man should be hurt by a worse.' An evil it might be to suffer death, or exile, or deprivation of civic rights, but to attempt to kill another man unjustly was to incur far greater evil. Nor while he spoke thus, was Socrates in any degree unconscious of the point on which his condemnation would chiefly turn; and that it was the bitter recollection of such men as Critias and Alcibiades, to whose accomplishment his instructions were said to have contributed, which would mainly dispose the majority of his judges against him. Scorning to overlook this truth, he now adverted to it in such a manner, that while the particular charge was repelled, it was to assume, with uncompromising grandeur of soul, a larger and more severe responsibility. He told them why he had never sought to educate politicians; why he had through life avoided politics. But for that he had long ago perished, and done no good to himself or them. 'And be not angry with me for saying the truth. It is impossible that any human being should escape destruction, who sincerely opposes himself to you or to any other multitude; and strives to prevent many injustices and illegalities from being transacted in the state.' He proudly referred to his firm opposition of an unjust popular clamor under the Democracy, to his resolute defeat of a proposed iniquity of the tyrants under the Oligarchy: in two memorable instances cited on a former occasion.* 'I then,' he added, 'not by word but by deed proved that I do not care one jot for death, but every thing for avoiding an unjust or impious action. In whatever public transaction I may have been engaged, I shall always be found such as I am in private: never tolerating the slightest violation of justice, either in any one else, or in those whom my calumniators assert to be my disciples.'

In the simplicity and nobleness of his concluding exhortation, Socrates wore his greatness to the last. Beautiful is the absence of any mournful solemnity, of any maudlin pathos.

"These things, O Athenians, and such as these, are what I have to say in my defence. Perhaps some one among you may be displeased with me, when he bethinks himself that in the trial which preceded mine, the accused, though

he had less at stake, entreated the judges with many tears; and brought hither, to excite their pity, his children, and others of his relations and friends: while I shall do nothing of the kind, although the penalty, which as it may seem I am in danger of, is the severest of all. Some of you perhaps, thinking of these things, may feel harshly towards me, and may give an angry vote. I hope this is not the case with any one of you, but if it is, I think I may very properly hold the following discourse to him. I, too, most worthy person, have relatives: I am not, as Homer says, sprung from an oak tree, or from a rock, but from human beings; and I have not only relatives, but three sons, O Athenians: one of them a youth, the two others still children. Nevertheless, I shall not, bringing any of them here, implore you to acquit me. And why?—Not from pride, O Athenians, nor from disdain of you: but for this reason: whether I look upon death with courage or with fear is another matter; but with a view to our reputation, both mine and yours, and that of the city itself, it does not seem to me honorable that I should do such things at my age, and with such a name as I have, whether merited or not. Men certainly believe that Socrates is in some way superior to the multitude of mankind. And it would be shameful if those among you who are esteemed superior to the rest, whether in wisdom, or in courage, or in any other virtue, should conduct themselves like so many others whom I have seen on their trial, and might but for this have been taken for people of some account, who moved heaven and earth to be acquitted as if it were something dreadful to die; as though they expected to be immortal unless you should put them to death. Such things, O Athenians, we who are thought to be of some account, ought neither to do, nor if we did, ought you to suffer us; but, on the contrary, to show that you will much rather condemn those who enact these pathetic dramas, and make the city ridiculous, than those who refrain from them. And besides the discredit, it does not seem to me even just, to supplicate the judge, and escape by supplication: but to instruct and convince him. For the judge does not sit here to make a favor of justice, but impartially to inquire into it; and he has sworn not to gratify whomsoever he pleases, but to judge according to the laws. Do not then, O Athenians, demand of me to do such things towards you as I deem to be neither beautiful, nor just, nor holy. If I should influence your decision by supplications, when you have sworn to do justice, I should indeed teach that you do not believe in Gods, and my defence of myself would be an accusation against myself that I believe not in them. But far is this from the truth. I believe in them, O Athenians, *as not one of my accusers does.*"

The verdict of guilt was passed by a majority of six votes; and it may well have been, as we are informed, not the nature of the verdict, but the smallness of the majority, which astonished all who had listened to the defence. It remained, by the Athenian law, the right of the prisoner to

* Article 'Socrates and the Sophists of Athens': F. Q. R., No. 60.

speak in mitigation of the penalty proposed by the prosecutor, and to assign another for the court to decide upon. This privilege was at first declined by Socrates; he could imagine no punishment, he said, suitable to what he had done: such a life as his had been, claimed reward, not punishment. But his friends then crowded round him; Plato, Crito, and the rest; and at their persuasion he yielded to the forms required.

"The penalty proposed by my accuser is death. What penalty shall I, on my part, propose? surely that which I deserve. Well, then—because I never relaxed in instructing myself, but, neglecting what the many care for, money-getting and household management, and military commands, and civil offices, and speechmaking, and all the political clubs and societies in the city (thinking myself in fact too honest to follow these pursuits and be safe)—I did not go where I could be of no use either to you or to myself, but went to each man individually to confer on him the greatest of all benefits—attempting to persuade every one of you, to think of none of his own concerns till he had looked to making himself as good and as wise as possible; nor of the city's concerns, till he had looked to making the city so; and to pursue all other things in a similar spirit.—What, then, I say, ought to be done to me for such conduct? Some good, O Athenians, if I am really to be treated according to my deserts: and a good of such a kind as befits me. What, then, befits a man in *poor circumstances*, your benefactor, and requiring leisure to prosecute his exhortations? There is nothing, O Athenians, which would be so suitable for such a man to receive, as a *maintenance at the public expense*. It would befit him much better than any of you who may have carried away the prize of horse and chariot racing at the Olympic contests.* For such a man makes you only seem happy, but I make you be so: and he does not require a maintenance, but I do. If, therefore, I must estimate myself justly according to my deserts, *I rate myself at a maintenance in the Prytaneum*.

Death is a grave and portentous matter, till such a perfect soul as this of Socrates sets its claims aside. How lightly he springs into his native region, beyond its reach: with what playful ease rejects all tragic notion of a sacrifice, in putting off so worthless a thing as life. But his imploring friends are around him still, and he turns to his judges once again.

"In saying this, as in what I said about supplication and entreaty, I am not influenced by

* Winners of the Olympic prizes were occasionally thought to have so far conferred honor on their country, as to be entitled, with greater public benefactors, to a lodging for the rest of their lives in the Prytaneum; a public building in the Acropolis.

pride. But being convinced that I have wronged no one, I cannot consent to wrong myself, by affirming that I am worthy of any evil, and proposing that any evil should be inflicted upon me as a penalty. If I had money, I would estimate my penalty at as much money as I was able to pay, for it would have been no damage to me: but now—I have none: unless you are willing to fix the penalty at what I am able to pay. Perhaps I could pay as much as a silver mina: at this, therefore, I rate the penalty. Plato here, and Crito, and Critobulus, and Apollodorus, O Athenians, bid me rate it at thirty minæ,† and they undertake to be my sureties. I do so therefore, and their security is adequate."

The answer to this was what all those despairing friends must now have expected, and Socrates himself no doubt desired: instant Sentence of Death by the cup of hemlock. Such had been the effect of this last address, that eighty judges, who had before pronounced for his acquittal, now voted the extreme punishment. It was not customary that a condemned prisoner should speak again, but Socrates had still some warnings and truths to utter before he closed the mission of that fatal yet glorious day.

"It is but for the sake of a short span, O Athenians, that you have incurred the imputation from those who wish to speak evil against the city, of having put to death Socrates, a wise man: for those who are inclined to reproach you, will say that I am wise even if I am not. Had you waited a short time, then this would have happened without your agency: for you see my years: I am far advanced in life, and near to death. I address this not to all of you, but to those who have voted for the capital sentence. And this, too, I say to the same persons: perhaps you think that I have been condemned from want of skill in such modes of working upon your minds, as I might have employed with success if I had thought it right to employ all means to escape from condemnation. Far from it. I have been condemned, not for want of things to say, but for want of daring and shamelessness: because I did not choose to say to you the things which would have been pleasantest to you to hear, weeping and lamenting, and doing and saying other things which I affirm to be unworthy of me, as you are accustomed to see others do. But neither did I then think fit, because of my danger, to do any thing unworthy of a freeman; nor do I now repent of having thus defended myself. I would far rather have made the one defence and die, than have made the other and live. Neither in a court of justice, nor in war, ought we to make it our object, that, whatever happen, we may escape death. The difficulty, O Athenians, is not to escape from death, but from guilt; for guilt is swifter than death, and runs faster. And now I, being old, and slow of foot, have been overtaken by death, the slower of the two; but my accusers, who

† About £125.

are brisk and vehement, by wickedness, the swifter. We quit this place: I having been sentenced by You to death; but they having sentence passed upon them by Truth, of guilt and injustice. I submit to my punishment, and they to theirs. These things, perhaps, are as they should be, and for the best. But I wish, O men who have condemned me, to prophesy to you what is next to come: for I am in the position in which men are most wont to prophesy, being at the point of death. I say, then, O you who have slain me, that immediately after my death there will come upon you a far severer punishment than that which you have inflicted upon me. For you have done this, thinking by it to escape from being called to account for your lives. But I affirm that the very reverse will happen to you. There will be many to call you to account, whom I have hitherto restrained, and whom you saw not; and being younger, they will give you more annoyance, and you will be still more provoked. For if you think, by putting men to death, to deter others from reproaching you with living amiss, you think ill. That mode of protecting yourselves is neither very possible nor very noble: the nobler and the easier, too, were not to cut off other people, but *so to order yourselves* as to arrive at the greatest excellence."

This looks like a covert threat—so at least may we read it now—of what Plato had in store for Athens and the Athenians! He afterwards told his judges that it behoved them to be of good cheer concerning death; and to fix in their minds the truth, that to a good man, whether he die or live, nothing is evil, nor are his affairs neglected by the gods. Further he begged of them, when his sons grew up, if they should seem to study riches, or any other ends in preference to virtue—'punish them, O Athenians, by tormenting them as I tormented you: and if they are thought to be something, being really nothing, reproach them as I have reproached you.' The words which followed were worthy to have been the last that Socrates publicly uttered in his beloved Athens.

'It is now time to be going: me to die, you to live: and which is the better lot of the two, is hidden from all except the God.'

The world has only witnessed one greater scene of Duty and Example than this, which thus sublimely closed. Socrates was not taken, as he seems to have anticipated, to immediate execution. It happened that the sacred vessel which carried the yearly offerings of the Athenians to Delos, had left the city but the day before, and from the moment the priest of Apollo had crowned its stern with the laurel, till it again sailed into the Piræus, no criminal could be put to death. The thirty days this festival of the Theoria lasted, were of course passed by the philosopher in prison:

the society of friends being allowed, though the chains of the condemned were not intermitted.

In this interval Crito, his oldest associate and disciple, went to him with a plan for his escape, which there is no doubt they had so arranged as to accomplish easily.* But their zealous labors and affectionate prayers were vain: Socrates told them he should obey the laws that had condemned him. In defence of Order he had craved death before, when life was younger, and better worth preserving: he should not violate it now. No injustice of man, he added, could sanction a disregard of the laws of one's country; we should not, with any other father or master, return evil for evil, or injury for injury; nor was it becoming that the institutions of the state should be that way treated by its children.† The laws of this world, in his opinion, had sister laws in the other, which would avenge a wrong committed against them. Nor, even were this otherwise, could banishment to a foreign land have any thing to make it tolerable to one who loved Athens as he had loved her. Crito submitted,‡ and from that time the sacred converse of the prison assumed a more cheerful strain.

But when the fatal day at last arrived, all fortitude gave way at the tranquil gaiety of Socrates, and the prison was filled with afflicted mourners. He appealed to them, reproached, consoled them: and they listened to his last discourse on the immortality of the soul, and on the advantages of death as the liberator from every thing that in life interrupts contemplation. At its close, he exhorted them to pass the rest of the existence that should be allotted to them, in exact accordance with the principles he had taught, and thus, best evince the gratitude and affection which they owed him. He then, as Crito solemnly gave this promise, playfully warned him not to confound that which would soon meet death with what would still be Socrates: nor mourn over the dead body he would have to inter, as if the living Socrates were there. The cup that held the poison, he took into his hand as if it had been the last of a long and hap-

* Diog. Laer., ii. 60. Plato's 'Crito.'

† Plato's 'Crito,' p. 51, d. c. We are quite aware that these opinions were made peculiarly those of Plato in subsequent and more elaborate dialogues; but they are here quite consistent with the views and character of Socrates.

‡ The most affecting passage in the 'Crito' is the simple remark with which it closes. Socrates offers to hear, notwithstanding, what Crito has yet to say. 'I have nothing to say, O Socrates!'

py banquet: smiling at the anxious entreaty which would have had him delay some minutes yet, for that the sun still lingered on the mountains. The sacred ceremonies of the festive meal were not even then disregarded; and when uncontrollable grief burst forth from all as he steadily drank off the poison, cheerfully he reassured those weeping mourners that death was nothing more than a change of residence, which he prayed the Gods might in his case be a happy one. Obeying, then, the last instruction of the officer, (even that had been given with tears,) he paced quickly through his narrow cell, to give freedom to the action of the hemlock; and 'when he felt his limbs grow heavy, laid himself down to die.' When it reaches my heart, he said, I shall leave you. The poison had nearly done that office, when Socrates raised himself with difficulty to give his last instruction. 'Crito, we owe a cock to Esculapius: take care that you pay it to him, and do not neglect it.' He heard the answer of Crito, and did not speak again.

To these famous words many meanings have been given: * it seems tolerably clear, however, that they admit but of one. No one who has understood the speaker will for an instant imagine that they could imply any grave belief in the old superstitions: while on the other hand, that the propriety of deference to recognised forms and institutions in a country, was so meant to be finally impressed on men who had received in trust the development of higher doctrines, may be readily acknowledged. It was an example followed by a Greater Teacher in Judea, whom the Rabbis in vain endeavored to commit with the people, as a despi- ser or infringer of the ordinances of Moses; and the steady unfolding of whose Divine Mission was at no time more remarkable than his uniform respect for the letter as well as the spirit of the Mosaic institutes. But the words of Socrates had another intention. It was the custom of the Greeks, on a new birth in their families, or on recovery from mortal disease, to offer sacrifice to Esculapius. In what Socrates said to Crito, the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was once more uttered. I have recovered from this disease of life: I am on the eve of being born again: I go at last to the great object of all existence

* Perhaps the most curious was that adopted by a dignitary of our church from a learned physician (a 'friend of Doctor Jortins,' who tells the anecdote as a solemn discovery)—that 'it is possible Socrates had become delirious through the poison he had taken.'

here, the life of the soul hereafter: do not forget that for these things we owe a cock to Esculapius.

To die

Is to begin to live; it is to end
An old, stale, weary work, and to commence
A newer and a better.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

It was a truth so practical, taken with the form in which it was thus announced for the last time, that nothing might more temperately anticipate what the world would sooner or later witness; nor any thing so wisely impress on those disciples, the quiet and patient energy wherewith it became them to work out their allotted part in the great change.

All that it concerns us here to pursue, is the course that was taken by PLATO: * on whose life it will not be necessary to dwell, since his life was not, as with Socrates, a branch of his philosophy. He began his literary career with poetry, in which he is not supposed to have been successful: and when in later years he declared war against the poets, they retorted upon him that for all his wisdom, he had imagined no wiser thing than when he resolved to burn his own tragedy. But whatever the early bent of his mind may have been, his acquaintance with Socrates, while yet in his twentieth year, directed him to philosophical pursuits. On the death of Socrates, he left Athens; and before his return is described to have gone into Egypt, lived several years in Heliopolis, and collected every tradition that the priests could teach him. Even as late as Strabo's time, when the schools of the ancient seat of Egyptian learning were empty, and its teachers silent for ever, the house in which Plato dwelt and studied was pointed out to the traveller, to stimulate his thirst for knowledge and his pursuit of the true philosophy. But here there is as much exaggeration evident, as in the accounts which represent the Greek to have dwelt among the Persian Magi, and to have even mastered

* His real name, it is hardly necessary to sub-join, was Aristocles; so called from his grandfather, by a common Greek custom. His more famous name, by a custom equally common, he derived from a characteristic of his own which had become famous; and variously stated by various writers as the breadth of his style (*διὰ τὴν πλατύτητα τῆς ἐρμηνείας*)—the breadth of his forehead (*ὅτι πλατὺς ἦν τὸ μέτωπον*)—and the breadth of his shoulders! This last, which reads like some contemptuous sarcasm of Diogenes, who hated and despised Plato for the gorgeous robe in which he dressed the wisdom of their barefooted master, has been, perhaps naturally enough, that which has stuck the longest. It is to this day the most ordinary explanation of Plato's name.

the laws and the religion of the Jews. The truth is, that the Christian Fathers of Alexandria (Clemens, Origen, Justin Martyr, Cyril, and even the historian Eusebius, from whom these statements are derived) thought it due to the importance which they gave at that time to the writings of Plato, to make out that certain apparent coincidences between his system and the Christian revelation, were not the anticipations of an uninspired heathen, so much as positive proofs of his acquaintance with eastern prophecy and tradition. The only thing probable is, that Plato touched at Egypt in his travel; and the only thing certain would seem to be, that, before his return, he made himself thoroughly master of such of the Pythagorean doctrines as were still accessible.

"On the death of Socrates," says Cicero, in a very important passage of his book on the Republic, "Plato first went to Egypt to add to his stock of knowledge, and afterwards travelled to Italy and Sicily, in order to learn thoroughly the doctrines of Pythagoras; he had a great deal of intercourse with Archytas of Tarentum, and with Timæus the Locrian, and procured the 'Commentaries of Philolaus;*' and as Pythagoras then enjoyed a great reputation in that part of the world, Plato applied himself to the study of Pythagorean philosophers, and to the understanding of their system. Accordingly, as he was devotedly attached to Socrates, and wished to put every thing into his mouth, he interwove the elegance and subtilty of the Socratic mode of arguing with the obscurity of Pythagoras and the many branches of learning which the Pythagorean philosophy included." This is a portion of the truth, though not all; and with the Sicilian visits it refers to, are of course connected the deep interest Plato is known to have taken in the political revolutions of Sicily, and the somewhat equivocal part he is accused of having played in them. Beyond the influence these affairs may have had on his habits of thought, this is not the place to speak of them; but that such an influence can be traced in the practical application of his philosophy, is unhappily beyond a doubt; and it is quite as necessary to understand that Plato hated, as to have known that Socrates loved, Athens. Nor is this feeling towards his native state to be in any

manner exclusively connected with the unmerited fate of his master, or at all materially excused by it. It had been no great, and certainly no unworthy exertion for such a mind, to have discriminated between that evil act and the unhappy circumstances that led to it; nor have confounded with those elements of anarchy, which in the Constitution were abundant enough, that vital principle in the State itself which might by even the help of such a man, have been raised and cherished to the strengthening, ennobling, and final firm establishing of those Forms and Institutions, which, with all their occasional evil issues had already, quite as much as any literary triumphs, immortalized the Athenian people.† Very different would the effect upon the immediate interests of the world have been, if the earnest, common-life spirit of Socrates, had animated the philosophical genius of Plato: if, gifted with every power and faculty to serve his country, he had not from the first disdainfully rejected her: if, to no less lofty dreams and designs of a Future than those which raised up visionary states and polities, he could have added sufficient faith in the Present to have built belief and truth on the realities of the republic he was born in. But there is no feeling so inconsiderate as that which troubles us with vain regrets for some supposed false direction given to powers that have in any manner acted on the world. It is scarcely wiser than to undergo the anguish

* Circumstances, as we have attempted to show, which rendered it independent of the particular triumph of either party: Thrasybulus and the men of the Piræus, or Critias and the men of the city.

† "Evil without end," says the great Niebuhr, "may be spoken of the Athenian Constitution, and with truth—but they who declaim about the Athenians as an incurably reckless people, and their republic as hopelessly lost in the time of Plato, furnish a striking instance of how imperfect knowledge leads to injustice and calumnies, and commonplace stale declamations. It shows an unexampled degree of noble-mindedness in the nation, that the heated temper of a fluctuating popular assembly, produced so few reprehensible decrees; and that the thousands among whom the common man had the upper hand, came to resolutions of such self-sacrificing magnanimity and heroism, as few men are capable of except in their most exalted mood, even where they have the honor of renowned ancestors to maintain as well as their own. I pray only for as much self-control, as much courage in the hour of danger, as much calm perseverance in the consciousness of a glorious resolution, as was shown by the Athenian people considered as one man. We have nothing here to do with the morals of the individuals; but who as an individual possesses such virtue, and withal is guilty of no worse sins in proportion, than the Athenians—may look forward without uneasiness to his last hour."

* For these, in three small treatises, he is said to have given three hundred and seventy-five pounds. Plato may thus be set down as the first Bibliomaniac. He certainly was the first to collect rare books and import them to Athens.

of impatience at the painful ordinations of Providence, without reflecting that it is from Providence itself we receive the humanities which resent its apparent cruelty.

And, indeed, the course which Plato took was as much the result of the peculiar character of his mind, as of any bias to which he may have yielded in early intercourse with his kinsman, Critias. The mould in which nature cast him, was not that of the man of energy, of suffering, or of action: and in none of these did he attempt to realize his earthly mission. Athens is not worth another martyrdom, he would have said; the ruin is cureless into which Athenians have fallen: but the idea of science which Socrates bequeathed may be enlarged and adorned for future ages; and, by the splendid culture and exquisite refinement which I can bring to its antique rigor and severity of practice, if no evil should be arrested now, seeds shall be sown for a noble growth of good in times beyond the limit of this narrow scene. Nor should the certain errors to which this utter abandonment of the field of action for that of speculation, immediately tended, obscure our sense of the benefit it was ultimately to diffuse, and that in practical as well as earnest forms, through vast untried and uncultivated fields of the distant future. The men of ATHENS were much less Plato's disciples than the men of ALEXANDRIA. Posterity was to gather round the Schools he now, after the travel and study of many years, came back to open in his native city; where even the site he selected partook of the imaginative splendor of his character, no less than of its love for ornament and ease. His lectures were delivered in a garden within the public groves of Academus,* and in one he subsequently

* So called from Hecademus, who had left it to the Athenian citizens for the purpose of gymnastic exercises.

See there the Olive-grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic-bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There, flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilyssus rolls
His whispering stream. . . .

To which the verse of Akenside, worthy of
Plato's inspiration, sends back an echo that falls
gratefully on the ear, even after the verse of Milton:

Guide my feet

Through fair Lyceum's walk, the Olive shade
Of Academus, and the sacred vale
Haunted by steps divine, where once beneath
That ever-living platane's ample boughs,
Ilyssus, by Socratic sounds detained,
On his neglected urn attentive lay;
While Boreas, lingering on the neighboring steep
With beauteous Orithyia, his love-tale
In silent awe suspended.

purchased, adjoining the Academy, and near to the village of Colonos. Here, till his eightieth year, he taught and wrote; he was engaged upon his tablets at the very moment when he died;* and the opening sentences of the 'Republic' were afterwards found upon the wax,† varied and arranged in a number of forms.‡ Characteristic are the words of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who says that to the very last moment Plato was busied "combing and curling, and weaving and unweaving his writings, after a variety of fashions."§

Of these writings it is now our difficult task to speak in such limited space as will accomplish our humble design: a task not to be entered upon without reverence, and worthy of all the labor, study, and reflection, that any one can give to them according to his powers. The best commentators on the philosophy they embody, and incomparably the best guides to it as a general and duly proportioned scheme, have been, as we before took occasion to remark, the German scholars of the last quarter of a century;|| who first successfully obviated difficulties, whose natural effect had been to repel the ordinary student at once and from the very threshold of a philosophy, into which he could only enter by complete deviation from the more customary and intelligible modes of philosophic communication—through a series of dramatic dialogues. Through these dialogues it had been, in especial, the ardent object of Schleiermacher's labors for many years, to discover some essential unity, some common law, some single continuity of thought, which, while it still left a particular dialogue to be separately regarded as a whole in itself, would in its due time connect it with the rest, and ultimately fit in all, to proper places and due relations, as but the component parts of one great structure.

Discovering something at last which fell not far short of what he sought, he divided the dialogues into three classes. The first, which will be most perfectly represented by the 'Phædrus,' the 'Protagoras,' and the 'Parmenides,' he held to be ELEMENTARY; because in them he had found developed the first utterances of that which was the

* Cicero de Senectute, c. 5.

† ἐν χήρῳ.

‡ Several writers mention this—Dionysius Halicarnassus, Demetrius Phalereus, Diogenes Laertius, Quintillian, and others.

§ πτερίζων καὶ βοστρυγίζων καὶ πάντα τροπον ἀναπλέκων.

|| The Schleiermachers, Bitters, Bekkers, Asts, Stallbaums, Van Heusdes, and Tennemans

basis of all that was to follow in the rest—of Logic, as the instrument of Philosophy; of Ideas, as its proper object; and, consequently, of the possibility and the conditions of Knowledge.* And as he formed this first class by selection of the dialogues in which the theoretical and practical were kept completely separate, he formed the last class by those in which the practical and speculative were most completely united: the 'Republic,' the 'Timæus,' the 'Critias,' and the 'Laws,' which he named the CONSTRUCTIVE dialogues. This left the second class to be determined by what may be called a PROGRESSIVE connexion, though here the classification must be admitted to assume a much less decisive character, and even Schleiermacher allows a 'difficult artificiality,' in this part of his arrangement. Generally, however, it may be conceded that the dialogues proposed for reservation to this class: the 'Theætetus,' the 'Sophistes,' the 'Politicus,'† and 'Gorgias,' the 'Symposium,' the 'Phædo,' and 'Philebus:' by their prevailing treatment of the distinction between philosophical and common knowledge in united application to two proposed and real sciences, (Ethics and Physics,) do certainly pass from Method to its Object, and treat, as it were progressively, of the applicability of the principles in the first class to development in the third, where their use finally appears in objective scientific exposition.

For as with the relation of classes, so with that of particular dialogues. In the first part, for example, the development of the dialogistic method is the predominant object; and, in reference to this, as 'Phædrus' stands manifestly the first, 'Parmenides' as clearly stands the last: not only because 'Parmenides' contains the most perfect exposition of that method, but because, in beginning to philosophize on the relation of ideas to actual things, it forms the point of transition to the second part. In this, the subject generally predominant, as we have attempted to indicate, is the explanation of knowledge, and of the process of knowing in operation: with regard to which, the 'Theætetus,' taking up this ques-

tion by its first root, stands prominently the first; and, for the same reasons as in the other case, the 'Phædo' and 'Philebus' as obviously the last. By the 'Phædo,' with its anticipatory sketch of natural philosophy; by the 'Philebus,' with its discussion of the idea of the good; as from an indirect to a direct method, we pass to the great constructive exposition of physics and ethics in the 'Timæus' and the 'Republic.' And though not till we have arrived at these, do we behold in its more complete significance the Philosophy of Plato, or master his Idea of Science in any thing like its entire applicability to nature and to man,—yet are they so intimately founded on previous investigations; in their composite character so dependent on simple and thoroughly examined principles; that to view even these final dialogues without intimate regard to the two previous classes, expecting still to reap and gather in the fruit of Plato's thought, would be as wise as to withdraw from the foundation of some noble building the key-stones of the arches on which it rests, and expect to see the structure stand.* It has been this injustice from which the philosopher has most largely suffered, and from which Schleiermacher has most effectively relieved him.†

Cicero was a great admirer of Plato, and thought that if Jove spoke Greek, he must talk it as it was written by Plato. Yet he says of him:‡ "Plato affirms nothing, but after producing many arguments, and examining a question on every side, leaves it undetermined." Here, even the accomplished Roman expected the building to stand upon air; forgetting utterly the needful connexions before set forth. It is an error of a different, but not less dangerous kind, which, pushing to its extreme the necessity of some guiding and connecting principle through the whole of the dialogues, makes of them all but one idea, and that a somewhat narrow and sectarian one.

* The useful study of Aristotle presupposes a mind already disciplined in high principles of science; while in Plato every step is carefully furnished for the patient and laborious pupil, if he is only careful to select his road aright. It is this extreme love of analysis in Plato, which makes it so important to have mastered thoroughly the relative positions of his dialogues.

† Schleiermacher is unhappily very often so profoundly obscure himself while he thus lights up Plato, that the reader who is not a student need hardly be referred to him: but the student laboriously disposed, and to whom German is a sealed book, will do well to make himself master of Mr. Dobson's praiseworthy translations of the *Introductions* of Schleiermacher, named at the head of this article.

‡ In the First Book of the Acad. Quest.

* These constituting, in combination, his dialectic or dialogistic method. See post, p. 490.

† Ritter would connect with these the 'Parmenides,' which, however, seems to stand more properly as the dialogue of transition between the first and second classes: because it combines the most perfect exposition of the dialectical method, with that which is the direct object of the three dialogues first named in the text: namely, the ideas of Science and of Being as its object, and of right conduct having its only foundation in right science.

Such we think the reasoning which would resolve the whole philosophy of Plato into a scheme for the better education of the young men of Athens:* not, it is to be added, so recent a discovery as its last advocate supposed, but some time put forth by Eberhard. For surely, if but one idea is to be drawn from all the dialogues of Plato, and one purpose uniformly insisted on, it is much wiser to find it in what the classification of Schleiermacher obviously suggests; in what such an influence as we have described that of Socrates to have been would naturally produce; and by which, even in the character of the mistake he commits, we can see Cicero himself to have been chiefly struck in going through the Platonic writings.

This, then, may be shortly stated as the first great and settled METHOD OF INVESTIGATION on scientific principles, of which there is any written record. The soul of every part of the system of Plato is everywhere prominent in the dialogues, as an Art of Dialectics. This is with him the science of all other sciences: the universal insight into the nature of all: the guide to each, the regulator of the tasks of each, and the means of judgment as to its special value: not only the preparatory discipline for investigation of truth, but the scientific method of prosecuting truth: combining in itself the practice of science, with the knowledge of the utility of its aims: discerning the essence of things, the being, the true, the constant: determining the respective differences and affinities of notions: ordering and disposing all things, discoursing of every thing, and answering every question: presiding over the correct utterance of thought in language, as well as over thought itself: and, having thus as its object, Thought and Being, in so far as their eternal and unchangeable nature could be ascertained, therefore the Highest Philosophy.†

The first effort the student of Plato has to make, is thoroughly to comprehend the position of this great, general, and immutable science, in his philosophic scheme. When he has mastered so much, and can apply it, with the later dialogues, to the two

provinces (subordinate because of inferior certainty) of moral and natural science,* a solid and consistent notion of the whole fabric of Platonic Thought will present itself to his mind. For he will have ascertained its all-important distinctions between science in its limited, and in its absolute form; between the ideal of science, and science itself; between that which contemplates supreme truth, and that which is within the sphere of human cognition; between the natural and the supernatural; between the properties of physical objects and the laws of real being: and again, between this absolute science, or Philosophy, so realized, which is humanity's highest portion, and the Wisdom, still far beyond the grasp of man, which belongs exclusively to God.†

And to the right judgment of all this, as the knowledge of the influence of Socrates upon Plato has been one of his most intelligent guides, so, when his task is complete, it will remain the most prominently and enduringly impressed upon him. It was the master teacher, he will still remember, who rejected all investigations as untenable which began with mere physical assumptions, and who, thereby, first instructed his great disciple in the necessity of commencing every inquiry with the idea of that which was to be its object, for estab-

* Ethics and Physics, being susceptible of continual modification and change, could never, in his view, attain to the precision and certainty of Dialectics which treated of the unchangeable and everlasting. The science of Nature, being a science of what never actually, only inchoately, is, must, in his view, resemble the mutability of its object. The doctrine of Human Conduct and Morality, in like manner, must be susceptible, like themselves, of modification and change. The Dialectic alone, treating of the Eternal, partakes of the certainty and immutability whereof it treats. It is certain, therefore, that the term, when implying his practical application of the Eleatic modes of inquiry into Pure Being, was Plato's expression for PHILOSOPHY: to the perfect completion of which, a combination of the two sciences of inferior certainty were yet required. At the same time, he frequently uses the word in its more limited sense, as coinciding with the 'Logic' of later philosophers. See ante, p. 487, where the term has been applied in that more limited sense, in treating of the elementary class of his dialogues, as the mere instrument of the method of which, in its larger sense, it is the practical application and completion.

† Everywhere it is necessary to keep these distinctions in mind, when the philosophy of Plato is in question. The absolute science, or Philosophy, referred to in the text, realized the Platonic idea of a science which not only reviews and overlooks all others, but also, in order to do so, understands them, and comprises them within itself: and from which the inference came, that right conduct was dependent, as Socrates had taught, on right knowledge. But beyond this there was a Wisdom not accessible to man.

* See an Introduction to the Dialogues of Plato by the Rev. W. Sewall, late professor of moral philosophy in the University of Oxford. A writer of whom it is to be said, that however various and widely opposed the feelings likely to be suggested by his books, there can be but one opinion as to the plainness and power of his style—the extraordinary felicity and force of his illustration.

† Metaphysics: as, in this particular view, it was afterwards called.

lishment of its rational end and design. Hence it was that dialectics* became the great power which it is in the hands of Plato; the very basis of his philosophy, the instrument with which he embraces the regions of being and of thought, and discovers their various parts and mutual relations. Hence is it, also, that the influence of Plato himself has been most eminent and lasting in the character of a GUIDE: of one in whom the boundless material of rich reflection was more attainable than the satisfaction of conclusive argument; whose aim was less to settle the convictions of man at any given point, than to suggest modes of reasoning, ever new and fertile, and lift the thoughts yet onward, more and more. It was the triumph of Aristotle, his successor and great rival in the intellectual empire, to hold the understanding stationary and fast bound, to the facts and quasi-certainties in the midst of which he placed it; it was the aim and the work of Plato, at each new mental struggle, to sustain and to impel the reason that had broken bonds. When Cicero would have brought philosophy into Rome, it was Plato to whom he turned for help and guidance. When Christianity desired to avail herself of all her strength, it was in intellectual exercise with Plato that her fathers built up the system of the Church. When Julian would have reformed Heathenism, his hope was in Plato. When it became necessary to remodel Christianity, at the head of the philosophical movement which marked the revival of literature, and paved the way for the reformation, Plato was seen.† And so with every later struggle, whether with the Cudworths and Berkeleys against skepticism in our own country, or with the more modern stand of Germany against the spirit of the French academicians. It is quite immaterial to the question of this influence, in what form it was always exercised: whether it has not been the source of many errors as well as of much truth; and whether it had not even been, not seldom, the cause of the disease it was called in to cure.

* Here named in its more limited sense.

† One of the most powerful schools of Platonists ('not neo-Platonists,' as Mr. Whewell has justly observed in his admirable *History of the Inductive Sciences*) was that formed in Italy at this period. It was headed by Picus of Mirandula in the middle, and by Marsilius Ficinus at the end, of the fifteenth century; and it embraced all the principal scholars and men of genius of the age; who seem to have been little conscious, amidst their elegant efforts to reconcile Platonism to the Popery of the day, of the great movement to which they were all the while contributing.

The fact not to be lost sight of, is this: that even when engendering many kinds of mysticism and heresy, it was a living and actuating influence; that the power which struck these heresies into corrupt and stagnant continuance was not derived from him; that he always reappeared with a pure and genial impulse when the life of thought again began to flow; and that, wherever History undertakes to record the struggles and triumphs of religious belief, it is her first duty to look back to Plato, to ascertain the power he has exercised and is still exercising in the world, and to understand the sources which gave it life and all this lasting continuance.

The direct action of Socrates, in the suggestion of form and method, has been shown: the action of the earlier thinkers, in supplying him with matter on which to exert this method, was scarcely less direct. We have seen Cicero describe his dialogues as the dialectic art of Socrates combined with the philosophy of Pythagoras. And from the latter extraordinary man he no doubt derived some of his most important views of ethics and of physics. The habitual application of both those departments of thought to his consideration of nature, was for example eminently Pythagorean; and from the conception of the mundane relations as certain harmonical laws capable of being universally determined, which he also learned in that school, had plainly been derived the ruling principle of his whole ethical theory—that the proportional and self-balanced is alone good, and that evil consists simply in deficiency or excess. But none of the labors of his predecessors were overlooked by Plato. He had them all constantly within view; and, by the mere power of the Socratic method in his hands, made each in its turn tributary to the evolvment of novel and striking truths. The mechanical view of nature, the dynamical physiology, alike bore fruit in his system;* and from the speculations of Heraclitus, as he took them in contrast with that Eleatic Theory to which there was so strong a bias in the whole character of his

* The dynamical view, in connexion with the reasonings of Heraclitus, suggested his theory of the universe as a perfectly living or ensouled being—subject to perpetual change and generation, but yet, in its exquisite order and just proportion, the only adequate representative of the rational ideas. On the other hand, the mechanical philosophers obviously gave him his view of body in general as a mere lifeless mass, deriving motion from causes extrinsic to itself, and in all things merely ministering to, as it is in all vigorously contrasted with, the self-moving and immortal soul.

mind, we see the origin and the birth of the theory of IDEAS.

This great theory lies at the root of the *Dialectics* of Plato; and in any attempt to ascertain the course and objects of his thought, is the first matter that arrests attention. Indeed, when we have thoroughly mastered it, we have in some sort the key to all.

It is not difficult to conceive in what way such a mind as that of Plato would be directly affected, when, penetrated with the Socratic view of science, he applied himself to its investigation, with the results of the old philosophies before him. On the one hand, there was the opinion of Heraclitus that all things were in a perpetual state of flux; that they were ever waxing and waning; that they were constantly changing their substance; and that nothing could be predicated of any thing as fixed: beside which stood the practical and most mischievous inference of the Sophists, that Man must therefore be the measure of all things. On the other hand, there was the Eleatic doctrine of immutable being: that there was no multiplicity; that there was no becoming,* no change, no generation, augmentation, or decay; but that All was One, eternal, and at rest. Now, to the first, while he did not deny the reality of sensation, he had at once to oppose the doctrine he had derived from Socrates: that general definition (that idea of the One embracing Multiplicity) on which his whole notion of science stood, and which was in itself its own ground and authority.† So, to the second, while of the reality of the permanent being he was fully convinced, he of course could not reconcile what he believed to be real in the mutable appearances and phenomena of nature. What, then, remained for Plato?

What, but to find a ground that should be unconditional and absolute, for all that exists conditionally, whereon to build some settled system of investigation? What, but to lift his mind to such an elevation above the actual as to endeavor to grasp that suprasensual essence, which must itself have been at once the ideal of the reason and the cause of the material world, the pre-establisher of the harmony in and

between both, and that which alone might reconcile the laws of matter to the ideas of pure intellect. This, accordingly, was the object to which he addressed himself. And from the result, from the realization of his aim in this respect, dates the principle of identity between philosophy and religion which governed Europe for many centuries.

Tracing this IDEAL THEORY through its course in the actual dialogues, it is very striking to contrast its splendid influence, and the magnificence of its range, with the narrow and uninviting currents of thought through which it works its way into existence. It is while the field of dialectical discussion is cleared and opened for the right settlement of these opposing questions as to Being and Becoming, that it begins to show itself. With that view we have been carried back into a discussion as to the nature of language; we are made to feel that by false views of science all thought and language are involved in endless confusion; and it is pointed out to us in what way language, rightly used, will make of necessity a distinction between certain forms or notions and yet combine them together. We are taken into all the intricacies of Greek syntax: and from such steps as that of the manner in which, in propositions, a noun is necessarily joined with a verb, we are shown how it is that becoming and being are in like manner inseparably united. These are laws of language as of thought, which may not be annulled. Thus the verb is the action, the noun is the active object; and as, in the unavoidable union of these two in the shortest sentence, it is set forth of some entity that it either is becoming, or has, or will become, something; so is it impossible, without setting aside all the laws of language, to separate the action from the agent, the predicate from the subject, becoming from being. From these arguments we are brought to the important question of definitions, immediately arising out of them. The mere Name of a subject, it is shown, predicates Being of it: and it is marked as the first step in classification, and in itself giving a certainty and fixity to things which is directly opposed to generation and becoming,—this mere act of naming the subject, or of affixing to it its general name, the name of its genus. Next we are instructed in another argument, which arises from the foregoing, to prove the utter absurdity of those who would not allow that different names could be employed for one and the same thing: on the

* A word of constant use by Plato—to express mere genesis (*γίγνεσθαι*) as opposed to being (*εἶναι*—*οὐσία*).

† The reader will keep in mind the method of Socrates in all his investigations: the opening of all of them by settling the nature of the object of dispute—in itself involving, by statement of the essence of the thing, some definition of its idea.

ground that the one is ever one, as the manifold is also invariably the manifold. Thus, in the same connecting process of argument, thinking is exhibited to be a talking of the soul with itself; and as all speech is a combination of one word with one or many others, every word having its meaning, thinking must of course be a similar combination of one thought with another. And by this time we have arrived at the necessity for the great art or science of discourse, dialectics, which shall regulate these combinations of thought; which shall preside over the faculty that investigates the properties of all sensations; and which must manifestly itself depend upon Definition. Then there follows immediately upon this, that all-important process which Definition implies: the finding of some general term which shall include a multiplicity of objects; together with the secondary but necessary process of explanation, as to wherein the term to be defined differs from others which belong to the same genus with it. And having proceeded thus far, the greatest question of Dialectics comes within view, and with it the Ideal Theory of Plato dawns clearly upon us.

What are these General Terms which are the object of the mind in the process of thought? Objects of sense they cannot be, for those are in a constant state of transition. "If," to adopt Aristotle's words* in describing the origin of the Platonic ideas, "there is to be any knowledge and science, it must be concerning some permanent natures, different from the sensible natures of objects; for there can be no permanent science respecting that which is perpetually changing." Where, then, were these permanent natures to be found? The question took Plato back to the proof he had just established: that, independently of the senses, the soul possesses a faculty of its own by which it investigates the common and the general: and suggested the answer, that by means of reflexion, and through the understanding or rational contemplation, would it alone be possible to become cognizant of such natures. As opposed to the transitory knowledge which sensation conveys, this which the intellect apprehends would be constant and permanent; unproduced, imperishable, and ever identical with itself; a pure and absolute entity; such as the soul, if it could purify and free itself from the agitations and hindrances of body, would plainly and palpably behold. There,

then, were the General Terms he had before vainly sought, and which, as belonging to Being in contrast from Becoming, could be made the objects of science and certain knowledge. There were those forms, those Ideas, of the universal which would in themselves include every type of the transitory; there was in each the subject, One, and with it the predicates that might be asserted of it, Many; and in these, at last, should he reconcile what he believed to be true in the theory of sensible and ever changing things, with what he felt and knew to be true in that of an eternal and immutable nature.

Having mastered this elevation above the doubts and uncertainties that before arrested his progress, Plato beheld the Grand Idea to which all science, so considered, must have reference: and the mission of Philosophy upon earth, as well as the means for discharging it, stood plainly revealed before him. If the fleeting sensible were really true, it was to him, then, true only through the eternal essence of which it was the partaker: wherefore, with that divine art of dialectics, he would proceed to strip off those tissues of the temporal and mutable* in which all certainty and immutability clothe and cover themselves here, and redress† the errors and imperfect thoughts of man, in the recollection, and, as it were, renewed presence, of the Great Source of all existence, wherewith he, as every other transitory substance, had been connected in his origin. *Man* is the measure of all things; was the end of the philosophy of Protagoras. *God* is the measure of all things; was the beginning and the end of the philosophy of Plato.

The means of judgment as to what share Socrates may have had in this method and result, have, in a preceding article, been placed before the reader.‡ Aristotle, after describing the invention of inductive reasonings and universal definitions, quoted in the article referred to, adds this remark: "Socrates, however, did not make universals or definitions separable from the objects; but the Platonists separated them, and these essences they termed ideas." To which may be added, since it is import-

* So Schleiermacher, speaking of the proof in the *Gorgias*: "Therefore, the highest and most general problem of philosophy is exclusively this—to apprehend and fix the *essential* in that fleeting chaos."

† *Sartor Resartus* is the quaint but expressive phrase, under which a great original thinker of modern days sets forth the ends and objects of philosophy.

‡ Quoted at p. 357 of *F. Q. R.*, No. 60.

* *Metaph.* l. 6, xiii. 4.

ant to understand how far these ideas were objectively (that is, as things existing in themselves) carried by Plato, the view of another ancient writer. "Some existences are sensible, some intelligible; and according to Plato, they who wish to understand the principles of things, must first separate the ideas from the things; such as the ideas of Similarity, Unity, Number, Magnitude, Position, Motion: secondly, he must assume an absolute Fair, Good, Just, and the like: thirdly, he must consider the ideas of relation, as Knowledge, Power: recollecting that the things which we perceive, have this or that appellation applied to them, because they partake of this or that idea; those things being *just*, which participate in the idea of the Just; those being *beautiful*, which contain the idea of the Beautiful."* Much further than this, however, which would have implied little more than the General Terms for which they were first invented, it is very certain that Plato carried his system of Ideas. The very word, signifying, it is not unimportant to keep in mind, not the ideas of our modern language,† but Forms, was likely to have suggested to such an imagination the character and properties we shall shortly find them to assume. Aristotle, in a passage of a preceding book of his 'Metaphysics'‡ to that which has just been quoted, would no doubt corroborate the more limited view. "When Socrates, treating of moral subjects, arrived at universal truths, and turned his thoughts to definitions, Plato adopted similar doctrines, and construed them in this way—that these truths and definitions must be applicable to something else, and not to sensible things: for it was impossible, he conceived, that there should be a common definition of any sensible object, since such were always in a state of

change. The things, then, which were the subjects of universal truths, he called Ideas; and held that objects of sense had their names according to them and after them; so that things participated in that idea which had the same name as was applied to them."

But in this and similar passages, there is little reason to doubt that Aristotle either did not or would not* understand the sense in which Plato regarded the notion of Being, in which these Ideas had their origin, and therefore refused to consider them as other than mere metaphysical definitions. With the Stagyrte himself, Being never meant more than that highest abstraction to which a severe logical examination of our mental conceptions may avail to lift us; just as his metaphysics are but a strict logical analysis of the primary highest modes of subjective thought. But with Plato, Being was the opposite to Becoming, certainty as opposed to change, the absolute and eternal in contrast with the conditional and created, essential and independent Truth; and therefore *his* metaphysics, as the study of a Being thus external to man, cannot rightly be considered as other than objective; and these Ideas will be found, as we proceed, to have the properties of laws established by that Being to control subjective thought—themselves altogether unmodified by sensation, but with the power of modifying it, both in the spiritual and material world. And hence, it is needless to suggest to the reader, the extraordinary influence it was certain to exert, whenever it should be applied to any settled scheme of religious belief.

But this is in a certain degree anticipating: though even in the mere abstract dialectical use of the term Ideas, and before they enter into physical or ethical application, it seems necessary for the reader to know that mere general properties of objects, or general notions of genus and species, far less exclusive reservation to ideal conceptions of the good or beautiful or just, will certainly not satisfy the purpose

* Derived apparently from a speech in the 'Parmenides' in which the philosopher after whom the dialogue is named, is made to say to Socrates, "It appears to you, as you say, that there are certain kinds, or ideas, of which things partake, and receive applications according to that of which they partake: thus those things which partake of Likeness are called *like*; those things which partake of Greatness are called *great*; those things which partake of Beauty and Justice are called *beautiful* and *just*." In the 'Phædo' a similar opinion is summed up in something like the same words: "that each idea has an existence, and that other things partake of these ideas, and are called according to the idea of which they partake."

† Excepting in philosophy, of course. The use of the word idea in modern metaphysics, is derived from the *idea* and *εἶδος* of Plato. When Locke would express the notion of what is common to an entire class, he uses the term abstract idea.

‡ The First: 6th Section.

* There is a striking passage in the Nicomachean Ethics, one of the latest works of Aristotle, which may perhaps be taken as a half-touching twinge of conscience in the 'Stout Stagyrte,' when, towards the close of his illustrious life, he thought of the frequent disrespect with which he had referred to his old master's labors. In the passage (sixth sec. of first book) he remarks that "it is painful for him to refute the doctrine of ideas, as it had been introduced by persons who were his friends; nevertheless, that it is his duty to disregard such private feelings; for both philosophers and truth being dear to him, it is right to give the preference to truth."

and intention of Plato. It is correctly said by Ritter: "We must dismiss all narrow views of the Platonic *Ideæ*, and understand by them whatever exhibits an eternal truth; a persistent something which forms the basis of the mutability of the sensible." This is an all-embracing definition; and the realization of Plato's idea of science, if he is allowed to have thought it possible, will admit of no other.* According to that, there could not assuredly be any thing which does not participate in Ideas, or may not be comprehended in an Idea. For, as the same writer in another place remarks, "if Plato maintained that there must necessarily be ideas to exhibit the unalterable and eternal truth of the objects of every science, in order that the science itself should be possible, he was constrained to find ideas wherever there is a true essence, and scientific investigation is possible." But to this there was to him no limit. Nothing in his opinion need be excluded from the sphere of right knowledge. To every thing scientific inquiry might attach itself; in every thing some truth might be found; even in individuals, even in the qualities and properties of things, in all that comes into being. Such was his feeling of the one universal science. In the dialogue which bears the name of Parmenides, that philosopher is made to reprove Socrates, then supposed to be a youth entering on the study of philosophy, for showing a disinclination to recognize as possible the reality of the Ideas of man, fire, water, nay, even of hair and of clay, and other equally mean and paltry objects: since it is unbecoming a true philosopher to defer to vulgar opinion, and to consider any object as wholly despicable. Youth and inexperience will do this, he says; and will find themselves under some supposed necessity of withdrawing from the consideration of base and common objects, in order to rise to higher and nobler considerations; whereas the true philosopher, disregarding all human opinions as to great and little, despises nothing.† "O Socrates!" adds Parmenides,

* In a distinct passage of the 'Republic,' the province of the Ideas is thus largely determined: "An idea may be attributed to whatever, as a plurality, may be indicated by the same name;" a definition embracing not only species and genera, "which in the individual appear as the manifold," but also such individuals as, expressed by one common name, exhibit themselves in many phenomena.

† This fine thought is, of course, a necessary result of the Platonic theory of knowledge: that you cannot separate the science of divine from that of human things. Thus, while in the 'Laws' he says, that human things can never be rightly un-

"philosophy has not yet claimed you for her own, as, in my judgment, she will claim you, and you will not dishonor her. As yet, like a young man as you are, you look to the opinions of men."

These Ideas, then, thus comprehending all things, or in which all things some way participated, were the ground of objective truth from which Plato contemplated the Deity. This latter process brings us more immediately to that class of dialogues which may be called transitional or progressive: occupying a middle place between the elementary and constructive parts of the Platonic system: treating less of the method than of the object of philosophy; not yet absolutely setting forth the two real sciences, but by preparatory and progressive steps fixing and defining them; and thus, by setting in operation, as it were, the Process of Knowing, aiming at a more complete apprehension and exact decision of what Knowledge was to embrace. While we sit still, we are never the wiser, is an appropriate remark of the 'Thæætetus,' itself the noblest dialogue in this class; but going into the river, and moving up and down, straightway we discover its depths and its shallows.

The Ideas thus in operation, the Deity revealed Himself to Plato. For, pursuing the method of argument in which they originated, that the true and the real are exhibited in general notions as elements of science; and that these are so related to each other, that every higher notion embraces and combines under it several lower;* he arrived at the conclusion that the elements of truth cannot be so separated from each other as not to be, nevertheless, held together by some higher bond:† im-

derstood without a previous meditation upon the divine; in the 'Phædrus' and 'Republic' he lays it down, that the divine can only be known by our rising to the contemplation of them from a human point of view. Such thoughts, even when not directly expressed, pervade his whole system.

* Without this unity and coherence of ideas, there could not of course be that unity and coherence of science, which, acting on the instruction of Socrates, Plato everywhere insists upon. There is a noble passage in the 'Meno,' where he says, so intimately is all nature related, that any one starting from a single idea, if he be but a bold and unwearied inquirer, may, in the end, discover all.

† Ritter quotes a passage from the 'Republic,' to which he gives a different, and it seems to us a more correct, sense than that which is suggested by Schleiermacher. It is the sixth book, 511 B, where dialectic is said "to make use of the assumed notions, not as first principles, but actually as mere assumptions, or so many grades and progressions, in order to arrive at the unassumed...the principle of all things...but which, when it has once seized upon it, returns to insist upon the tena-

mediately giving rise to the question, whether, if the lower ideas are held together by the higher, there is not ultimately a SUPREME IDEA, which comprises all the subordinate, and in itself exhibits the sum and harmony of all. It is almost needless to add, that he could only answer this in the affirmative; and that in this Supreme Idea he placed the last limit to all knowledge. This was the ultimatum in the realm of ideas: in itself sufficient, and implying nothing beyond. This was the GOOD: that which exhausted all true entity, and gave back its image in sensible forms: that which was desired by all, and was itself in want of nothing: embracing whatever subsisted without difference in time or space; all truth and science; all substances and all reason. This was God: Himself neither reason nor essence, but superior to both, and uniting both within Himself. Such are almost the very expressions of Plato.

In this view, it is obvious, the existence of God, being as necessary as science itself, could require no formal proof. Where (as in the 'Laws') he is asked to prove it, he observes that "such a demonstration would be unnecessary, except for certain prejudices which are extensively diffused among mankind," and continues the subject with evident reluctance: never indeed distinctly entering on such a proof, but contenting himself with refuting the false opinions that would directly contradict so fundamental a notion of philosophy.* Of these, the most false was that which could so far confound the secondary causes, or means, with the true first cause, as to substitute the material for the spiritual. For the philosopher above all men to do this—himself trusting solely to the reason, and yet seeking to derive this sensible world from other operation than that of a divine and intellectual cause—he held to be most unworthy.† All in the world, he says in the 'Laws,' "is for the sake of the rest, and the places of the single parts are so ordered as to subserve to the preservation and excellence of the whole." The cause of this could not be material, because the material cannot, unless when impelled by

bleness of that which is dependent thereon; and in this manner it only employs ideas in order to proceed from one idea to another."

* "Plato asserted that scientific atheism rested on a perversity of sentiment, which was little likely to be removed by reasoning."—RITTER.

† There is a splendid passage in the 'Laws,' where he says that man, by his very affinity with the gods, is secretly and insensibly led to believe in their existence, and to honor them.

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some other body, set any other in motion. Arguing the soul's immortality in the 'Phædrus' he had said, "that which is set in motion by something else may cease to move, and may therefore cease to live; but that which is self-moving, as it never quits itself, never ceases moving; but is the source and beginning of motion to all other things which are moved." The spiritual, then, must be the moving principle of this universe: and no irrational spirit could have created it in conformity with ideas of order and beauty, and in this constant agreement with an unalterable type: but would have confused all things, reduced all to disorder, and brought about continual destruction and decay. Look, says Plato in the 'Laws,' at the sun, and the moon, and the stars; look at the earth, with all its seasons and its beauties; you behold in them not only a type of the divine ideas, but a type and resemblance of the Supreme Idea. It is in these forms He conceals himself: embracing the beginning, the middle, and the end of all things. These are His work: the living symbols of a power beyond you, but yet themselves a school wherein patient and zealous study shall lead you up to Him.

Thus Plato may be said to have mapped out the means and the end of knowledge; the guide and the object to philosophical investigation. In this particular class of dialogues, it but remains to be seen how he would propose that man should so far enlarge and cultivate his science, as, by attaining what pure and certain knowledge may be possible of the Multiplicity of ideas, to be enabled to master whatever lies within his reach of the Unity of truth and science which subsists in the Good.

The 'Gorgias' and the 'Theætetus,' two of his most masterly productions, are devoted as it were to the education of man, with this object: that is, to the settlement of just and defined principles in respect to it. Of these great dialogues, the 'Gorgias' is practical, and the 'Theætetus' theoretical: the latter conducting us, indeed, to the verge of many sacred mysteries. How intimately this theory and practice were connected; how exactly grounded, that is, on the same modes of thought, the search for the Good in pleasure, and that for Pure Knowledge in the sensuous perception; has been exhibited in our account of the Sophists.* It had followed

* See the speech of Callicles in the 'Protagoras'—described in our first paper on this all-important subject—illustrative of the general practical bearing of the Sophistical principles.

as a consequence, that they who asserted the only foundation of knowledge to be sensation, should maintain the only foundation of virtue to be the desire of pleasure. Both falsehoods refuted, with the noblest eloquence and the most exquisite art, the student passes to other dialogues, not less beautiful, the 'Phædo' and 'Philebus:' and finds himself on the very threshold of those great practical structures of Plato's philosophy, which he will yet enter to little purpose, if he has not disciplined himself by all this previous investigation, to be ready to conform his will to objective laws of action, which shall be to him the measure of virtue; and his reason to objective forms of belief, which shall be to him all-powerful truths, real, absolute, existing.

But at this point we rest for the present: in the hope that on a future occasion the reader will not be unwilling to enter with us.

DUELLING.—Our attention has been directed to an announcement in the *Standard*, from which we learn that a step has at length been taken in the only effectual direction for the suppression of that one of the chivalric institutions which has haunted the field of modern society with most pertinacity and least argument;—a rude, barbaric figure, stripped by centuries of all the costumes and accessories which made it picturesque, or gracious, or valuable, and looking monstrous amid the lights and forms of advanced civilization. An Association has been got up for the extermination of Duelling—composed of members influential in the precise classes within which, and for whose benefit, the murderous nuisance was supposed more especially to act. It consists of 326 members, of whom 34 are noblemen and their sons, 15 are baronets, and 16 members of the Lower House. What is more important still, the army and navy, hitherto the head-quarters of conventionalism, furnish a large contingent to this demonstration. In its ranks are 30 admirals and generals, 23 colonels and lieutenant-colonels, 44 captains and 24 lieutenants in the navy; and of the army, 17 majors and 26 captains. The bar furnishes a detachment of 24: and the association denounces the unmeaning modern "wager of battle" as sinful, irrational, and contrary to the laws of God and man; and pledges itself to discountenance the same by its example and all its influence. An institution, attacked by every other species of argument, and sustained against them all only by opinion, was to be successfully assailed by opinion alone; and this measure at once knocks away the sole stay which held the ugly figure against the pressure of modern sense and modern arrangements.—*Athenæum*, 8th July.

THE LAST FRIENDS.

One of the United Irishmen, who lately returned to his country, after many years of exile, being asked what had induced him to revisit Ireland when all his friends were gone, answered, "I came back to see the mountains."

I COME to my country, but not with the hope
That brightened my youth like the cloud-lighting
bow,
For the vigor of soul that seemed mighty to cope
With Time and with Fortune, hath fled from me
now;
And Love, that illumined my wanderings of yore,
Hath perished, and left but a weary regret
For the star that can rise on my midnight no
more—
But the hills of my country they welcome me
yet!

The hue of their verdure was fresh with me still,
When my path was afar by the Tanais' lone
track;
From the wide-spreading deserts and ruins, that
fill
The lands of old story, they summoned me back;
They rose on my dreams through the shades of the
West,
They breathed upon sands which the dew never
wet.
For the echoes were hushed in the home I loved
best—
But I knew that the mountains would welcome
me yet!

The dust of my kindred is scattered afar,
They lie in the desert, the wild, and the wave,
For serving the strangers through wandering and
war,
The isle of their memory could grant them no
grave.
And I, I return with the memory of years,
Whose hope rose so high though in sorrow it
set;
They have left on my soul but the trace of their
tears—
But our mountains remember their promises yet!

Oh, where are the brave hearts that bounded of
old,
And where are the faces my childhood hath
seen?
For fair brows are furrowed, and hearts have grown
cold,
But our streams are still bright and our hills are
still green;
Aye, green as they rose to the eyes of my youth,
When brothers in heart in their shadows we
met;
And the hills have no memory of sorrow or death
For their summits are sacred to liberty yet!

Like ocean retiring, the morning mists now
Roll back from the mountains that girdle our
land;
And sunlight encircles each heath-covered brow
For which Time hath no furrow and tyrants no
brand:
Oh, thus let it be with the hearts of the isle,
Erase the dark seal that oppression hath set;
Give back the lost glory again to the soil,
For the hills of my country remember it yet!

FRANCIS BROWN.

June 16, 1843.

MAGIC AND MESMERISM.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

A Tale. In 3 volumes. Saunders and Otley.

MESMERISM, and Phreno-Mesmerism, seem the prevailing popular frenzy of the hour. The epidemic is, we presume, on the decline in America, where it broke out fiercely about four years back; but it has had a powerful revival in France, where the belief in Mesmerism has languished on for sixty years; while in Britain, in every town, village, and hamlet, adepts of both sexes, professional and amateur, are mesmerizing, and being mesmerized, hypnotizing, or being hypnotized; lecturing (for money) and exhibiting, in illustration of their lectures, the varied phenomena of Animal Magnetism, from the simple rigidity of a finger or a limb up to the highest achievements of phreno-magnetism, extatic delirium, and *clairvoyance*. Tailors, hand-loom weavers, sempstresses, and females of no ostensible calling, are all (for money) exhibiting the Mesmeric phenomena in various degrees of perfection, to select private circles—consisting of ladies, idlers, and men of science; while the less profoundly initiated, or the less enterprising, are content to perform before thin or crowded audiences, as it may happen, and generally at very moderate rates. The first crop of these itinerant lecturers and exhibitors in this quarter have been peculiarly unfortunate in their staff; that is, in the adepts who accompany them; clumsy, ill-trained, maladroit rogues, whose bungling performances were enough to ruin any professor, if the great majority of the audiences had not been in the humor of being gulled, while the minority viewed the thing in the light of a broad, acted piece of farce, too absurd to require exposure, and which served to laugh out the hour as well as any thing else. It is not easy to say which class of society has been the most tickled with the excitement and palpable humbug of these edifying exhibitions. We restrict these remarks to the platform and private exhibitions in Edinburgh and the neighboring towns; pronouncing no opinion upon genuine Mesmeric phenomena; a matter for grave and searching investigation, and one quite unconnected with the tom-fooleries and egregious humbug to which we allude. Meanwhile, we have reached a stage in Scotland which may well make England envious. If *clairvoyance* arose in France, and has made a distinguished progress in America, it ought to be remembered that

second-sight, and second-hearing, though extinct for generations, was an exclusive attribute of the Scottish Highlanders, and chiefly of the Hebrideans; and, consequently, that modern *clairvoyance* is, in Scotland, but a recovered faculty. Scotland, also, has a prior claim to "The Tongues," though there were powerful "manifestations" both in London and Oxford. The only remarkable difference is, that science now pretends to explain the phenomena which formerly were said to be produced by supernatural influence, or the agency of the Devil. *Clairvoyance* is, we understand, at present as fashionable in Paris as ever was fortune-telling in the palmy days of Le Normand; and *clairvoyance*, we prophesy, will get fast ahead at home; while, instead of the magistrate sending the prophetesses to Bridewell as cheats and impostors, they are petted and well-paid by the ladies, and every encouragement afforded to keep up the deception, and attain greater proficiency in their art.—We therefore apprehend that any thing we have witnessed in *clairvoyance* will be utterly eclipsed by what is to come hereafter, if proper encouragement be given. We have heard of a female whom a Frenchman, her mesmerizer, for a length of time exhibited at private parties in Boston, at twelve dollars for each exhibition, whose doings take the shine completely out of all that we have yet attained in Scotland. No doubt, after exhibiting in that intellectual city, the American far-seer must have been accredited to every town in the Union, and may still be prosperously pursuing her career. We are not here entering upon the question of the possibility, by certain means, of inducing artificial somnambulism, and even the cataleptic state: which is nothing new, and for which there seems an explicable cause. The agency by which this abnormal condition is produced, is, however, still the subject of controversy, some rejecting Animal Magnetism, who yet, under another name, recognize the Mesmeric phenomena to an extent at which others hesitate. The state of coma being produced, all besides may be resolved into the power of imagination, which has effected greater marvels, even of a curative sort, than have yet been attributed to Mesmerism.

Having, however, in the North, made a hopeful beginning in the development of the sublimer phenomena, and already got far beyond the poor lengths of allaying or curing disease, bringing out "the organs," and rendering patients insensible to pain

during the most severe, painful, and protracted surgical operations, we are naturally unwilling to retrograde from our high vantage ground until we shall be driven from it. We have also, as a *moral nation*, laid strong hold on the *moral uses* of Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism. We confess, individually, that we are not prepared all at once to live in a house of glass, and have our curious or prying neighbors looking after all our movements, reading our very thoughts, and depriving us of the useful power

Still to keep something to ourself
We scarcely tell to any.

That belief in Mesmerism has reached this length among us, may be gathered from the consolation administered by a correspondent of one of our ablest newspapers—consolation under the novel and extraordinary condition impending over society. One might have tolerated such lucubrations in one of the mushroom towns of the Far West, overrun with all sorts of lecturers; but in Edinburgh, in June 1843, it does astonish, not to say humble us, to hear any man gravely saying, "Great terror has been expressed of the extraordinary power of *clairvoyance*. This can only be felt by the wicked; and not by the good. It is shocking to think how much we are in the habit of forgetting that God sees us, and how terrified we are lest our evil deeds should be exposed to the world's eye. Since, however, too many are unreformed by the thought of God's omniscience, is it not a proof of His extreme beneficence to His creatures to permit a discovery which will effectually check an inconceivable amount of evil, and bring mankind to a strict regard of moral duties. . . . The power of *clairvoyance* will, doubtless, be eagerly sought after, [no doubt of it,] and, with whatever motive, a belief in its existence may have some influence in improving morals, and in establishing religion on the interpretations placed in our hands by God himself of his marvellous works." It is, at least, pleasant to find that every one can seek after and perhaps attain, this wondrous power for himself—and not be compelled to consult, and pay one of the initiated, when he wishes to peep in and see what mischief his neighbors are about in their blinded parlors and locked closets. One thing is clear: no police, or other crime-detector, should be appointed to office who does not possess *clairvoyance*—if there is to be any farther use either for them or for priestly confessors. How

useful to Judges this faculty, if, like our female exhibitors, they can see what is past, as well as present—and also to physicians and lawyers, who never can get at the true facts and real symptoms of cases. There is, indeed, no end to the moral and social advantages of this new power. To a jealous or languishing lover it is exactly the magic-mirror of the ancient magician; he may always know what his absent mistress is about, and thus save anxiety, letter-writing, and postage. How pleasant, and satisfactory, for a neglected wife to look in at the Club, or elsewhere, and see what her truant husband is after—hear what he is saying, and when he thinks of moving homeward! How pleasant for the fagged reporter of the galleries to bring "the House" before his mesmerized eyes, or rather to go to it without the expense of cabs or bodily fatigue, and report all that is said without moving from the fireside! But "the discovery" opens up a field of speculation so vast, a state of society so entirely novel, that we, for the present, waive it. It is enough that men and women, who are in no immediate danger of walking into a draw-well, believe such things probable, or, rather, certain. The powers of magic, necromancy, and sorcery, were, and are believed by the vulgar, to be possessed by only a few persons in compact with the devil; but the men of science who believe to the full extent in the alleged higher Mesmeric phenomena, out-Herod the vulgar when they assert that all mankind are capable of *clairvoyance*. But, if not capable, on how unequal a footing are human beings placed! Those who possess, or have power to acquire the extraordinary faculty, must be supreme masters of the destinies of those shut out from participating in it. What would be an ordinary physician, however able, when compared with one who can look minutely into his patient's viscera, and examine his brain or spine; or Talleyrand himself to the statesman who, instead of employing spies, and tampering with seals, could at once mesmerize himself, and be transported, in spirit, or by exalted sense, to the privy councils and cabinets of St. Petersburg, Madrid, or the Tuileries?—To come to our tale of *Magic and Mesmerism*, which, in the present fantastic humor of the public, is likely, we think, to make a favorable *débüt*.

The tale is said to be founded on facts that occurred about a hundred years ago, when a Jesuit priest, who had atrociously abused his office of confessor, was tried for

sorcery. He had corrupted the minds of many young women whose confessor he was, robbed them of their innocence, and obtained an extraordinary influence over them, which was, at last, imputed to magic and sorcery, though the phenomena exhibited were, it is said, precisely those which are witnessed in persons under the influence of Animal Magnetism. — The singular trial of the Jesuit is said to be found among the *Causes Célèbres*; though we do not remember it. The author of the tale appears to be a believer in Mesmerism, to the extent of extatic delirium and *clairvoyance*. He concludes, that what in former ages was attributed to sorcery, magic, demoniac possession, and witchcraft, was, in fact, the consequences of Animal Magnetism, or, as others think, of nervous disease, imagination, and trick. The tale is written with considerable power and skill, and has a certain Mesmeric influence. Although it is felt repulsive, and even unwholesome, one is constrained to follow it out. The scene is Toulon; the principal heroine is Catherine Cadières, the inspired and Holy Maid, who, like Isabella Campbell of Row, and other persons laboring under nervous disease, foretold future events, possessed the most exalted *clairvoyance*, and was followed and worshipped as a prophetess, until it was found, too late, that all was delusion, and that the weak-minded and weak-nerved excitable girl, who at last awoke to reason, had been the dupe and victim of a consummate villain and hypocrite. Remarkable instances are not wanting of the power of both priests and presbyters over women, through merely natural magic. But the Jesuit's magic was not simply the art of playing with and inflaming the passions, exciting the mind, and unbinging the reason, but that art or science afterwards named Mesmerism, in which he was a proficient. Protestant young ladies, of enthusiastic temperament and weak nerves and understanding, who are in danger of losing their sober-mindedness and retiring modesty from the ambition to make a distinguished figure in the religious world, or who, through the delusions of vanity, are betrayed into wild fantastical pretensions, may find a useful lesson in the fate of the Holy Maid of Toulon. She was constitutionally a natural somnambulist, and from childhood she had a decided vocation, and was, partly through her mother's excessive vanity, led to imagine that she was born to be a saint. Saintship, it should be noticed, was at that period the only passport possessed by the

middle class in France for admission into the society of the aristocracy.

"Such was the power of the priesthood, that what nothing else could effect, religion could; and before its members all doors flew open, all artificial barriers fell. Royalty itself was fain to humble its head before the cowl, and the veil had precedence of the coronet. Hence, perhaps, the secret of many a misnamed religious calling, the source of many a fervent devotion, and of a certain mania for saintship, a prevailing distemperature of mind at that epoch, which was a convenient channel for female ambition."

The young saint was exceedingly beautiful, and the object of the passionate attachment of a young lawyer of great worth and abilities. But spiritual vanity and delusion had shut up the womanly springs of her heart; though she was fluctuating between her natural affections and her imaginary spiritual vocation, when the Jesuit appeared on the scene, and began his magnetic and other practices, under the veil of the most stern and rigid sanctity, the most exalted spiritualism. His first object and his last was the honor of his Order;—to raise the Jesuits of Toulon above the Carmelites of that city, who had the best preachers, the care of the most fashionable souls in the place, and enjoyed more of the favor of the bishop. The ruin, soul and body, of the Holy Maid, was but an episode in the life of the wily Jesuit, who fell under the temptation of her beauty, though his master-passion was the exaltation of his Order. Before the arrival in Toulon of this star of the Order, rumor was busy about his talents, eloquence, and exalted piety. The Jesuits were triumphant by anticipation; the Carmelites incredulous and scornful. When the decisive Sunday arrived, the Carmelites were fairly routed, old and ugly as the Jesuit champion was found to be:

"Already past fifty, his tall, gaunt, emaciated frame made him look considerably older. His skin, sallow and drawn like parchment, adhered tightly to the frontal and cheek bones, giving to their cavities beneath a remarkably ascetic appearance—his pallor, contrasting with harsh, heavy unintellectual brows—his large mouth, and ears that stuck to his head like two plates, formed altogether one of the coarsest and most ungainly exteriors imaginable. His eye was the only redeeming point about the man—large, dark, and fiery, it scanned the assembled crowd with a glance of fierce assurance that seemed the prologue to success, and was not devoid of a sort of rude dignity.

"His voice was at first husky, but cleared by degrees, until it became loud and full, and, like, his glance, seemed to search every conscience, and descend into every heart.

The Carmelites were routed; and the Jesuits looked that ineffably humble and meek triumph of which women and monks only have the secret."

The fame of Father Girard increased every day:

"Gradually, the churches of the bare-footed Carmelites were deserted, their preachers voted tame, their confessors unsatisfactory, and the tide of public favor was rapidly ebbing from them. Father Girard understood, marvellously, the art of warming the zeal of elderly ladies, and making them denounce and renounce the pleasures in which they could scarcely continue to take a share; but he had for some time no opportunity of exercising his power over the minds of the junior members of the community."

But this time came. Catherine had, in piety, always been the pattern of her young companions, and she, constrained by the will of Heaven, [by Animal Magnetism,] had chosen the Jesuit for her confessor, telling her friends—

"It is not Father Girard's brilliant eloquence that has touched me, nor am I dazzled by his great reputation; for I should have resisted both these impulses, as being too worldly to induce me to resign my soul into the keeping of a stranger. No! it is the will of Heaven. You all remember St. John's Day, when Father Girard preached at the church of the Carmelites. The service being over, I was about to depart, when, crossing the porch, I happened to meet him, and caught his eye, as I had often done before, resting upon me. At the same instant, an angel form appeared visibly to me, pointing towards him, and a voice distinctly murmured in my ear—'This is the man who is to lead thee unto Heaven.' I well-nigh fainted with surprise, and can well imagine yours in listening to this extraordinary fact. Yet, when we remember how of yore the will of God was revealed in visions to his chosen, we may wonder, but may not doubt. His voice bids me seek Father Girard, to whom, alone, the mission of my salvation is given. I follow not, therefore, my own blind, erring judgment, which might deceive, but the guidance of Providence, which I obey with joyful confidence."

Father Girard had thenceforward the care of the tender consciences of all the young ladies of Toulon, save the soul of one clear-headed and soberly religious girl, who stuck to the old Carmelite confessor, who from childhood had trained them all, and benefited them in many ways. Mademoiselle Raymond told her companions—

"This, I regret to say, seems, to me at least, a mere love of change, caprice, imitation. I, for one, am quite certain of having no part or parcel in Catherine's vision, and I am not likely to be visited by one myself. I shall not, therefore, attend Father Girard either at the confessional

or even at mass, though I allow him to be an excellent preacher."

"A murmur of disapprobation went round the circle, and the word *heretic*."

To Catherine's lover Mademoiselle Raymond remarked, as they walked home together:

"You, I am sure, are not bigoted, and will not misunderstand me if I tell you, that I object to Father Girard as a confessor for Catherine on account of his zeal. The good fathers who have until now guided us, used all their efforts to maintain my poor friend within the bounds of real piety, and prevent her imagination from taking too wild a flight. They thought of her happiness and their duty only, and were not, like this idol of the day, struggling for notoriety. I hear that of him which convinces me he will be but too glad to have such a disciple, and will make of her an instrument for the advancement of his own vain-glory and ambition. But I am afraid," she added hesitatingly, "you will think it very bold in one so young, so inexperienced, to advance such opinions."

Being reassured on this point, she continued—

"Next to the danger of over-exciting a young person so predisposed to religious enthusiasm as Catherine is, there will be another and very serious evil attendant upon this. There will arise among these young ladies an emulation of holiness, a struggle to get furthest in the esteem and good graces of their teacher, who will know how to turn this rivalry to the advantage of his reputation. His disciples will no longer consider religion a duty, but desecrate it into an occupation—an amusement to fill up the void that must at times be felt in such a quiet life as ours. The loftier feeling of religion will be lost, in the hearts of many, amid its grimaces."

This is among the lessons that we consider excellently adapted to Protestant as well as Catholic young devotees. The greatest change in the character of these girls was soon visible. Some of them had been previously engaged to be married; but their approaching nuptials seemed, by a tacit understanding, to be something savoring of worldliness and levity, which should be altogether eschewed.

"They walked as though they dreaded the contact of any thing so material as earth, even with the soles of their feet; and their eyes sought the ground as if to avoid the subjects of scandal with which the air around must be filled. Confession, communion, and penance, employed all their days—holy converse with each other their evenings—and melancholy meditations their nights. The great reform that the rector had wrought in these lovely young pupils soon became known, and his power in reclaiming and purifying souls was the theme of every tongue.

"The Jesuits deemed their triumph complete; but the Carmelites bided their time with that quiet, untiring patience of which men of the world cannot even form a conception."

But the individual most changed was Catherine :

"Her manner was strange and fantastic. Whenever the subject mentioned before her had no reference to religion, she either sat abstracted, with folded hands and uplifted eyes, the image of pious meditation, or testified, by fretful tones, her impatience of the topic. Instead, however, of listening with lively interest—as might naturally enough have been concluded—when religious discourse was introduced, she was restless and dissatisfied until she had the lead in the conversation. Then she would break out in the most flighty rhapsodies about visions and martyrdoms, saints and devils, temptations and submissions; in short, her language was mystic, and her ideas confused. She assumed a loftiness, a triumph in look, word, and action, that seemed plainly to intimate her consciousness of angel wings fast growing and spreading around her, shortly to waft her to the world of fleecy clouds above, which alone now filled her mind waking or sleeping. Her feet scarcely touched the earth when she walked; a painter must have been struck with the light buoyancy of her figure when in motion, so dreamy was its grace, and he might have borrowed inspiration from the heaven-wrapt expression of her countenance. . . . She delighted now in the society of none but those who, like herself, were under Father Girard's direction. The intimacy of these young ladies, but lately differing so much from each other in temper, taste, and prospects, was—to borrow their own quaint, exaggerated style of expression—a bond of union; they were but as one in submission and love to Heaven and Father Girard, and through him and with him, of Heaven's elect. It was, indeed, clear enough to the meanest comprehension, that he was the corner-stone of this alliance; for they met, as it seemed, merely for the pleasure of talking of him, and spent all their powers of figurative language in the ever-renewed struggle of out-stripping one another in the most fulsome and extravagant adulation of his sanctity!"

They were already under his Mesmeric influence:

"The imagination of poor Catherine was fast ripening at the fires of Saint Theresa's extasies of divine love, and Saint Anthony's temptations in the desert—both which, to the reflective mind, must appear but the self-deceits of poor, erring mortals, who had lost their path in life in seeking that to heaven. Her mind naturally weak, yielding, and affectionate, requiring, to maintain its equilibrium, a calm, serene state, was, by this constant effervescence of thought, wearied beyond its power, and in danger of being destroyed altogether. Already her health began to suffer from this feverish excitement: her nights were restless, or visited by the most appalling visions; and her mother, so obtuse in the ordinary matters of life, soon became painfully sensible, by the state of her daughter's nerves, of the necessity of medical assistance, and earnestly consulted Father Girard on the subject. But the rector, who saw, or pretended

to see, in the altered state, sinking frame, and disturbed slumbers of his young penitent, nothing but the workings of the Divine Spirit, strongly opposed the intervention of an earthly power, proposed his own aid—a measure joyfully accepted,—and, finally, established himself as a constant visitor at the house of the Cadières."

Catherine's earthly lover was now tacitly forbidden the house. The Holy and seraphic Maid was no fit object of an earthly love. The slang of people, whether Papist or Protestant, who are in this condition, is well hit off in the subjoined speech made by Catherine's mother, whose vanity in having given birth to so bright a Saint, was now boundless. She was recommending a wife to her saintly daughter's dejected lover, and mentioned several young ladies:

"There remains, it is true, that half-pagan, half-heretic, Mademoiselle Raymond," she continued, with a frown,—“she has plenty of money to make one forget her uncomeliness; but ah! what can efface the uncomeliness of the heart that comes not unto God?"

"I thought Mademoiselle Raymond gave full satisfaction to the directors of her conscience?"

"The Fathers Carmelite! Lukewarm, drowsy set, as they are—Catherine's soul languished beneath their care, like a flower in the shade. No warming up—no elevating—they understood nothing, felt and saw nothing—they would rather have turned away my Catherine from the glorious path she is about to tread, than, like Father Girard, borne her onward in it with a mighty hand."

The plain-featured, but handsome, sensible, kind, and excellent Mademoiselle Raymond, glided by degrees into the warmest affections of the young lawyer, and they were now often drawn together by their common pity and regard for the unhappy Catherine. One day he inquired of Mademoiselle Raymond, with some curiosity, what spell could have been exercised over the female imagination, to attract these young women to so austere and uncomely a person as the Jesuit:

"His very austerity, she said, was, to many women, a charm. Their weakness required a stay, which his severity afforded; their self-love was flattered by the importance which he attached to every trifle connected with his penitents; there was a species of voluptuousness in this petty sinning, constant reproof, performance of daily penance, and the necessity of satisfying his exalted notions of righteousness. It was a perpetual excitement, which chased away all languor from the mind, and kept it in unwearied exercise. The divine love, in short, as taught by Father Girard, had in some sort the advantage of an earthly one. It kept its votaries awake."

Mademoiselle Raymond was still unsus-

picious of any *spells* being employed; but she knew the force of that passion for excitement among unoccupied women, which is often attended by even worse consequences than the excitement of worldly dissipation; as, in attending balls, plays, and operas, no woman fancies she is performing any very meritorious, and much less any exalted religious duty.

The sanctity of Catherine now became the theme of every tongue. There had been a signal *revival* among all the young ladies of Toulon: but she was supreme.

"Her visions, too, and celestial colloquies, were much talked of—all crowded the Jesuit's church to obtain a glimpse of this beautiful and holy maid; and Father Girard's reputation spread like a mighty shadow, veiling completely the radiance of Mount Carmel—at least in Toulon. . . . Poor Catherine held on her course; from visions she passed to miracles, and grew every day more sick, and more saintly, drawing towards her all the praise the town could spare from Father Girard."

About this time Mademoiselle Raymond, unswerving in her attachment to her doomed friend, forced a visit upon Catherine.

"Catherine was reclining, listlessly, on a couch, her head propped up by a deep crimson cushion, which, by its harsh contrast, caused the paleness of her features to be more apparent. At the slight noise caused by Eleonore's entrance she started up in nervous alarm, and on perceiving who was the intruder on her solitude, she became yet more agitated. Uncertainty, hesitation, a sort of reluctant shame, seemed to overwhelm her; but when Eleonore approached with open arms, she threw herself into them, and sobbed aloud on her bosom. Mademoiselle Raymond gently led her back to the couch, sat by her side, and still retaining her hand in hers, with the other stroked down her hair with a soothing fondness. Her manner was impressed with an eloquence that needed no words; Catherine evidently felt and understood it, for when she could control the vehemence of her first emotion, she said, in a tone of gentle reproach—

"Oh! Eleonore, why did you leave me for so long, or ever!"

Her friend fancied that poor Catherine felt remorse for having treated her ill, and she tried to soothe her with the kindest expressions of unchanging affection. But she had not touched the true cause of Catherine's grief.

"O! it is not that!" she impatiently exclaimed—"not that which torments me—not of that I would speak! Had I but followed your advice from the first, and never come near that *man*, or that you had never left me!"

"It was not my choice," gently remonstrated Eleonore; "you must not forget *that*. Leave Father Girard."

It is said that the unfortunate Edward Irving, awaking from his delusions on his death-bed, expressed a desponding doubt which, under such solemn circumstances, amounted to certainty, "that it was all delusion!" In like manner, poor Catherine began to be troubled with doubts about her extatic spiritual condition, and her singular feelings for her confessor, whom she alternately loathed and liked. But here she reveals the secret of his influence, and her own Mesmeric subjugation to the will of her magnetizer.

"He has taught me the holiness of self-abasement—the necessity of sinning in order to repent—of yielding in all things to the will of Heaven, blindly, darkly, with the heart, not with the understanding."

"And *he*, I suppose," said Eleonore, with a flashing eye and contracted brow—"he is the oracle of that will?"

"Not he alone, he merely expounds it—it is revealed to me in visions, in extacies; and the palpable signs of these supernatural communions remain with me!"

"The palpable signs?—I don't understand you!" said the amazed listener.

"Yes, I can show them to you as I have to my mother and brothers. Look here!" and, removing the hair that clustered over her brow and neck, she exposed to view some rather severe and but recently healed wounds."

Eleonore was mute with surprise.

"Yes," continued Catherine, "these are the inflictions with which the devils are permitted to visit me, during my trances; but do not look so shocked, there is more fear than pain attending them—my soul alone is conscious at such times, my body lies in a state of torpor that deadens feeling."

"This is passing strange," said Mademoiselle Raymond, as she closely examined the marks thus subjected to her observation. "These are but too real, and cannot well have been self-inflicted, even in the worst fit of—of—"

"Insanity, you would say," added Catherine, with a mournful smile. "I am not insane—but, oh! I often dread becoming so!"

"Do these fits—these trances, come over you by day or by night?"

"Both: they sometimes rouse me from my sleep, but, strange to say, it is but to another sort of slumber—a numbness steals over my frame whilst my mind wakens to activity."

"You describe but the state of dreaming, which is common to all," remarked Eleonore.

"Aye," resumed her companion, "but dreams do not extend to the waking moments. This phenomenon overtake me when I least expect it—whilst talking or walking—even at meals."

"I have read of people being drugged into a forced sleep," said Eleonore, thoughtfully.

"But Father Girard gives me nothing, nor is he always present at such times. When he is, my slumber is more peaceful, and I feel more tranquil on waking. In his absence, the fits are torture; and on their leaving me, I am totally exhausted."

"If you do not attribute these accidents to Father Girard, how do you account for them unto yourself and others?" demanded Eleonore, who was desirous to sift the matter to the bottom, and to probe her friend's feelings to the uttermost, before venturing on advice, or even on conclusions.

"I have already told you, I sometimes fancy he has charmed me; but am more often inclined to think myself, like Saint Theresa, one of those elected to suffer and to love, and unto whom mysteries are revealed in visions—through whom and upon whom miracles are wrought."

"This is a most extraordinary delusion," observed Eleonore, carried away by the feeling of the moment beyond the reserve which it was her desire to maintain until the close of the conference.

"An unnameable, unaccountable feeling of repulsion at times possessed me, which I could with difficulty control. Well, this was again counteracted by his alternate severity and praise. Thus, even whilst secretly disliking him personally, I derived great benefit from his spiritual guidance. It is remarkable that Marie Langièrès, Anne Guyol, and all his penitents, have felt exactly like me in this respect. The bright side of my existence—I may even call it its glorious sunshine—was the hope I entertained of treading in the footsteps of the blessed virgins who adorn our church. He taught me to believe myself called to the same path as that of my holy patroness, sweet St. Catherine of Sienna. All the bright dreams of my childhood came back to my heart with renewed freshness. I was like one suddenly transported to the summit of a high mountain, whence the eye could bathe itself in the blue of the heavens, the green of the valleys, the radiance of the setting sun. I looked beyond the very heavens, and I was proud and very happy. My mother and brothers also encouraged me in my new vocation, to the utmost of their power. They already saw the halo of canonization encircling my brow; but we were all too vain-glorious—I especially. In vain did Father Girard warn me of the dangers of this self-exaltation; nothing could damp my glowing ardor; the warning was overlooked, but the punishment was not long in overtaking the fault. One day—I had already been a whole year under his care—he breathed gently on my brow, and looked full into my eyes as he did so. From that hour I have been his slave. He often repeated this form, and each time it drew the chain tighter that bound me to him, until I had no will but his. I could neither act nor feel as I pleased, nor even think. Thus I became, if I may so express it, estranged from my own self. Oh!—but you cannot understand me—indeed, how should you? I cannot myself,—this perpetual struggle between my own will and that of another, gliding into my very being, was the dark side of that period of my existence."

As Catherine thus unbosomed herself to her friend, she became hardly intelligible.

After a time, her beatific visions completely changed their character.

"I had already had many visions of a mystic and holy character, all of a nature to flatter my inordinate vanity; but now came one predicted by Father Girard, in which I was told I should be possessed for more than a year by evil spirits, to whom the power of tormenting me should be given, in order that a soul in much pain should be freed from purgatory. From that time, my trances have changed their heavenly form,—foul fiends have haunted me under every shape, and burnt wounds into my flesh, which, upon waking, I still found there. Father Girard told me this was necessary to my soul's weal and to the perfection of my character, as well as implicit blind obedience to him in all things.

"Father Girard must know best. He has forbidden me prayer; saying, that it is not an efficient means of binding myself to God: that has cost me the severest pang of all. But since I have fallen into the power of the spirits of darkness, I *can* no longer pray, even when I feel most the necessity for so doing. There is a moral impossibility, a clog on my thoughts, a seal on my lips, which all the warm impulses of my heart, and even the force of habit, are inadequate to vanquish. This is one of my greatest torments, which I am sure you, who knew me when the outpourings of my spirits flowed as freely from my lips as water from its source, will be well able to imagine."

"There may be a remedy to all this," said Eleonore, thoughtfully. "Have you thought of none?"

"Exorcism might afford a relief to my soul, and a physician to my enfeebled frame; but it is for my own future weal and glory that all this should be unflinchingly borne. How high the price at which both are bought, none shall ever know but myself. Oh! Eleonore, conceive, if you can, what are my feelings; when, in spite of all that *he* can say, I sometimes doubt if my path is a right one,—dread that I am altogether misguided,—that Father Girard is the only evil spirit which torments me! When that idea crosses my brain, I am for hours the prey to despairing regrets and the bitterest remorse. Then he comes and talks me over, or barely looks at me—for he reads my thoughts at a glance,—and I repent my miserable guilty doubts, so that my soul is ever dark and troubled as the most tempestuous night."

"It was once clear as a summer morning," said Eleonore, spiritedly; "why should not the mists that obscure it clear up again?"

Here every detail and circumstance of Father Girard's power over his penitents is referred to the agency afterwards named Mesmerism. Of that principle, a character in the story—the individual, indeed, who relates it to a young German officer long after the events—thus argues,

It is worthy of remark, indeed, that in the exposition of practical magnetism, Mesmer's directions tally so completely with some of the fantastic assertions of the talented secretary of

Charles V., [Cornelius Agrippa,] in his occult philosophy, that on these points, at least, it may be said they have treated one and the same subject. And it is a no less remarkable fact, that every detail which has transpired concerning Father Girard and his penitents can be referred to that system, and, in my opinion, to nothing else.

You may adduce, and with truth, that by playing upon the mind—especially in youth—exalting and debasing it by turns, it is easy, without the assistance of any extraneous agency, to affect the reason, if not actually to destroy its equilibrium. You may further urge, and with equal truth, that so complete is the power which he who wields skilfully the dangerous weapon called enthusiasm may obtain over his miserable victims, it remains no difficult task to sway, not only their judgment, but their feelings also. It is, indeed, the knowledge of numerous cases handed down to us in history, and even still of daily occurrence, in which fanaticism conducts to crime,—to madness,—even to death, that has caused me sometimes to hesitate in my conclusions.

Had this, however, been the Jesuit's real hold on Mademoiselle Cadières, it is not likely that she would have struggled so painfully with the influence he exercised over her; she would rather have yielded cheerfully and wholly to it. But it is averred by the most experienced writers on the subject of magnetism, that the operator has an unlimited power over the patient, obtained by the concentration of his own thoughts, and their transfusion into the mind of the person subjected to this process, either by means of manipulation, which supposes consent in the party concerned; or by the mere attraction of gaze, and sympathy with surrounding objects submitted to the ordeal of magnetism by the one party, and unconsciously much used by the other; which does not imply connivance. This was the case with Mademoiselle Cadières and all the worthy Father's penitents, who yielded to, or rather suffered by an artifice whose very nature and existence was totally unknown to them.

When once affinity is established between the master and the patient,—or victim, as the case may be,—that strange psychological phenomenon takes place, of which I have often read in works on magnetism, but which I have never witnessed, or even heard of in real life, except in the case of Mademoiselle Cadières,—I mean that state of high exaltation of the nerves, which permits spirit to commune with spirit without the grosser intervention of the organs of speech,—when the half-formed thought is met by a corresponding thought, and the unspoken, unspeakable feelings are, at once, conveyed to a heart that throbs,—that *must* throb with sympathy;—a communion so full of harmony that, when we first contemplate its nature, we are excusable in believing it to belong to spheres and to beings of a higher order than ourselves, and the little world that contains us; but when we bethink ourselves of the further consequences of this latitude, and perceive that the will of man, the noblest, holiest of his attributes, is also to be en-
 chained by the same mysterious link between

a stronger and a weaker mind, while both are yet clothed within their frail human tenements, liable to be shaken and riven by human passion, we shudder and turn away from the picture of mental degradation which this subject may offer to our view.

The antagonists of Mesmer have advanced a fact which, if true—as it seems likely enough to be—would bear me out in my supposition of his science being applicable to this particular case. They assert that magnetism is highly prejudicial to the health, and, by over-exciting, is apt to cause the most serious derangements of the nervous system,—that the senses are frequently brought to a state betwixt waking and sleeping, which can hardly be said to be either, and yet partakes of both,—that this unnatural condition, in which the intellect is constantly struggling betwixt its perceptions of the real and the unreal, is most dangerous alike to mind and body, and that magnetism can produce other consequences as fatal to the sufferer as the convulsions which are its usual accompaniment.

After this meeting of Catherine and her friend, it was rumored that the Holy Maid was about to retire to a convent and take the veil. Such was the fiat of the Jesuit. The seducer willed to immure his victim; and when dragged to the convent, the care of the soul of the beautiful saint—the Holy Maid—still occupied so much of his time, that his other fair penitents became jealous and discontented because they saw so little of him. Catherine was meanwhile rapidly advancing towards canonization.

Serious rumors now began to circulate about miracles having been wrought upon Catherine, visibly and palpably impressing her with the sign-manual of special election; and they soon became not only universally discussed, but credited in every circle, drawing the attention of the clergy and the great, in a marked manner, towards the convent. . . . At Ollioules, as at Toulon, Catherine had trances, extasies, and fits, of a character that almost bordered on epilepsy. At other times, she seemed to walk, talk, and exist, like one in a perpetual dream. The miracles spoken of had indeed wrought visibly on her person. She received the communion, and confessed almost daily with Father Girard; and the fame of her sanctity spread far and wide over the country, so that priests and laics, grantees and beggars, devotees of all classes, ages, and sexes, were daily entreating admittance to this new saint, of whom the strange fact is recorded, that she could read the thoughts, and guess the ailings or troubles, of those who approached her, before they had even spoken them.

Miraculous cures and heaven-inspired advice was soon reported to have emanated from her, and curiosity attracted even those to see the lovely saint of Ollioules whom credulity did not bring to her shrine.

Fashionable ladies came from Paris and the court to see and listen to the inspired

novice, quite as much excited as are the Parisian ladies at this moment about Mesmerism, and women pretending to *clairvoyance*. Catherine's former lover now began to think that in this grand imposture she must herself be the arch-deceiver, and the Jesuit her dupe. He was far from suspecting the atrocity of the priest, and he had not yet wholly ceased to love her. Her friend Eleonore, at this time, magnanimously volunteered to repair to the convent, and bring him a report of the real condition of the prophetess. Eleonore Raymond went and was a witness of many things precisely similar to those exhibitions of *clairvoyance* which have long been naturalized in France, and which—thanks to the march of mind—may now be witnessed in every considerable town in our own country, at very reasonable cost. Catherine's revelations were, however, more imaginative and poetical; and, unlike the modern oracles, she never failed, which, spite of all the charitable help voluntarily, and involuntarily given, our prophetesses often do.

The abbess and nuns began to indulge strange worldly suspicions; and, though they durst not question the supernatural powers of the Holy Maid, they fairly wished her out of their house before scandal arose, and begged her spiritual director to take her away. Father Girard still visited her frequently, and claimed the privilege of being left for hours shut up with his penitent. He now saw the necessity of withdrawing her to another and more remote convent, in which the rule was much more austere than among the kind nuns with whom the unhappy girl had performed her noviciate. She, however, found means to send a note to her mother, imploring to be taken home, else she would perish! When visited at this time, she was found by her two faithful friends, now betrothed lovers, apparently dying, her person meagre and neglected, her beauty despoiled, her mind shattered, or utterly crushed and prostrate. She acknowledged that she would like to go home, if Father Girard would allow her—but he never would. "Exert your own will," said her friend.

"Why should this redoubted Jesuit wish to immure you here, or anywhere else?"

"Because he wishes my speedy death now he has ceased to like me; that is why he wishes me to go to Saletta. He may cheat others with fair words, but from *me* he cannot hide his thoughts."

"I dare say you know him thoroughly. But knowing him and his purposes well, why not defeat them?"

"I may not," muttered the novice, with a slight shudder.

"Then why write to your mother to take you away?"

"I don't know," was the disconsolate answer.

"If Father Girard be persuaded to let you go,—if he gave his free consent, what then?"

"Then—then I should be saved!" exclaimed Catherine, with some vivacity. "But, no: he never will consent!"

"He must have strange reasons for this insistence, Catherine."

"Of course he has. It would never do if the world at large were to learn that he is a magician—a sorcerer—and has bewitched me! But the lady abbess and all this community know it, and do not approve of my vocation, nor of him,—that is why I am to be withdrawn hence."

Catherine was brought home, suffered severely, and was tortured by the exorcisms of the Carmelites; but at length she was emancipated from the Mesmeric influences of the Jesuit, who, when the truth came out, was, through the intrigues of the jealous Carmelites, brought to trial for sorcery, seduction, and *Quietism*. This charge was met by the Jesuits, by that of Catherine having been a sacrilegious impostor who had deceived her spiritual director; and it was rumored that the Bishop was about to prosecute her and her family for conspiracy, and for the defamation of Father Girard the Jesuit.

This news was the more startling, that it was well known throughout all coteries and classes that Catherine was no more of an impostor than any of the other young females who had come within the fangs of the wily priest; that all had been alike seduced from the path of innocence and honor, many of whom were even more unfortunate in the consequences of their fault than poor Catherine. All these were facts too well established to be disputed; and public opinion altogether flowed in her favor.

The singular trial was one of interest in France, equal to that of Madame Laffarge. People came all the way from Paris to attend it. The Lady Abbess and the mother of the novices were important witnesses for Catherine, and so were her young companions, the other victims of the Jesuit; while the Jesuits did every thing that money or intrigue could effect, to screen their fallen brother from conviction.

They were moving heaven and earth; exhausting at once their credit and their treasury, to save a wretch whom it would have been wiser, cheaper, more honest, to have left to the justice of his countrymen. The most shameless and persevering corruption was tried upon the witnesses. Some, whom promises could not seduce, were intimidated by threats—anonymous letters were despatched to those who could not

be openly addressed in the strains in which they were penned—in short, every engine was at work to crush, if possible, the accusers along with the accusation. . . . Catherine, whom they had threatened with the rack and the faggot if she persisted in her vile falsehoods—thus the Jesuits were pleased to style her artless admissions, so unwelcome and disparaging to themselves—menaces, which she well knew were not idle breath, yet remained unshaken in her high resolve of unmasking vice and villany, let the consequences of her bold but virtuous deed be what they might.

The trial, as detailed, is full of interest. Catherine's former lover,—now the affianced husband of her friend,—unable to avert the exposure of her dishonor, which the envy of the Carmelites forced on, was her zealous and able advocate. The evidence in the extraordinary case was strong and clear; and that of the other young women whose confessor Father Girard had been, fully confirmed Catherine's testimony.

In admitting their individual dishonor, they one and all, like her, swore to breathings on the brow, fixed and prolonged gazes that bewildered their senses, and declared their conviction that their ruin had been accomplished by means of foul, dark acts of magic. Indeed, in spite of the enlightenment of that or any other period, it was next to impossible to assign a rational cause for the errors of so many youthful maidens in favor of the prisoner at the bar. It was difficult to believe these young victims, all equally perjured, willing abettors of a detestable fraud; and yet human reason was confounded in the inextricable labyrinth into which their disclosures were well calculated to involve it.

Thus ended the first day; and with perturbed, agitated spirit, did every single individual of that countless throng return to his home or his inn, as the case might be, to discuss throughout the livelong night possibilities that seemed to verge on the impossible; and dreamy questions, that led to any thing but the sweet oblivion of slumber.

Had Mesmer but been there to give a new name to that mysterious phenomenon of nature, whose definition in darker ages, by their few and much-calumniated philosophers, has become a despised and contemptible by-word,—had Mesmer proclaimed his startling propositions to those whose minds the artless revelations of a few simple, uneducated young women had so much perplexed,—all would have been explained. Father Girard had been held a magician no longer; but a perfect adept in Animal Magnetism would have been unmasked at once.

The trial occupied many days, and all went favorably for Catherine. The Abbess and sisters established, by indisputable evidence, the motives which the confessor had, or might have, to practise magical arts on his penitent, and

The singular phenomenon of an exalted state

of *clairvoyance* and artificial somnambulism of which the unfortunate Catherine had furnished so striking an example, was deposed to by physicians, doctors in divinity, nuns, and chance witnesses of every grade and station, and details were furnished which, as might well have been imagined, excited the court even more than all that had gone before. In short, to avoid wearying your patience as much as possible, no case was ever more complete as to evidence. There was not the least shadow of a doubt left wherein to conceal Father Girard's shame, nor outlet, however small, for him to creep through.

The Jesuit, when examined, completely broke down, subdued in mind and body; while Catherine acquitted herself nobly.

The Jesuits, ever since the beginning of the affair, had scarcely ventured to pass through the mob, so intense was the execration in which they were held at that moment by the very people who had worshipped them with slavish respect but a few short days before. The excitement within and without the court was at its height.

The spectators had nosegays of white flowers at their breasts, as if in joyous expectation of the triumph of that innocence for whose emblem they had been selected. Catherine looked still more beautiful than on the previous days, though somewhat more moved than usual; a slight blush suffused her face at almost every alternate minute, and her eyes more frequently sought those of her trembling mother, who was scarcely less an object of deep sympathy and interest than herself.

The judges seemed more perturbed and gloomy than ever, and turned no friendly glances towards the plaintiff and her advocate.

Once, and once only, did that advocate's eye light upon the Jesuit's countenance, whose every movement he had hitherto watched, nevertheless, most carefully. He seemed moody and absorbed, but in great measure recovered from the abject consternation and terror which had overwhelmed him throughout the proceedings of this harassing trial. The advocate remarked, that in the course of that morning he had helped himself repeatedly from a water-flask that stood near, in order, as he thought, to calm his inward perturbation; and when his glance fell on him, he was in the very act of raising a glassful of the pure element to his lips. There was nothing in this simple movement to excite any attention, and the advocate soon turned his thoughts to other objects. Shortly afterwards, Catherine feeling much exhausted, one of the inferior officers about the court approached her with a tumbler of fresh water, which was accepted, and drained at a draught.

The examination of other witnesses went on, and, finally, Catherine was again confronted with Father Girard. Her behaviour in public had been, until that moment, in such perfect accordance with the sentiments she expressed in private, that her advocate no longer watched her with the same keen, sickening apprehension which at first his doubts of her stability had occasioned. But now there was something

so strange and unsteady in the sound of her voice, as to cause him to start and look round, when the change that he beheld in her whole mien and bearing riveted at once his eye and his attention.

Had the wand of an enchanter touched her, and that wand been invested with all the mysterious qualities ever bestowed on it by the most generous imagination, it could not have wrought a change more complete, and to her friends and well-wishers mere appalling. Her eyes wandered with uncertain, dreamy gaze, from object to object, or sought the ground, not, however, from natural bashfulness, but from a heaviness that seemed to press the lids forcibly down; her lips and brow were contracted as if by an intense effort at collecting thought; her answers were broken, dark, vague, unconnected; and the light from within, that had irradiated her countenance and diffused its brightness into every lineament, seemed fading away from her perplexed brow, on which the mists that had lain so heavy on it at St. Claire's were slowly again gathering.

Gradually as Catherine lost her self-command—and that, too, at the most critical moment of her fate,—Father Girard assumed an air of growing courage, as much at variance with his hitherto abject timidity and unmanly incoherency. His manner grew proportionably assured, as that of his opponent lost firmness; the advocate gazed in speechless amazement; whilst the judges exchanged smiles, that showed how much this change relieved their minds at that decisive hour.

The rest passed with the rapidity and with the indistinctness of a dream. The advocate more than once made a violent effort as if to awake from some troubled vision, as he heard Catherine, in a hurried, confused manner, recant, one by one, every word she had before spoken, deny every fact that had been proved by irrefragable evidence,—assert herself a mean impostor, the tool of a vile conspiracy,—Father Girard, an injured saint,—herself, her friends, and supporters, the vilest of sinners that ever trod the earth.

When Catherine was next day visited in her dungeon by her advocate, she asserted that the glass of water alone had produced such extraordinary effects, and he was more than ever bewildered. Father Girard, she said, had by some means charmed it.

"Scarcely had the draught passed my lips, when I felt its intoxicating qualities mount to my brain. I was lost in a world of deception; every thing appeared under a new light—myself a monster; he was again, for the hour, the master of my soul, and I felt, thought, and spoke as he desired; the spell was again on my brain, on my heart, and my lips obeyed its suggestions. Oh! how could you imagine that of my own free will I could have uttered such horrid falsehoods—have thrown shame and danger on the innocent to save the guilty—sacrificed Father Nicholas, my brothers, my poor mother, for

whom?—For that monster? No! surely you cannot think that, left to my own free will, I could ever have done this. It is impossible!"

A second trial was with difficulty obtained before the Parliament of Aix, and truth triumphed over Jesuitry and sorcery or *Mesmerism* combined; though, while Catherine was pronounced *innocent*, Father Girard was declared *not guilty*, and made over to his superiors. The whole phenomena and incidents of the singular case, are represented as coinciding in every particular with the phenomena of modern *Mesmerism*; the trances, the visions, the *clairvoyance*, the fits and convulsions, the breathings on the brow, the signs of the cross, or wavings over her person and head; all were similar to the operations and effects of what is now named *Animal Magnetism*. It is said, "the charm that bound a young and lovely girl to an old, disgusting monk, and the magical influence of the glass of water, and even the vision which made Catherine choose Father Girard for her confessor, are completely in the course of *Mesmerism*."

Starting from the fact of her being from childhood upwards afflicted with natural somnambulism, thus predisposed to magnetic slumber, and by her constitutional delicacy laid open to every attack on the nerves, how easy for a man like Father Girard to practise upon her the dangerous skill which he had, doubtless, long before acquired by a close study of the old occult philosophers and mediciners.

As has already been seen in the course of the narrative, the advocate had no doubt but that primarily the Jesuit used this powerful agency merely as a means of exalting and guiding the human susceptibilities, in such a manner as to confer honor upon himself and his Order; but that his unbridled licentiousness, in spite of his better reason, led him away from his original design. Such a supposition is, however, but speculative.

It is easy, in many instances, to trace the numerous miracles and saintships that agitated France about that period to the same cause; showing that Father Girard was by no means the first monk who had made himself master of this mystery, though, perhaps, few ever adapted it to such vile ends.

But where unfair means are put into the hands of weak, erring mortals, who can vouch for the purposes to which they may be applied? The moral of my tale is, therefore, that though I most firmly believe in the existence of such an agency as *Mesmerism*, and even think it might, in some cases, be turned to a good account, it is my conviction that it would for the most part be made an abuse and a nuisance of; perhaps even, as I have shown, admit of crime to which, unhappily, there are but too many inlets into the world without human ingenuity seeking to add to them.

Yes, I know that such a science exists; but I

am of opinion that no government should allow it to be in any way practised within its boundaries; that no conscientious person should meddle with it, and that no prudent one should expose himself, or any member of his family, to its influence; and that, as a thing more likely to lead to evil than to good, it should be just sufficiently accredited to put people on their guard against it, but certainly not made the object of particular research or inquiry; its eventual utility to mankind not being sufficiently established to make it worth the student's while.

The moral is sound, but too weak to counteract the influence of this attractive but unhealthy tale; though, while Mesmerism is so much in vogue, it may be right to supply a popular antidote.

Unregulated enthusiasm, and the magical power of the passions in vain and unstable minds, is equal to every thing alleged here to have been produced by Mesmerism. It would not do to absolve women from their moral responsibilities, nor to burn men as sorcerers, because, to take a familiar case, and one quite in point, a Dr. Lardner may seem to have enchanted or magnetized a Mrs. H——, a case that Mesmerism, were it true, would at once satisfactorily account for. It will not do to shift the blame of errors, once conveniently laid upon the stars, to the Mesmerizers. Dr. Elliotson, though pretty far gone in the science, disclaims the alleged power of the Mesmerizer over the will of the Mesmerizee, who is compelled, it is averred, to act, think, suffer, taste, smell, and feel, as the more potent spirit chooses to ordain; to be in complete subjection to his absolute will. No one, he says, can be mesmerized against their will; though, by his own account, Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield surely took Miss O'Key at vantage when he was suddenly converted. What power of resistance—what *will* could a poor half-conscious girl, dangling over a balustrade, oppose to a gentleman who stole on, and made passes at her behind her back, unless she could, like others in her condition, see with the back of her head—and so apprehend her danger?

Mr. Wakefield had been induced to witness one of Dr. Elliotson's wonderful exhibitions of Mesmerism. He had gone an unbeliever; and, when the experiments were over, was retiring at least skeptical, when, in passing through a gallery of the Hospital, "he accidentally noticed one of the O'Keys, with her back to him, hanging over the balusters, and still in the Mesmeric delirium, and therefore highly susceptible. He thought this a most favorable opportunity to test her, because he was satisfied

that she could not see any thing that he did. He made a pass behind her back at some distance, and she was instantly fixed and rigid, and perfectly senseless. He had sense enough to believe his senses; was satisfied of the truth of Mesmerism, and has since mesmerized many hundred persons, and spread the truth widely."

This was indeed a sudden and remarkable conversion; but how, we again ask, could Miss O'Key's *will* have protected her from the magnetic influence of Mr. Wakefield? The wonder was, that thus left to roam about alone, she had not tumbled over the balusters and broken her neck.

THE MESSENGER DOVE.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

No rest for thy foot, oh, Dove,
Thou mayest no further go,
There's an angry sky above,
And a raging deep below;
Though wildly toss the weary ark—
Though drear and dull its chambers be—
Return, return, 'tis a sheltering bark,
And a resting-place for thee!

'Twas vain to send thee forth,
To tire thy downy wing;
From the drowned and sunken earth,
What tidings canst thou bring?
Oh, thus the human heart sends out
Its pilgrims on a lonely track,
And after years of pain and doubt,
Receives them wearied back!

No rest for thy foot, oh, Hope,
Sent forth on pinion fleet,
Though vale and sunny slope
Lie spread beneath thy feet.
There are tempests still of fear and scorn,
To rend the plumage of thy breast—
Clouds following on, and a piercing thorn,
Where'er thy foot would rest.

No rest for thy foot, oh, Peace,
If sent to find some leaf—
S. gn that earth's tempests cease,
And are dried her springs of grief;
No rest for thee!—return, return!—
The soul that sent thee vainly forth,
To keep thee safe, must cease to yearn
For the flowers and toys of earth!

Least rest for thy foot, oh, Love,
With thy pinion pure and strong,
All earth's wild waters move
To do thee deadly wrong.
Back to the deep, fond heart, whose sighs
Have all too much of "passion's leaven,"
And if thou *must* go forth, arise
On an angel's wing to heaven!

Dublin University Magazine.

MEMOIR OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

From the World of Fashion.

[We are indebted for the following sketch to Dr. Madden, the Author of "*Travels in the East*," "*Lives and Times of the United Irishmen*." It is to ourselves, personally, a subject of pride, that we should be honored by this contribution, and feel assured that our readers will feel equal gratification in the perusal.]

FEW persons whose names are unconnected with literary labors or political movements, have acquired so much notoriety, and excited so much curiosity, not only in this country but in every part of Europe, as the late Lady Hester Stanhope. The published accounts, which we have had occasionally given us, of her mode of life, her opinions, and her acts, still leave some of the most singular traits in her character as mysterious and inexplicable as they were before.

It remains to be seen whether any additional light can be thrown on this subject, by one intimately acquainted with her Ladyship's peculiar opinions, and those favorite speculations of hers to which the latter years of her life were devoted.

Her communication with persons who appreciated her noble qualities, (for, with all her eccentricities, she possessed many,) was divested of a great deal of that glare of coloring, which her Ladyship thought it necessary to give to conversation, the object of which was to maintain an influence over those around her, by exciting wonder, and keeping up a belief in her astrological attainments. Travellers have given ample details of her career in the East, her habits of life in her latter years, and the devotion of her faculties to mystical and metaphysical inquiries, in the mazes of which an understanding of less original vigor must have been totally bewildered. The delusions of Lady Hester Stanhope resembled, in one particular, those which *Hamlet* was conscious of laboring under, and careful to magnify the indications of, and to exhibit as tokens of insanity, for the accomplishment of one fixed design—the aim and end of every act and thought. In time, however, these half delusions, half impositions change their character—

"And he that will be cheated to the last,
Delusion strong at length will bind him fast."

The one fixed object of Lady Hester's ambition, was dominion over the minds of the people by whom she was surrounded. All the tendencies of her nature, and of her altered position at the death of Mr. Pitt—the distinction then lost—the falling off of friends, the worshippers of place and power—the preferment of her uncle's foes—the grown power of democracy, hateful to the proud and lofty spirit of one whose aristocratic ideas were formed in times when the privileges of her Order were upheld with a high hand—her admiration of the extraordinary powers of Mr. Pitt—her experience of the influence which he exerted over the minds of his fellow-men, and over the destinies of Europe; and, finally,

perhaps, the disappointment of hopes at home on which her heart was set—these tended to isolate her mind in the midst of European society—to render the latter distasteful to her, and eventually contributed to the determination she came to of fixing her abode in the East.

Shortly after her arrival in the Levant, she resided among the mountains of Lebanon, and in the dreary wilderness of D'Joun, where she had been hospitably received by the wild inhabitants of those mountains, where the generosity, nobleness, and benevolence of her disposition, and above all—the heroism of her character—were calculated to make a deep impression on the minds of a bold, simple, hospitable, and unsubjugated people like the Druses of the Mountains of Lebanon, and the Arabs of the adjoining desert, she fixed her abode. The science of the stars, to use an expression of Lady Hester's, was "cradled in the East." Every form of mysticism or magic which in later times we find served up in new shapes and systems, in the works especially of the great Magister Magistrorum Paracelsus, traces are to be found of in the writings of the Arab illuminati of an earlier age. Their works are still in request with the modern literati of Syria and Egypt, of all creeds—Jews, Christians, and Mahomedans; magic, in fact, is held in the same estimation (as a branch of learning of the highest description) as the profoundest attainment in mathematics is considered in this country. Lady Hester was surrounded by the Sheiks, Effendis, Hakkims, Malims, Dervishes, Priests, and Rabbis of the Druses, Arabs, Turks, Maronites, and Jews of Lebanon, and its adjacent borders. These men of learning, are like "the Mystery Men" of North America; they combine the exercise of all the learned professions with pretensions to the knowledge of magic, and the exercise of supernatural power.

Curiosity, in all probability, first directed the attention of Lady Hester to the subjects which are the never failing topics of oriental conversations among the learned. Shut out from communication, as she was, with Europeans, the inquiries that were entered into for the employment of her leisure, or which afforded amusement at first on account of their novelty, deepened in their interest as her time and thoughts became devoted to them; and where truth was not to be found, nor falsehood often to be easily detected, she suffered her mind to acquiesce in much which she could not comprehend, and which she could not controvert, if she were able and inclined to do so, without losing that ascendancy over the people about her, which was essential to her power.

In such a position, those who are partially deluded, endeavor often to deceive themselves: and even when they fail, it becomes a sort of intellectual exercise to try how far they may succeed with others in the attempt which has proved unsuccessful with themselves. If this be madness, there is a method in it which resembles *Hamlet's*—if it be frenzy, then *Cromwell's* fanaticism had nothing in it of a stimulated fervor in behalf of the interests of religion, when he harangued his troopers about heaven, and their matchlocks in the same breath. The

Arabs have "their philosophical persons to make familiar things seem strange and causeless."

The knowledge she possessed of the speculations of the Arab adepts, was obtained in conversation with the persons distinguished for their abstruse learning and acquaintance with its recondite authors who frequented her house. With these persons her time was chiefly spent, and on them her means were unfortunately profusely lavished. When her circumstances became embarrassed, the Arab philosophers carried their secret love and the juggling of the fiends in the interests of avarice and cupidity elsewhere. Her pecuniary difficulties, for the last ten years of her life, rendered her situation one that few other persons would have been able to have borne up against. Her friends fell off one after another, her servants deserted her, her enemies scoffed at her forlorn condition, and on some occasions basely took advantage of it to terrify the few within her walls, who remained faithful to her. They attempted to break into her house—they ravaged the country in the immediate neighborhood of her solitary establishment. On several occasions her life was placed in the most imminent danger, and in one instance at the hand of one of her own slaves. There, however, she continued to reside forsaken and forlorn—impoverished, slighted, and maltreated—unsubdued, though surrounded by dangers and utterly unprotected. Things were strangely altered from what they had been when, in the days of her prosperity, she had "her thousand and her tens of thousands" of the children of the desert at her command; when she was held as an equal by the Emirs, the Sheiks, and sherifs of the land, when she received their messengers and ministers with all the pomp and circumstances of Oriental state—when the lawless Bedouins and the wild men of the mountains, the tribes of the Druses and Ansari were accustomed to bring their domestic strife and border feuds to the foot of her divan for arbitration and adjustment—when the "Sittee Inglis" was wont to ride forth at the head of a goodly retinue to meet the multitude of Arabs of some encampment newly made in her vicinity, mounted on her favorite charger "of the sacred race of the steed of Solomon," conscious of her power "to witch the world with noble horsemanship." Poor Lady Hester's proud spirit met, indeed, with rubs enough to break it down in her latter years, but she struggled against them with a brave spirit. When the object of her ambition ceased to be attainable—when her influence declined, and the power that, in reality, was based on the reputation of her wealth, no longer was acknowledged by the people around her, she shut herself up in the seclusion of her desolate abode at D'Joun; she communed with none, she sought no sympathy, and she ceased to be importuned, even by travellers, for permission to be admitted to her presence. Her fame seemed to have vanished with her affluence. The breaking down of such a being was not suited for the observation of strangers. Conscious of her pending ruin, sensible of her inability to impede its progress, and having nothing but scorn to op-

pose to her enemies, prudence in vain suggested the last resource that was left to her—a return to her own country; but this course to Lady Hester appeared nothing less than flying from her enemies; and the idea, carrying with it to her mind that of dishonor, she spurned at its entertainment. The last flash of that proud spirit was elicited on the occasion of the communication made to her by Government, respecting the appropriation of a part of her pension* to the payment of her numerous debts in the Levant.

In this correspondence, the characteristic qualities of Lady Hester are plainly seen in the haughty defiance hurled at the menaced interference in her affairs, the reference to the power and influence, in by-gone times, of her celebrated relatives—the appeal to the Queen Victoria of England, as from one sovereign to another, from one who felt that she had once been looked upon as an Eastern Princess, and now that she was in adversity, was entitled to consider the protection of a sovereign whom she seemed to consider as a sister Queen. This poor lady did not long survive the occurrence which we have referred to. She died at D'Joun the 23d December, 1839, in the 64th year of her age. The father of Lady Hester was the third Earl of Stanhope, a nobleman distinguished for his mechanical genius and scientific researches. His lordship married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Chatham, by whom he had issue Hester Lucy, born the 12th of March, 1776; Griselda, married in 1800 to John Teckell, Esq., of Hambleton in Hans; and Lucy Rachel, married in 1796, to Thomas Taylor, Esq., of Seven Oaks, in Kent. The Earl married, secondly, the daughter of Henry Grenville, Esq., (cousin to the Marquis of Buckingham,) by whom he had issue, Philip Henry, Viscount Mahon, and two other sons.

If, in the few preceding observations, the peculiarities and eccentricities of Lady Hester's character are noticed at some length—and the noble qualities of her nature, her active benevolence, above all, her charitableness to the poor, her enthusiasm in the service of the injured and oppressed, are less dwelt on than the former topic—it is not that the writer of this slight notice of her character was unacquainted with these excellencies, or ignorant of the claim which they give the memory of Lady Hester Stanhope to the regard of all who knew her, and to the sympathy of those who are only acquainted with those deviations of hers from ordinary modes and customs, and habits of life, which obtained a temporary celebrity at the cost of peace and happiness. R. R. M.

* "The Pension to Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope, the niece of the Right Hon William Pitt, was £900 per annum, secured on the 4½ per cent duties."

COLONEL TORRENS ON FREE TRADE.

From the Westminster Review.

1. *Letter to the Right Honorable Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M. P., on the Condition of England, and on the Means of Removing the Causes of Distress.* By R. Torrens, Esq., F. R. S.
2. *Postscript to a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., on the Condition of England, and on the Means of Removing the Causes of Distress.* By R. Torrens, Esq., F. R. S.

THE first of these pamphlets takes up the subject of Emigration as the remedy, and the only remedy, for the distress under which this country has long been suffering. This is a subject of vast importance, into the consideration of which it is not our intention to enter at this time; and we content ourselves with respect to it, by simply stating our dissent from many of the positions assumed and the conclusions adopted by Colonel Torrens.

Our business on this occasion is with the "Postscript," which has little or nothing to do with the contents of the preceding "Letter"—in fact, has nothing in common with it, save its parentage and the wildness of its assumptions.

In this postscript Colonel Torrens has brought forward views which he had previously offered to the world in certain pamphlets published anonymously, but since avowed by him, under the title of "The Budget." Having been known during many years as a writer on economical science, his opinions are calculated to influence persons accustomed to avail themselves of the studies of others rather than enter for themselves upon the task of investigation. It therefore appears desirable to examine the doctrines thus authoritatively put forward, and to exhibit their fallacious character.

The main proposition brought forward, and which meets us in the first page of the Postscript, is thus solemnly introduced by Colonel Torrens:—

"I would beg to submit for your consideration what appears to amount to a mathematical demonstration, that a reduction of the duties upon foreign productions, unaccompanied by a corresponding mitigation of the duties imposed by foreign countries upon British goods, would cause a further decline of prices, of profits, and of wages, and would render it doubtful whether the taxes could be collected, and faith with the public creditor maintained."—P. 1.

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To any one who considers Colonel Torrens an authority upon questions of political economy, such a proposition must be startling, and as there may be such persons, who consequently will look with alarm at the free-trade movement now in progress, it may be worth while to examine his positions, and to ascertain how far they are tenable.

To illustrate his theory, Colonel Torrens has assumed the existence of circumstances which have not, and which never could have, existence, and in common with all reasoners upon false premises, he has arrived at erroneous conclusions. We will not bespeak for ourselves, as Colonel Torrens has done, a favorable hearing for theories by averring their agreement with the writings of political economists, some of whom are probably surprised enough at the support they are made thus to give to doctrines "never dreamt of in their philosophy." Having endeavored to understand the principles which regulate the commercial intercourse of different countries, we are persuaded that the fears expressed by Colonel Torrens are without even a shadow of foundation, and may be completely allayed by bringing his theories to the test of experience and common sense. The principal difficulty in the performance of this task will consist in rendering intelligible the propositions of Colonel Torrens, which, as they stand, lead us inevitably to conclude that the mind whence they emanate is any thing but logical or "mathematical." What, it may be asked, can be made of the following?—

"At any given time, the demand for foreign articles must be a definite quantity, and the supply of such articles must also be a definite quantity, and the value of domestic productions, in relation to foreign productions, will be as the quantity of the demand is to the quantity of the supply. For example:—If in England the demand for foreign produce should consist of 1,000 bales of finished goods, while the supply of such produce consisted of 1,000 hogsheads, then a bale of finished goods, and a hogshead of foreign produce, would be the equivalents of each other."—P. 6.

We apprehend it is not meant either that the demand at any given time is a quantity, still less that it is a fixed quantity, or that the supply at that time is equally a fixed quantity—nor that they are known quantities—nor that they are quantities that can be defined. How, then, can they be definite? Further, it can hardly be meant that the value of domestic productions which a country has to offer in exchange for for-

foreign productions, is at any given moment of time the measure and limit of the demand for such foreign productions. Thus much for the propositions. How does the "example" given afford us any explanation? How can a "demand for foreign produce consist of" that which we have to offer? We may guess at the meaning which Colonel Torrens intends to convey, and which probably is, that if England has 1,000 bales of goods, and Cuba has 1,000 hogsheads of produce, and they wish to barter the one for the other, then a bale of goods will be the equivalent for a hogshead of produce. The proposition in itself is of little value. It could be true only if the figment created by Colonel Torrens were also true, of England and Cuba being the only countries having commercial intercourse each with the other. The passage may serve to suggest whether its author is fitted to become the expounder of doctrines, and may afford means for accounting for the effect which his recent writings are said to have produced upon people unaccustomed to the examination of subjects connected with economical science, and unused to detect the fallacies that are pretty sure to lurk under a style for describing which there is no legitimate English word, so that we are driven to the columns of the *slang dictionary*, and to borrow from it the expression *rigmarole*.

It betrays a most singular want of congruity in the mind of Colonel Torrens that he should have chosen for the illustration of his theory our intercourse with Cuba. Had he known any thing of the nature of that intercourse, he must have been conscious that it affords in itself a perfect answer to that theory; for if it be true, our trade must have long since have consummated the ruin of the island, seeing that its tariff is far less hostile to us than our tariff is to it, for it takes of our manufactures a very large amount, while we wholly exclude its produce by prohibitory duties.

The case of Switzerland, too, might have suggested a doubt as to the truth of Colonel Torrens's "mathematical demonstration," seeing that on every side the Cantons have to encounter hostile tariffs, while they are wholly without any tariff, and yet manage under conditions otherwise disadvantageous to carry on prosperously their manufactures and their foreign commerce.

Before proceeding at greater length to show that the theory brought forward by Colonel Torrens has no true foundation, it may be well still further to expose the want

of clearness of his mind as seen in the manner of enunciating his positions. At page 8 of this Postscript we find the following passage:—

"Let us now vary our supposition, and assume that England and Cuba impose upon the productions of each other an import duty of 100 per cent. The effect of this duty would be to diminish, by one half, the demand in each country for the products of the other. Consumers in England would have as before 1,000 bales of finished goods with which to purchase Cuba produce; but 500 bales would now be paid into the Treasury on account of the duty, and consequently, no more than the remaining 500 bales could be exported in payment of the foreign produce. In like manner, the producers in Cuba would have as before 1,000 hogsheads of produce to lay out in the purchase of British goods; but out of the 1,000 hogsheads which they paid to the importing merchant, 500 hogsheads would be transferred by him to the Treasury of Cuba, and only the remaining 500 exported to England. In England, the value of tropical produce estimated in finished goods would be doubled; and in Cuba the value of finished goods in relation to raw produce would be doubled."

By his manner of thus stating his propositions, Colonel Torrens converts the import duty of Cuba into an export duty of England, and *vice versa*. But the operation, independent of this jumble, would not be conducted as stated. By the hypothesis, England has made 1,000 bales of goods and Cuba 1,000 hogsheads of produce more than each requires, and it would not result from the imposition of duties as assumed, that an increased demand would arise in England for 500 bales of goods, nor in Cuba for 500 hogsheads of produce. The 1,000 bales and the 1,000 hogsheads, respectively, must still be exported, and if the inhabitants of Cuba had nothing to give in exchange but their 1,000 hogsheads, and the merchants of England nothing to offer but their 1,000 bales, the importers in the two countries would pay the duties upon the 1,000 packages imported by them respectively, and those duties would not be in diminution of the net proceeds. By the hypothesis the rate of duty is 100 per cent.; it will therefore result that finished goods in Cuba and "produce" in England will be dearer to the respective consumers than they were before the duties were imposed, possibly by the full amount of the duty, but probably by the greatest part of the impost; but the duty collected in each country would of course relieve the inhabitants of each from an equal weight of taxation in some other direction, and each would thus, after paying the duty, have

the same means of consuming the finished goods and the "produce" as before.

Colonel Torrens is of a different opinion. He says—

"In the above case, the trade between England and Cuba would be diminished one half—half the former quantity of raw produce would be imported into England, and half the former quantity of finished goods into Cuba. But it would not necessarily follow that the aggregate wealth or the aggregate consumption of either country would diminish by this contraction of its foreign trade. In England, though the quantity of sugar would be diminished one half, yet one half of the goods formerly sent out in exchange for sugar would be retained in the country, and consumed by those for whose services the tax might be advanced; and in Cuba, while the quantity of British goods would be diminished one half, one half of the domestic products formerly sent out in payment of British goods, would be retained in payment of the duty, and would augment the public revenue by the amount abstracted from the revenues of the consumers of British fabrics."—Pp. 8, 9.

So that the English government is to intercept 500 bales of goods which would otherwise go to Cuba, to keep them at home where they are not wanted, and where their presence can only operate to reduce the price of the like goods made for home use, and to distribute them among "those for whose services the tax might be advanced." Who those persons might be does not appear; indeed, the whole passage partakes in a very great degree of the confusion that marks throughout this "mathematical demonstration." If this interception took place, the effect must be to reduce the price of the then redundant goods in the home market, and thus to occasion the future production of a smaller quantity, until we should have only 500 bales to send to Cuba.

To proceed in the examination of Colonel Torrens's assumptions. He says—

"Let us now alter the circumstances of the case, and assume that England repeals the duty upon Cuba produce, while Cuba retains the duty upon British goods. The effect of this remission of duty upon one hand, and retention on the other, requires to be carefully and accurately traced."—P. 9.

Let us see the amount of care and accuracy brought to the task.

"Previous to the remission of the duty," says Colonel Torrens, "the consumers in England were able and willing to give 1,000 bales of goods for Cuba produce, but of those 1,000 bales, 500 were abstracted as duty; and therefore the actual quantity of British goods which constituted the demand (quære, the means of payment?) for Cuba produce was only 500 bales. On the remission of the duty by England, the quantity

of British goods constituting the demand for Cuba produce is doubled. No portion of the goods which the consumer pays for tropical produce will now be abstracted by the Treasury; the whole will be given to the merchant in exchange for the imported produce. The imported produce is 500 hogsheads. A double quantity of domestic commodities is offered in exchange for the same quantity of foreign commodities. Two bales of British goods, which previous to the repeal of the British duties were worth, at the import price, two hogsheads of Cuba produce, will now be worth only one hogshead. Cuba will obtain for the 500 hogsheads of produce which she sends to England, the same quantity of finished goods which under the system of free trade on both sides she had formerly obtained in return for 1,000 hogsheads of produce. The whole of the amount of the duty charged by Cuba upon British goods is therefore paid by England."—P. 9.

By the former hypothesis, of the 1,000 bales and 1,000 hogsheads, 500 of each were to be seized by the respective Custom houses, leaving 500 of the one to be exchanged for 500 of the other. It is not, therefore, correct to say that two bales are exchanged for two hogsheads, since the producers parted each with 1,000 and received 500, or gave two for one. From what has already been said, it appears that the respective quantities of 1,000 would continue to be sent and received. The remission of the duty on the part of England would make no alteration in this respect—the 1,000 surplus bales would be sent, and the 1,000 surplus hogsheads would be received, irrespective of the imposition of the duty or its remission. What, then, would be the effect of the one-sided remission assumed? Let us examine the question, not on the absurd basis of England and Cuba being the only countries in the world, but with reference to existing circumstances.

England sends to Cuba goods valued at one million sterling, and takes in return—*nothing*, the duties chargeable upon the produce of Cuba amounting to prohibition. How, then, is England paid? Cuba sends her produce to Germany, Spain, &c.; and England receives the value in wool, timber, grain, wine, &c.

Cuba imposes import duties upon English goods, which duties are paid by the consumers, who pay to England besides the same price for the goods as is paid by other countries, *i. e.* their cost of production and transport, with the ordinary rate of mercantile profit.

If Cuba took off this duty, and the consequent cheapening of the goods occasioned a greater consumption, the increased demand might for a time occasion an ad-

vance of profits in England upon certain branches of manufacture; but in the first place, this increase of demand would be but trifling with reference to the whole production of those manufactures in England, and therefore the increase of profit would be trifling also; and secondly, it would soon cease, through the flowing of more capital into the so favored branches of employment.

If Cuba should increase the duty, so as to diminish the use of English goods, the reverse effect would follow; but the degree must be equally proportioned to the amount of our trade with Cuba, as compared with the entire trade of England in the particular branches affected, which branches would be in the receipt of a smaller rate of profits only until the adjustment should be effected by the withdrawal of capital and its employment in some other channel.

In the meantime, the cheapening of the goods in question might cause greater sales to other countries, and thus enable England to draw her supplies of wool, timber, grain, wine, &c., from Germany, Spain, &c., in payment for the goods themselves, instead of such German and Spanish produce being paid for the produce of Cuba, sent to those countries in order to provide funds in payment for the goods of England sent to Cuba.

If England shall reduce her duty upon Cuban produce so as to allow of its consumption in England, the immediate effect would be, in our actual circumstances, to give Cuba a higher price for that produce, and then a smaller quantity will pay for the English goods actually consumed in Cuba. If Cuba contents herself with the same quantity of English goods she will have a surplus quantity of produce to exchange for something else, either in England or elsewhere, and so far will benefit; but will that which causes her benefit be productive of loss to England?

The admission into consumption of any additional quantity of an article necessarily lowers the price in the market, and England receiving an additional quantity of produce by admitting that of Cuba, will either obtain the same quantity of produce from Cuba, the West Indies, &c., for a smaller quantity of manufactures, or will bring a larger quantity of produce for the same quantity of manufactures, and in either case England will be benefited.

Let us, in order to subject our opinion upon this subject to the most searching test, inquire what would be the effect if

England should abolish all customs and excise duties, while other countries maintained their tariffs?

It would still be necessary to raise the same revenue for payment of the public creditor, and for carrying on the government establishments. To take the amount directly from the people might occasion some saving in the collection, but the difference in that respect could not be very great, and may for simplicity be left out of the calculation. The people, then, would pay the same amount in taxes, and would have no more net income to spend upon articles of necessity or convenience than at present. The price, then, without the duty, of imported articles would not rise in our markets—we should consume no more, and should pay the same amount, *i. e.* should give the same quantity of our products in exchange, as at present. For example:—a cotton spinner has now 1 lb. of yarn to exchange for 2 lbs. of sugar. One half of the value of the yarn remains with the importer of sugar, and the other half is paid over by him to the government for duty. If the sugar is admitted duty free, and the same amount of taxation is taken direct from the cotton spinner, he still gives half to the state and half to the importer of sugar. There will be no difference either to him, or to the importer of sugar, from the change.

If we allow for a moment that Colonel Torrens has, indeed, proved his hypothesis “to a mathematical demonstration,” who is to determine the means of apportioning our Customs duties so that the people of England, already sufficiently taxed for national purposes, shall not be made to pay the taxes of foreign countries? We import from France wine and brandy and silk goods, and export to France linen, linen-yarns, and metals, and the duties are collected upon weight and measure, *i. e.* they are what are called *rated duties*. The rates upon wine and brandy, estimated according to the value of the articles, are out of all proportion greater than any duties charged upon British goods in France. According to Colonel Torrens we must, therefore, render by this means France tributary to the public revenue of England; and if his theory should meet with assent on the part of our neighbors, we may speedily expect to see the tariff of France made still more restrictive than it is.

It is a fact, however, which should cause Colonel Torrens to doubt the “mathematical” accuracy of his conclusions, that in the face of this inequality in their tariff,

England every year exports the precious metals to France to a greater value than she imports them from that country.

Let us take another case. We import cotton from the United States of America and from Brazil, at the same rate of duty for both. But the United States charge 40 per cent. duties upon our manufactures, and Brazil charges 20 per cent. Either then, we are tributary to the United States for 20 per cent. of the revenue derived there from British goods, or we are drawing part of our revenues from the people of Brazil; and how are we to prevent one or other of these things from happening—*i. e.* if the theory be a true one? The thing is manifestly impossible—may we not say that the theory is manifestly untrue?

We have said that the circumstances assumed by Colonel Torrens in illustration of his theory have not, and never could have, existence. He has assumed, "that England and Cuba have no commercial intercourse except with each other," the effect of which assumption is to substitute Cuba for the whole world, England excepted; and by this assumption and its application, he implies that England is in the condition, by its wants on the one hand and its surplus productions on the other, to monopolize the whole of the foreign trade of every other country in the world—a palpable absurdity, and yet the granting of this absurdity is necessary in order to give even a semblance of plausibility to his theory.

If Cuba were the only country producing sugar, and if England were the only country making cotton goods, it is clear that each might enjoy all the advantages attendant upon monopoly, and that the other must either forego the use of sugar or of calicoes, or must take them upon the terms imposed by the producer. But it is a question of political economy, and not a question of monopoly, that Colonel Torrens has undertaken to argue.

Let us, then, go back to the proposition laid down at page 9 of the Postscript—*viz.*, that England repeals the duty upon Cuba produce, while Cuba retains the duty upon British goods. Will England send to Cuba her calicoes to get thence in exchange a less quantity of sugar than she could get for those goods from Brazil? Of course she will not, and of course the duty charged upon English goods by the government of Cuba must be paid by the consumers in that island, or they must forego their use, and forego likewise the sale of their sugar.

Colonel Torrens expresses it as his opinion that—

"There is an important difference as regards the effect of demand and supply upon exchangeable value, between the commodities which are produced in the same country, and the commodities that are produced in different countries. In the same country, the cost of production adjusts the relation of demand to supply, and consequently becomes the ultimate regulator of exchangeable value with respect to all those domestic commodities which are not subject to monopoly; while, as regards different countries, cost of production has a slight and frequently an imperceptible influence in adjusting supply to demand, and consequently cannot be regarded as the ultimate principle which regulates the terms of international exchanges."—P. 5.

This opinion calls for examination. In some cases, where countries are the exclusive producers of articles desired in other countries, they may be able to obtain a considerable advantage. For example, China enjoys the monopoly of supply in the article of tea, and by means of an export duty may obtain for a quantity of that article representing the labor of ten men, a quantity of woolen cloth from England which represents the labor of fifteen men. It is the advantage enjoyed by the several countries of the world over other countries in the cost of producing different articles of commerce that is the foundation of all foreign trade; but, except in cases partaking of the nature of monopoly, like that of China with regard to tea, this will not give an advantage to one country over another. Let us suppose that England produces coals with such advantages, that, at the cost of ten days' labor, a quantity may be delivered in France equal to that which can be produced in that country by the labor of a man during twelve days. It will manifestly be to the advantage of France to import coals from England, rather than to raise them at home. On the other hand, let it be supposed that France raises flax with greater advantage than England, so that a quantity, the result of ten days' labor, may be delivered in England, which quantity demands for its production, here, twelve days' labor. It will therefore be better for England to import than to raise flax. If these exchanges are not prevented by fiscal regulations, there will result an economy of labor—a profit—equal to 20 per cent. to both countries, and not at the expense of either. If England were the only coal-producing country, she might obtain an undue advantage, so that the cost of production would not regulate the terms of the exchange. Or if France were the only flax-producing country, the same advantage might be obtained by her.

But there is another country—Belgium—

which produces both coal and flax; and on the supposition that the cost of production, *i. e.* the labor expended in their production, is equal to that expended in France for the production of flax, and in England for the production of coal, it is clear that another element, that of competition, is thus provided, and that it must regulate the terms of the exchanges between France and England. And this state of things exists more or less with regard to almost every article that helps to make up the sum of international exchanges.

Let us suppose that all fiscal obstacles to commerce are removed—that England is free to send to France her various manufactures, and to receive from that country its various products, without restriction and free of duty; in the course of trade we should then take from France the wine which we do not produce, and should send to that country in exchange something that we do produce on better terms than France—say cotton goods. According to Colonel Torrens, the cost of production would have but a slight or imperceptible influence in regulating the terms of the exchange. Let us suppose, that to produce a given quantity of cotton goods in England requires the labor of ten days, and that to produce the like goods in France would require the labor of fifteen days; in this case England might, as Colonel Torrens seems to infer, obtain an advantage in the French market of 50 per cent., and “the difference of language, of religion, and of climate, would interpose an insuperable obstacle to such a transference of labor as would cause the international exchange of commodities to be ultimately determined by productive cost.” But other markets are open to France whence to obtain cotton goods, and if England insists upon demanding the value of fifteen days’ labor, while the like goods can be procured elsewhere for the value of twelve days’ labor, England, of course, will lose the trade. France will obtain her supply of cotton goods from some other market—suppose America—and will pay for them with the wine which would have formed the return made to England. It may, however, happen that England will still buy the quantity of wine which she would have paid for in cotton goods, and that America will not increase her purchases of wine from France. In this case, France will pay for the cottons by bills on England, drawn in payment for her wine, and the transaction may be adjusted by the export of British goods, say of iron, to America. Thus:—

America sells cotton goods to France, and is paid in iron from England.

France sells wine to England, and is paid in cotton goods from America.

England sells iron to America, and is paid in wine from France.

Let us vary the case, and suppose that France demands an inordinate profit from England for her wines—that she sends that which has caused ten days’ labor, and demands in payment that which has caused fifteen days’ labor. But wine may be procured from Portugal, and for that which represents ten days’ labor, Portugal may be contented to receive that which has cost in England twelve days’ labor. In this case, France must reduce her price or yield to the successful competition of Portugal.

In this way it arises, that competition among nations becomes, notwithstanding “the difference of language, of religion, and of climate,” as effectually the regulator of international exchanges, as competition among capitalists at home is made to regulate the exchangeable value of domestic commodities.

If there were but two countries in the world having commercial intercourse the one with the other, and if, consequently, there were but two tariffs, it might be possible to adjust these in such a way as to attain the balance which Colonel Torrens declares to be so desirable, not to say so indispensable. That such an adjustment is indispensable, we do not admit. If Customs duties were allowed to work out their only legitimate end—that of producing revenue, they would have no effect whatever in limiting foreign commerce, provided they could be and were so adjusted as not to give an advantage to one article over another. This we shall endeavor to explain. It is, however, useless to argue the question upon the hypothesis of the existence of only two countries and two tariffs assumed by Colonel Torrens. There are many countries and many tariffs, and it would be a hopeless—nay, an impossible—task, to set ourselves to adjust the tariff of one country so that it would countervail the varying tariffs of different countries. Adopting, for the moment, the theory of Colonel Torrens, it will be apparent that a duty upon wine, for example, which might be adequate to meet the taxation of Portugal as applied to British manufactures, might be quite inadequate to meet the taxation of France as applied to those manufactures, and what shall we say as to its meeting the prohibitions of France? Such an adjustment is

manifestly impossible; and why should we argue upon an impossible case?

We have said that if Customs duties were confined to the single and legitimate object of raising revenue, and if they were so adjusted as to fall equally upon all imported articles, they would not in any degree limit foreign commerce. The difficulty of thus adjusting a tariff would be nearly as great as that of making it to countervail equally the different tariffs of various countries; but we may, for argument, suppose it to be possible, or at any rate may assume that to approximate to such a result is possible. In such circumstances, the effect of Customs duties would be to collect from the people the taxes necessary for the affairs of government, and if we put out of consideration the greater cost of collection, as well as the greater amount of capital required by the dealers, and which would still further advance the charge upon the public beyond the benefit to the revenue, it must be indifferent to the people whether they paid the taxes in this form, or as a direct money payment. If the income of the country were one hundred millions, and the taxation twenty millions, it could then make no difference whether this were raised by an income tax of 20 per cent., or by Customs duties equivalent to that rate, equally imposed, and bearing equally upon the community. In either case 80 per cent. would remain after the tax collector should be satisfied; the amount paid to foreigners would be the same, and consequently the amount of traffic would be the same: *e. g.*—the duty upon coffee is 4d. per pound; every consumer of a pound of coffee, therefore, now pays 4d. to the revenue through the grocer; whereas, if the duty were abolished and a direct tax substituted, he would pay the 4d. direct to the State, and would buy his pound of coffee for 4d. less than when burthened with the duty.

The difficulty of so dressing a tariff for revenue as to act equally, is increased by the various and continually varying circumstances of different classes in the community, and altogether it may be affirmed, that it would require superhuman wisdom to invent a tariff that should bear thus equally, or that should not act injuriously, upon some branches of industry. A tariff for protection is, by its very nature, incapable of this adjustment, and injurious to industry, so that there need be raised no question in regard to such a tariff; but in the case of a tariff for revenue, one article may be made to bear more than its due proportion of taxation, by which means another

is made to bear less than that proportion. Let us take two articles of consumption, differing widely in the conditions attending upon them, and suppose that each is charged with a duty equal to 100 per cent. on the value. Let these articles be sugar and spices. A duty of 100 per cent. on sugar, which is used in large quantities, will fall more heavily and act more injuriously upon commerce than a duty of the same rate on spices, which are used in small quantities. This will be made to appear if we suppose that an addition is made to the duty in both cases equal to 50 per cent. on the value. Such an addition to the cost of sugar would, without doubt, limit materially the consumption, while its imposition on spices would have no perceptible influence upon the quantity demanded. If, on the other hand, 50 per cent. were abated from the duty on both, the use of sugar would be greatly extended, while that of spices would remain nearly stationary.

In either case the alteration would exercise an important influence upon the sugar trade, and scarcely any upon the trade in spices, which, being in minute quantities, the effect of even considerable variations in the duty would be hardly appreciable by consumers, while a small change in the duty on sugar would be immediately perceptible.

It does not follow, because the abatement made in the rate of duty upon an article of general use causes a greatly increased consumption of that article, that such abatement must be desirable—apart even from moral considerations which may apply in some cases, as, for example, in respect to intoxicating liquors. A greatly increased consumption of any article causes a larger outlay of money, which must necessarily be drawn from the purchase of some other articles, the commerce in which may be quite as important or even more important than is the commerce in the article in favor of which the decrease in the duty occurs. If the increased consumption is experienced only to such an extent that the same amount of money, including the reduced duty, shall be spent on the article as was spent before the reduction of the duty, then, although the consumption of other articles would not be affected in the same way, there will be a deficiency in the revenue which must be compensated by increasing the rate upon some other article or articles possibly but little qualified to bear it, and thus their consumption will be lessened, and an injury may be done to foreign commerce.

For these reasons it appears that it must be a very delicate matter to alter a tariff, and that to effect any changes which shall, on the whole, prove beneficial, requires the greatest amount of practical knowledge on commercial questions.

It is highly probable that the duties imposed by our tariff, even where they apply only to revenue objects, are not so levied as to yield the greatest amount to the exchequer that can be obtained without injury to foreign commerce, and that a judicious re-adjustment of duties would prove highly advantageous to trade, although the same amount of duties should continue to be collected as at present. A great number of articles is named in our tariff, the trade in which is wholly insignificant: and that it is so, may be owing to the exorbitancy of the duties imposed. If these duties were reduced, the effect might be to allow of the consumption of such articles, and so to create revenue where none is at present obtained. On the other hand, the money spent by consumers in such articles would be withdrawn from the purchase of some other articles, and the amount of duty collected upon these would be diminished, while the trade of the country in them would be diminished also. We may, however, fairly assume that in such case there would result a balance of benefit, since the public would not, without advantage, forego the use of one article in favor of another.

There is another case where the result does not so clearly present itself. Let us suppose two commodities, the consumption of each of which under existing rates of duty is, relatively, the one to the other, precisely what it would be if there were no duty upon either—this is supposing them to be dealt with in their mutual relation, precisely as it is desirable that all articles should be dealt with, fiscally, in relation to all other articles. Let us then suppose that upon one of these commodities an abatement is made in the duty which stimulates consumption, while the old rate is left upon the other, and the tariff immediately operates to disturb the natural condition, i. e. there will be more of one thing and less of another thing consumed than would be the case in the absence of all duties. It is fair to assume that under the natural condition people would adopt the course that should be most for their advantage, and, consequently, that the disturbance of that course must be disadvantageous.

The foregoing remarks apply solely to a tariff for revenue—that is, to such a tariff as seldom, if ever, has had existence, and

which assuredly is not to be found in existence at present.

A tariff which should in every case apply the same rate of duty to the same article upon its importation, without reference to its origin, would still not be a tariff for revenue only, unless it imposed the same rate of duties upon the like articles when of home production. A duty upon imported timber that should make no distinction between the places of its growth, would still be a duty for protection, unless the same rate were imposed upon all timber of home growth that should be felled in the United Kingdom. The imposition of the import duty upon foreign and colonial timber, while it left fiscally free home-grown timber, would raise the price of the latter by the amount of the duty beyond what it would be if no such import duty were imposed, and in that way, and to that extent, would be a duty for protection in favor of home-grown timber. This position has been questioned by high authorities upon such matters, and it is therefore necessary to examine it. For this purpose we will, however, quit the article of timber, and apply the inquiry to wheat, that being the article in respect of which the particular doctrine in question has been controverted.

If wheat were, like coals, produced by us in constant superabundance, any duty that might be imposed on it would be inoperative, as are the rates of one shilling per ton actually chargeable upon coals when imported from foreign countries, and sixpence per ton when brought from British colonies. There are seasons during which, as in 1835, we do produce a superabundance of wheat, and, in such circumstances, the effect of a duty of any amount on importation is wholly without influence upon prices. But such seasons form the exception, the rule being that we require a yearly supply of wheat beyond our home growth for the nourishment of the people. It will be convenient for our present purpose to consider this as being the case universally, and then the price of wheat in this country must necessarily be higher than it is in the countries whence the deficiency would be supplied, by the amount of the charges incurred in its conveyance. Any duty then placed upon it at our custom-house would have the same effect as if the cost of conveyance were increased—the duty would form part of the expenses upon importation, and would have precisely the same effect as any other item of those expenses. If the freight and other expenses of bringing wheat from Dantzic to London were ten shillings per quarter, it

is clear that there must be a difference in price equal at least to that amount between Dantzic and London, to admit of the importation of any quantity whatever into London. If, then, by any means the freight and charges of importation were reduced to six shillings, it is equally clear that six shillings per quarter would be the necessary difference of price; but if, concurrently with this reduction of import charges, there were imposed a duty of four shillings, is it not also equally clear that things would remain as they were before the reduction in the freight and charges, and that there must continue a difference of price equal at least to ten shillings per quarter?

If the duty imposed were very great, say forty or fifty shillings per quarter, the price in England might not rise so as to cover the cost of conveyance added to the duty, but in this case there could be no importation, and the duty would act as a prohibition; which result would be brought about only through the privation and misery of the poorer classes in England.

To say that England produces less wheat than is required for the consumption of its inhabitants, is to say that, without importation, there must be a part of the people who will be deprived of bread, or restricted to an insufficient quantity, and neither of these results can be experienced except through a high price, which makes bread difficult or impossible of attainment on the part of the poor. If the deficiency is very great, the demand of that part of the community who can pay a high price will raise the price so as to allow of the importation of wheat from abroad, burdened even with the most exorbitant rate of duty, and the price in England will then again be greater by all the charges of conveyance added to the amount of the duty, than it would be in the market of supply if there were no import duty.

This is a case not likely to happen. It never could occur that, while suffering from high prices through scarcity, the legislature would maintain so high a rate of duty as to prevent, or even in any important degree to limit, importation. In the face of such a scarcity, a moderate fixed duty might however be collected, since it would not prevent importations while the price should be rising, and these importations would tend to check, if they did not prevent, a progressive and very considerable advance in our markets, and would be accompanied by a corresponding advance in the markets of supply, so as to maintain a difference in price about equal to the charges of importation added to that moderate duty.

Under these circumstances the scarcity must be very severe to allow of any distressing rise of prices, since with every advance in our markets we should command a more liberal supply from abroad, either by enlarging the circle whence it would be drawn, or by tempting our nearer neighbors to part with a larger quantity of their wheat, or by a combination of both these causes.

A permanently higher price of wheat in England as compared with other countries, which should be in any great degree brought about through the imposition of an import duty, might raise the profits of the wheat growers beyond the ordinary rate of profits, and thus cause more capital to be applied to the production of wheat, by which means the price would be lowered through the increased supply, and thus a limit would speedily be put to such employment of additional capital; but to whatever extent this were carried, it would to that extent cause a withdrawal of capital from other pursuits, and raise the profits obtained in those other pursuits at the expense of the community in general; and even if by this fresh distribution of capital, the price of wheat were brought down so nearly to a level with the prices of other countries as to prevent importation, so that it could not be said that the difference in the prices here and abroad amounted to the charges of conveyance *plus* all the amount of duty; it might still be, that whatever was wanting to make up the sum of those charges and duty, would be lost to the community through the greater prices paid for articles, the production of which had been limited in quantity through the withdrawal of the capital whereby the greater production of wheat had been caused. It is evident that a protecting duty afforded to wheat would thus occasion an injurious interference with the employment of capital, and that it must be hurtful to the community so long as it should thus operate. But this could not be the case long. In the actual circumstances of this country, with its continually increasing population, a continually greater amount of capital would also be required in order to produce other articles in sufficient abundance; an equalization in the rate of profits would again be established, and the demand for wheat would again so far exceed the supply as to raise the price, until this would again come to exceed the price of foreign markets by the charges of conveyance and the rate of duty.

If an effect of imposing a duty for pro-

tection should be to cause more land to be brought into cultivation, which land would necessarily be of inferior fertility, it must result that higher rents would be paid for all the more fertile lands already in cultivation; and this would necessarily add to the cost of agricultural produce generally. In this case, as well as in that of the application of more capital to land already under cultivation, the unavoidable result must be, that prices will be higher than they would be if the stimulus of a duty had not been applied. The effect of bringing more land into cultivation, and of applying more capital to land already under tillage, undoubtedly is to increase the gross produce of the country; and as it is the quantity offering for sale in proportion to the demand that regulates the price, this will, of course, be lower than it would have been if such additional produce had not been raised, provided we in either case kept out the produce of other countries. But it is precisely this produce of foreign countries—its admission or its exclusion; the effects of its free importation or of protecting duties laid upon it, that constitutes the whole question.

If we assume that wheat is produced abroad at a cost which allows of its importation into England under a duty of five shillings, and that it is actually so introduced, then, as already shown, the price must be higher in England than in the countries of production, by all the expenses of conveyance *plus* the duty. If this protecting duty should act as a stimulus to production in England, so as to cause the raising of such a quantity as to keep the price higher than that of foreign countries, by the expense of conveyance, and by a further sum less than the duty, say 4s. 11d. per quarter more, it is clear that no importations will take place; the country will produce as much as there is power in the people to consume at continental prices, *plus* the expenses of conveyance, and *plus* the sum of 4s. 11d. per quarter. In this case it will surely be granted that the protecting duty has the effect of raising the price of all the wheat grown in England to the extent of 4s. 11d. per quarter. But it will do more than this. By raising the price it will limit the power of consumption, and thus will cause privation and misery.

For the sake of simplicity, one article—wheat—has been considered; but it must be evident that any legislative measure which permanently affects the price of one article of agricultural produce, will equally affect the price of every other article of such produce.

If, instead of putting a tax upon imported wheat, while grain of home production should be exempted from it, the tax were taken at the mill, that would be strictly a duty for revenue, and if the country were free to adopt any plan that it might judge advantageous for raising its needed amount of revenue,—that is, if there were among the people no contracts, either positive or implied, that had been formed under a different plan, this might be as good a mode of providing the revenue as any that could be adopted, since every one would pay the tax, and the wages of labor would come to be so adjusted under it, as to cause it to bear equitably upon every class of the community. Such a tax would not raise the price of home-grown corn over that of other countries, nor would it in any way add to the burthens of the people. The amount collected in this manner would be remitted to the public in other shapes, and probably by this means, international exchanges of productions might come to be more profitably and more extensively carried on.

We are not in such a condition as to render a tax of this kind desirable, nor indeed would it be possible, with the existing amount of knowledge upon the subject, for any government to impose it. The suggestion of it has been made only as an additional means for showing the injury that is inflicted upon consumers by the imposition of a tax which, while it is received by the government upon a part only—and probably a very small part—of what is used, has the unavoidable effect of raising the price of the whole, and further, of producing to a portion of the people, those who are the least able to help themselves—the evils of dearth, at times when, but for mischievous legislation, they might be in the enjoyment of plenty.

We have said that it is a delicate matter to alter a tariff, and that to do so beneficially requires a vast amount of practical commercial knowledge. Had we confined ourselves to the enforcement of this opinion, it might have suggested an excuse for eschewing all further legislation on commercial subjects, lest in remedying an evil on one hand we should produce a greater evil in another direction. We trust that no one will pervert what we have brought forward to so baleful a purpose. That there are difficulties to be encountered in the performance of any useful task, should indeed make us cautious in the steps we take, but should never be suffered to deter us from entering upon the work. That the task of

reforming our tariff calls for so great an amount of knowledge, while this knowledge has not presided at its original construction, and to a great extent has been absent also from the modifications which it has undergone, affords grounds for the conviction that such a reform, if intrusted to competent hands, might be rendered productive of a very great amount of benefit.

We are not sanguine enough to hope that with the existing amount of knowledge changes can be suddenly made in our tariff which would bring it to the desirable condition of bearing equally in all directions; but some of its more glaring inequalities might surely be at once removed, while every judicious change effected would open the way for other reforms by enlightening our minds upon the subject of taxation, one of the most important branches of statesmanship, but which has hitherto been dealt with by legislators in a spirit of the wildest empiricism.

If, with the experience before him of all the evils produced by levying duties upon articles of use and consumption, any statesman deserving of the name, were called upon to establish a system of taxation for some newly-formed community, the imposition of such duties would assuredly be the last expedient to which he would have recourse. If even he should be possessed of all the knowledge requisite for the production of a perfect tariff, and had power to procure its adoption, he could take no security against its perversion by those who would come after him, to serve the purposes of selfishness, until it might be rendered, that which almost every tariff in the world has been made, a fruitful source of more crime and misery than have resulted from ill-judged legislative interference in all other directions. U.

A NEW SPECIALITY IN PERIODICAL LITERATURE has been projected in France, by M. Moreau Christophe, Inspector General of Prisons, under the title of the *Revue Pénitenciaire*, having as its objects of publication a critical exposition of doctrines, a digested analysis of facts, and the text of official documents relating to the science and discipline of prisons. It is the further intention of the projectors of this Review, to form themselves into a society, to be called "The Howard and Saint Vincent Association," for the purpose of collecting a fund to be appropriated to the composition or purchase of works proper for the reading of the prisoners and the poor. A volume is also announced by M.

Capefigue, entitled *Les Diplomates Européens*, and containing notices of Metternich, Pozzo di Borgo, Talleyrand, Pasquier, Wellington, Richelieu, Hardenberg, Nesselrode and Castlereagh.—*Athenæum*.

THE LORD PIVOT.—Poor, dear Lord Brougham! If there were any lawful or unlawful means of easing his mind of the one overwhelming, overshadowing belief which haunts him, we would at all risks suggest it. That belief is his Ephialtes—his terror—his three single furies rolled into one. What can we say for Lord Brougham?

That belief is, that the whole House of Lords, the whole legislature, the executive, the nation itself, represented and unrepresented, the Colonies, and the eastern and western dominions of the British crown, Christendom itself—nay, the whole world, "the new nations called into existence," and the thousand isles and islets scattered up and down the seas, and around the continents, form one grand and tremendous revolving wheel—which wheel turns upon one pivot—which pivot is Henry, Lord Brougham.

Yes, that is his secret—his pivotism; and until he shall be cured of that monomania there will be no peace for the wicked, and very little for the righteous. While that one idea fills his mind, we shall have nothing but unparliamentary Geysers—eruptions of boiling water—like those which broke forth in the House of Lords the other night. Until the world declares that it could go on without Brougham, Brougham declares that he will never let it go on at all. It were well to hasten, and, by some decided and national Anti-Brougham demonstration, to put Brougham and ourselves out of misery.

We must take some steps for convincing our Pivot that he is no Pivot at all, but only a fly; or, as Dean Smith would say, a bee; or, as Lord Sugden would have it, a wasp—upon the wheel, and by no means an ornamental fly, bee, or wasp. We must show him that the world can go on without him; that Princesses can marry and pensions be allowed them, though he never peruse the marriage settlements; that Poor-Law Unions can be built, and the poor be starved to death, though he never settle the dietary; that newspapers—nay, the very *Times* of his love—can go forth, though he never sit in the editor's office till three in the morning; that Rebecca riots can be quelled, though he never review the troops; that ballets can be produced, though he never instruct Cerito; that sermons can be preached, though he never disciple Croly; that we are not all mere emanations of the Brougham-head, but have a distinct corporeity, and are independent atoms.

But how or by whom Henry shall be told this, is a parlous question. No one dared go near Henry the Eighth to tell him of his situation, who then shall approach Henry the Ninth? Is there no slave to be found in any factory, who, not setting his dried and shrivelled life at a pin's fee, can be set on to cry—"Henry, thou art a mortal." Is there no secret tribunal, not even at Somerset House, whose messenger can affix upon the toilet table of Henry Brougham a scroll, fastened by three daggers, and inscribed—"Thou shalt be nothing!" as in old days. Can no warning be got up at Charing-cross, as was got up at some Scotch cross for James the Fourth; and can no blue and livid fires crawl and hiss round the Nelson column, while a terrible voice of thunder from the top advises Brougham not to make a fool of himself? The warning ought to be given, and if nobody else will give it, we will.—*Court Journal*.

STELLA AND VANESSA.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THESE two names will suggest to many of our readers a chapter of romance in the life of Swift, which was long almost unknown to the world, and is even yet shrouded in mystery.* It is generally known that the aspect of this illustrious author was as harsh and repulsive as his abilities were great, and that, partly from nature and partly from bad habits, his manners were by no means amiable. At least he was not consistently amiable: he could be kind and benevolent at times, but he was often otherwise; and perhaps the most disqualifying of all things for social life is want of uniformity of temper. It is also evident from his writings that his mind was as coarse as it was powerful. Though cleanly in his person to a degree of singularity—insomuch that he would exhaust himself with long walks under an idea that perspiration had a purifying effect on the skin—and though he was, to all appearance, practically a rigid moralist, he indulged, in his compositions, and, it is to be feared, in his conversation also, in a strain of grossness which cannot now be regarded otherwise than with absolute loathing. Notwithstanding these qualities, there have been few men so much distinguished by the attachment of amiable and virtuous women as this great satirist. It forms the grand feature of his domestic history. Fully beloved thrice—devotedly, passionately, twice—and on both of these last occasions by women far beyond the average of their sex in personal elegance and mental accomplishments—we are lost in wonder at the unaccountable fascination which he seems to have exercised over the female heart; nor does the feeling cease till it is absorbed in one of another kind, astonishment at the coldness with which he rewarded affection so pure and so true, and at which most men would have been eager to grasp.

Swift's first love affair was with a Miss Waryng, the sister of a fellow-student. He was under thirty, and unsettled in life when it began

* Swift was born in 1667—a posthumous son, ushered into life in the midst of destitution, but descended from an ancient family, some members of which still possessed landed wealth and rank. At thirty-five he had surmounted the poverty of his original lot, and attained church preferments sufficient to put him at ease as to his future subsistence. He began at the same time to lay the foundations of that fame which he has since maintained as one of the great masters of English prose. He was soon after the confidential friend of the Tory ministry of Queen Anne, who gave him the further preferment of the deanery of St. Patrick's. At that particular time he enjoyed a political importance, as the secret adviser and public defender of the ministry, such as few merely literary men have ever enjoyed. All this was changed when the Hanover succession and Whig ministry came in. Swift then retired to brood over his disappointed ambition in Dublin, where he dragged out the remainder of his life in a state which must, upon the whole, be described as unhappy. He died in a state of mania in 1745.

and the too frequent result of a *long engagement* attended it: what was postponed at first from prudence, was finally (after seven years) abandoned in consequence of changed affections, or changed views, on the part of the lover. One fact, however, of some importance, is established by the slender records of this attachment. It fully appears that Swift earnestly loved Varina, as he called Miss Waryng, and at one time urged her to marry him in spite of fortune. This makes us sure of what might have otherwise been doubtful, that he was not absolutely deficient in those affections on which the matrimonial state is founded, however much they might be obscured and weakened in the latter part of his life.

When residing at Moorpark, in his early years, as secretary to Sir William Temple, he had been employed to take some charge of the education of a beautiful young girl named Johnson, who with her mother lived there in consequence of some tie of friendship on the part of Sir William's sister towards them. They seem to have been the widow and daughter of a London merchant of reduced fortune. As the child grew up, Swift, although removed from Moorpark, kept up an intimacy with them, and, in 1701, when the mother had died, he invited Miss Johnson to come and reside near his parsonage in Ireland, along with a friend who was her senior, by name Mrs. Dingley. The pretence was, that the small incomes of the two ladies—Mrs. Dingley had only twenty-seven pounds a-year—would go a great deal farther in Ireland than in England. But there can be no doubt that the real cause of the invitation, and of its being acted upon, was the mutual regard which existed between the parties. Miss Johnson was at this time a blooming creature of eighteen, with silky black hair, brilliant eyes, a complexion fair and delicate, features regular, soft, and animated, and an elegant shape; her manners being at the same time graceful and pleasing, while her voice was natural music, and kind feelings breathed through her whole deportment. Afterwards, she was noted as a writer of sprightly verses, and a wit, though a good-natured one; and it was allowed of her, particularly by Swift himself, that she never failed to say the best thing that was said in any company in which she was, although amongst the rest might be included some of the ablest men of the age. Swift was sixteen years older than Miss Johnson, or as he chose to call her in their correspondence, *Stella*; he was thirty-four, an age by no means necessarily displeasing to girlhood, though not what girlhood would in general select. She and Mrs. Dingley settled in his neighborhood at Laracor. She saw him often in his own house, but never otherwise than in the presence of Mrs. Dingley. When Swift visited Dublin or England, they removed into his house, and left it again at his return. The world thought their acquaintance a strange one, but obtained no real insight into it. Swift at this time, and long afterwards, gave out that he considered himself too poor to marry. The notion was a false, or at least exaggerated one; but it might be not the less sincerely entertained. And certainly the next twelve years of his life were

devoted with such an exclusiveness to ambitious objects, that he may well be supposed to have thought that marriage were better delayed till he had obtained further preferment. One thing is clear, that if he did not contemplate marrying Miss Johnson, he ought not to have allowed her to come to his neighbourhood, as she could not well take such a step without forfeiting the prospect of obtaining another suitor. It is nevertheless remarkable that she did attract a new lover while at Laracor. He was a respectable young clergyman named Tisdall, and she seems to have given him some encouragement, probably for the purpose of stimulating her elder lover. Swift's conduct is here utterly indefensible. On being consulted by her on the subject, he advised her to propose conditions to which the young man could not agree, and thus broke off the match. This was of course calculated to renew her hopes, if they had ever fallen, and from that moment he was more bound than ever to take her as his wife. Yet years passed on, without bringing about this event.

During the whole of the brief but active political career of Swift, as an ally of the Harley and Bolingbroke faction, he wrote constantly and copiously to Stella, treating her always as a most intimate friend, though perhaps more a friend of the soul than of the heart. In 1709, while residing in London, he formed a new friendship, of much the same kind, with a Miss Vanhomrigh, destined to be afterwards immortalized under the name of Vanessa. She was the elder of two daughters of a Dutch gentleman, who had realized a small fortune as commissary of the army in Ireland. The two young ladies lived with their widowed mother in Bury-street, St. James's, where Swift often called upon them in an easy and familiar way. Vanessa, young, beautiful, and clever, fixed his attention, if she did not move his affections, and he willingly took pains to guide her mind in the efforts which it was making to acquire knowledge. She, on the other hand, beheld the acknowledged chief of English wits with a veneration which was soon transformed into love. She surprised him one day with a frank offer of her hand. If we are to believe the poetical record of this intimacy, "Cadenus and Vanessa," written by Swift at the time, but not published, the pleasure he took in the society of Miss Vanhomrigh was only that of a preceptor in the company of his brightest pupil.

—Time, and books, and state affairs,
Had spoiled his fashionable airs;
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.

He represents himself as taken with incredulous surprise by the avowed attachment of the young lady, and as setting it down to raillery. She, on the other hand, endeavors to convince him of the possibility of her passion being real, as well as natural and proper. The utmost he can allow himself to promise is—

—friendship at its greatest height,
A constant rational delight,
On virtue's basis fixed to last,
When love's allurements long are past;
Which gently warms, but cannot burn.

Ultimately, he professes to leave us in doubt as to the position of the parties—

Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To love with less seraphic ends;
Or to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.

This mystery is not altogether successful. Taking what is here told in connexion with what afterwards became known, it appears tolerably clear that Swift did not give the positive denial to the hopes of Vanessa which, considering his attachment to Stella, he ought to have done. He still kept up the intimacy, either culpably heedless of a danger which such an avowal might have warned him of, or too happy in the enjoyment of Vanessa's society, in his present circumstances, when living at a distance from Stella, to be able to remove himself from the young lady's sight. On Vanessa's part, the attachment conceived at first seems never after to have for one moment known abatement.

About the time when Swift returned to Ireland (1714), the pecuniary affairs of the Misses Vanhomrigh (their mother was now dead) became embarrassed, inasmuch that their personal liberty was endangered. The bulk of their father's remaining property was situated in Ireland, and there, accordingly, the arrangement of their affairs was to be accomplished. Perhaps all might have been put to rights without the personal presence of Vanessa, but she professed to think otherwise, and to consider her liberty as safer on the other side of St. George's Channel. With such ostensible reasons, but, in reality, led by the same fatal fascination which had attracted Stella, Vanessa followed her lover to Ireland. Swift now resided in Dublin as Dean of St. Patrick's, Stella and Mrs. Dingley occupying lodgings in the neighborhood of the deanery, and seeing him as before every day. The arrival of Vanessa in the same city was felt by him as most embarrassing. He was now in the singular situation for a man of his character and profession, of having two ladies in the bloom of life actually besieging him for the favor of his hand. The letters of Vanessa show constant dissatisfaction on her part with the shortness and rarity of his visits. They are, however, full of tenderness, and display an attachment of the most ardent and devoted kind. His letters, on the other hand, seem to have been written in the spirit of caution; he speaks much of the gossip of the idle, and the danger there was of their friendship being misconstrued. He was not so willing to go to consult about her affairs, as he was to place his purse at her disposal, which he did without reserve. We find her thus addressing him in 1714:—"You once had a maxim, which was to act what was right, and not mind what the world say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray, what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know that your frowns make my life insupportable. You have taught me to distinguish [meaning, his

own superiority to the rest of mankind], and then you leave me miserable. Now, all I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit (since you cannot otherwise) that kind indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties." A little after is the following more impassioned epistle:—"You bid me be easy, and you'd see me as often as you could; you had better have said as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much, or as often as you remembered there was such a person in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. 'Tis impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last; I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more, but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long; for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world. I must give way to it, and beg you'd see me, and speak kindly to me, for I am sure you would not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it you, should I see you; for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may but have so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can. Did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you. Forgive me, and believe I cannot help telling you this, and live."

Meanwhile, every little act of attention which he bestowed upon Vanessa was a wound to the jealous soul of Stella, who having already waited eleven years in vain, saw her prospect of a union with the dean apparently more remote than ever. Long she suffered in silence: indeed the resolution he made of never seeing her alone, almost precluded her making her sufferings known to him. Seeing her spirits at length completely prostrated, and her health giving way, he commissioned his friend Bishop Ashe to inquire into the cause; "and he received the answer," says Scott,* "which his conscience must have anticipated—it was her sensibility to his recent indifference, and to the discredit which her own character sustained from the long subsistence of the dubious and mysterious connexion between them. To convince her of the constancy of his affection, and to remove her beyond the reach of calumny, there was but one remedy. To this communication Swift replied, that he had formed two resolutions concerning matrimony: one, that he would not marry till possessed of a competent fortune; the other, that the event should take place at a time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect to see his children settled in the world. The independence proposed, he said, he had not yet achieved, being still embarrassed by debt; and on the other hand, he was past that term of life, after which he had determined never to marry. Yet he was ready to go through the ceremony for the ease of Mrs. Johnson's mind, providing it should remain a strict secret from the public,

and that they should continue to live separately, and in the same guarded manner as formerly. To these hard terms Stella subscribed; they relieved her own mind, at least, from all scruples on the impropriety of their connexion; and they soothed her jealousy, by rendering it impossible that Swift should ever give his hand to her rival. They were married in the garden of the deanery, by the Bishop of Clogher, in the year 1716."

From this time there was no change in the manner of life of either, and the secret of the marriage was carefully kept. Not long after, Vanessa retired from Dublin to her house near Celbridge, to nurse her hopeless passion in seclusion from the world. To pursue the narrative of Scott, which is at once minute and candid, "Swift seems to have foreseen and warned her against the consequences of this step. His letters uniformly exhort her to seek general society, to take exercise, and to divert, as much as possible, the current of her thoughts from the unfortunate subject which was preying upon her spirits. He even exhorts her to leave Ireland. But these admonitions are mingled with expressions of tenderness, greatly too warm not to come from the heart, and too strong to be designed merely to soothe the unfortunate recluse. Until the year 1720, he does not appear to have visited her at Celbridge; they only met when she was occasionally in Dublin. But in that year, and down to the time of her death, Swift came repeatedly to Celbridge; and, from the information of a most obliging correspondent, I am enabled to give account of some minute particulars attending them.

Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of ninety by his own account) showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she seldom went abroad, and saw little company: her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden. Yet, according to this authority, her society was courted by several families in the neighborhood, who visited her, notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention; and he added that her manners interested every one who knew her. But she avoided company, and was always melancholy save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the dean, she always planted, with her own hand, a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favorite seat, still called Vanessa's Bower. Three or four trees, and some laurels indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbor. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect; and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In

* Life of Swift, prefixed to edition of his works.

this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them.

Vanessa, besides musing over her unhappy attachment, had, during her residence in this solitude, the care of nursing the declining health of her younger sister, who at length died about 1720. This event, as it left her alone in the world, seems to have increased the energy of her fatal passion for Swift; while he, on the contrary, saw room for still greater reserve, when her situation became that of a solitary female, without the society or the countenance of a female relation. But Miss Vanhomrigh, irritated at the situation in which she found herself, determined on bringing to a crisis those expectations of a union with the object of her affections, to the hope of which she had clung amid every vicissitude of his conduct towards her. The most probable bar was his undefined connexion with Mrs. Johnson, which, as it must have been perfectly known to her had doubtless long excited her secret jealousy, although only a single hint to that purpose is to be found in their correspondence, and that so early as 1713, when she writes to him, then in Ireland, 'If you are so very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, *except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine.*' Her silence and patience under this state of uncertainty, for no less than eight years, must have been partly owing to her awe for Swift, and partly perhaps to the weak state of her rival's health, which, from year to year, seemed to announce speedy dissolution. At length, however, Vanessa's impatience prevailed; and she ventured on the decisive step of writing to Mrs. Johnson herself, requesting to know the nature of that connexion. Stella, in reply, informed her of her marriage with the dean; and, full of the highest resentment against Swift for having given another female such a right in him as Miss Vanhomrigh's inquiries implied, she sent to him her rival's letter of interrogation, and without seeing him, or awaiting his reply, retired to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. Swift, in one of those paroxysms of fury to which he was liable, both from temper and disease, rode instantly to Marley Abbey. As he entered the apartment, the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the fiercer passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror, that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table; and instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed yet cherished hopes which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks."

One circumstance of some importance is here omitted, namely, that Vanessa, during her residence in Ireland, had two excellent offers of marriage, both of which she rejected on account

of the man to whom she was so infatuatedly attached—a man, we must recollect, who numbered fifty-six years at the time of her death. Some resentment may be presumed to have not unnaturally mingled with the last despairs of poor Vanessa, under which feeling it probably was that she changed the destination of her fortune from Swift to her two executors, one of whom was the celebrated Bishop Berkeley, and directed the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa, and her correspondence with Swift, to be published, only the first part of which injunction was complied with.

Mortified by the death of Vanessa and the flight of Stella, or rather, perhaps, by the public talk to which the two events gave rise, Swift absented himself from home for two months, during which no one knew where he was. By the intervention of a friend, Stella was induced to return, and resume her ordinary mode of life: he hailed her with a poem full of sarcastic allusion to the fine style in which she had been living at Wood Park, in contrast with that to which she had returned—

"Small beer, a herring, and the Dean."

She must have been more than woman if she could have complacently heard the name of Vanessa. It is said that, about this time, a gentleman, ignorant of her situation in life, began to speak of the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa, then just published, and observed, that surely the heroine must have been an admirable creature to have inspired the dean to write so finely. "That does not follow," answered she with bitterness; "it is well-known that the dean could write finely on a broomstick!" "Ah!" says a female writer, "how must jealousy, and long habits of intimacy with Swift, have poisoned the mind and temper of this unhappy woman, before she could have uttered this cruel sarcasm!"*

The dubious position in which Stella was still forced to live, continued to prey upon her spirits, and it could not be expected beforehand that a woman so situated could live long. She sunk under her sorrows, four years after Vanessa, when only forty-four years of age. An affecting anecdote of one of her last days has been preserved: "When Stella was in her last weak state, and one day had come in a chair to the deanery, she was with difficulty brought into the parlor. The dean had prepared some mulled wine, and kept it by the fire for her refreshment. After tasting it, she became very faint; but having recovered a little by degrees, when her breath (for she was asthmatic) was allowed her, she desired to lie down. She was carried up stairs, and laid on a bed; the dean sitting by her, held her hand, and addressed her in the most affectionate manner. She drooped, however, very much. Mrs. Whiteway was the only third person present. After a short time, her politeness induced her to withdraw to the adjoining room, but it was necessary, on account of air, that the door should not be closed—it was half shut. The rooms were close adjoining. Mrs. Whiteway had too much honor to listen, but could not avoid observing that the dean and

* Mrs. Jameson—*Loves of the Poets.*

Mrs. Johnson conversed together in a low tone; the latter, indeed, was too weak to raise her voice. Mrs. Whiteway paid no attention, having no idle curiosity; but at length she heard the dean say, in an audible voice, 'Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned,' to which Stella answered with a sigh, '*It is too late.*'"

Swift survived this event eighteen years, the last three of which were spent in decided mania, and the last of all in utter silence. The most charitable construction that can be put upon his treatment of these two women, is also, we think, the only one that will account for all the circumstances—namely, that his mind was partially unsound—at least to the extent of a depravation of the affections and some of the moral feelings—during fully the latter half of his life. There was at all times a marked eccentricity in his behavior, but it increased much after the period of youth. In his desertion of his original party for not rewarding him so highly as he desired, in the savage revilings in which he indulged at party opponents, in his furious pride and unmitigable resentments, and in the towering contempt and hatred for both men and women which he was so prone to express in his later writings, we see strong traces of a disordered or corrupted nature. We thus may account in some measure for the heartlessness of his general conduct towards Stella and Vanessa. Another wonder must, however, remain—how two women so much his juniors, so elegant, amiable, and accomplished,† should have contracted each so in-

fatuated an attachment for an object apparently so unworthy of it! Here all is dark, or if there be a spark of light, it is that alone derived from there being *two* cases of the infatuation, showing that there really was some fascination in Swift, which was calculated to hold sway over women of their stamp, notwithstanding unsuitable age, coldness of nature, harshness of manners, and every other disadvantage. If we are to believe this fascination to have been of an intellectual kind, the whole tale certainly forms as remarkable a proof of the superiority of spirit over all material concerns, as is presented in the range of biographical history.

* The talents of Vanessa are evinced in the following Ode to Spring, in which she alludes to her unhappy attachment—

Hail, blushing goddess, beauteous spring!
Who in thy jocund train dost bring
Loves and graces—smiling hours—
Balmy breezes—fragrant flowers;
Come with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew!
Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets; no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when Cadmus blest the scene,
And shared with me those joys serene,
When, unperceived, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine impressed their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away:
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
Dear names, in one idea blend;
Oh! still conjoined, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odors to the skies!

Those of Stella may be traced in the following lively lines, forming a part of a poem sent to Swift on his birthday, 1721, and which he declared had undergone no correction:—

When men began to call me fair,
You interposed your timely care;
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Showed where my judgment was misplaced,
Refined my fancy and my taste,
Behold that beauty just decayed,
Invoking art to nature's aid;

MOORFIELDS.—In the course of the excavations now going on to the south of Sun-street, Bishopsgate, a large quantity of horns of bullocks and rams has been dug up, together with other bones of various animals. In Peter-street, part of a peat bed was discovered, near which was a well, and in it a pump formed from the trunk of a tree. A red earthen jug was in the well, in perfect preservation. Several red earthen pipes, said to be of Roman construction, and some coins, were scattered about. It is supposed that the whole space between Bishopsgate-street and the Finsbury Pavement, and north of the old Roman wall, contains similar remains. This space is said to have been a moor or marshy ground, whence the name Moorfields. It was here that much of the rubbish from the neighborhood was thrown together after the great fire, and accordingly broken bricks, tiles, &c., are mixed up with the earth, many of which are blackened as if by the action of fire.—*Athenæum*.

Forsook by her admiring train,
She spreads her tattered nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the stage;
Went smoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
As the scene changed, to change her part:
She whom no lover could resist,
Before the second act was hissed.
Such is the fate of female race,
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn or hated wife.

Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That she has ne'er resembled those;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her course of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong;
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of changed or fallen hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six, * *

Long be the day that gave you birth,
Sacred to friendship, wit and mirth;
Late dying may you east a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day alone—then die to-morrow!

JOHN KNOX AND THE MURDER OF RIZZIO.

From the Westminster Review.

Tytler's History of Scotland. W. Tait: Edinburgh.

UPON the faith of a new discovery, Mr. Tytler has tried to make it out that John Knox was cognizant of the conspiracy against Rizzio's life, and, consequently, that he must have been an associate in guilt with the perpetrators of that barbarous act. This is a grave charge to have brought against the great apostle of the Scottish Reformation. It cannot be denied that Mr. Tytler's disclosures, gathered from the State Paper office, have elicited circumstances that throw a darker shade over some of the proceedings of the Reformers in their connection with the conspiracies and assassinations of that fierce and turbulent era. But that any of these discoveries tend to implicate John Knox as pre-cognizant of, or associated in, these foul transactions, is a point which we think will require more evidence to establish than our historian has yet produced. Dr. Mc'Crie, the biographer of Knox, expressed his belief, long ago, that

"There was no reason to think he was privy to the conspiracy which proved fatal to Rizzio, though it was probable he had expressed his satisfaction at an event which contributed to the safety of religion and the commonwealth; it not also his approbation of the conduct of the conspirators."

This opinion of the case we have no doubt in assuming to be the correct one. It is but fair, however, to state Mr. Tytler's presumptive proofs to the contrary, which are: 1. From Knox's principles that idolaters were punishable with death, and from the language in which he is alleged to have spoken of the murder, it is probable he approved of it, and might therefore have been admitted into the secret. 2. That as Knox fled precipitately from Edinburgh immediately after the assassination, his flight must be held as an evidence of his guilt. 3. That it is hardly credible Knox could have been kept out of a plot formed by the party of which he was the leader, and in which all his friends were implicated. 4. That the language of the prayers and sermons during the Fast immediately preceding the murder was such as to show that the preachers were apprized of it—their exhortations tending to excite violence and bloodshed, and inculcating the duty of inflicting vengeance on the persecutors of God's people.

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Such are the proofs, direct and presumptive, on which Mr. Tytler has charged Knox with being privy to the Rizzio conspiracy. Some of them are mere insinuations entitled to no weight. It is admitted that Knox thought idolaters were punishable with death; that he expressed his satisfaction at this particular murder; and that, immediately after it, he fled precipitately from Edinburgh. But all this furnishes no direct evidence of his being cognizant of the plot or associated with the plotters. In fact, Rizzio's assassination was mainly, if not entirely, an affair of political and private revenge. It was concocted by persons with whom Knox was not in confidence at the time, and originated from motives in which he was not likely to participate. The prime instigator of the murder was Darnley himself, who was then leagued with the Popish faction, and not likely to make a confidant of John Knox. The motives that suggested it were jealousy that Rizzio had criminally supplanted him in the queen's affection—and wounded pride that he should have been vested with powers and prerogatives equal to those enjoyed by the king himself. The nobles to whom the plot was first communicated entered into it entirely on political grounds; and though some of them were induced to join in the belief that Rizzio's death would tend to the security of the Protestant religion, this was a subsequent stipulation exacted by Morton and his associates as part of the price for which they were willing to lend their aid in accomplishing the primary object which the king had so deeply at heart.

It will thus be seen that there is nothing in the presumptive evidence to implicate this Reformer as an associate in the conspiracy. But there is one direct proof to which Mr. Tytler has attached much importance: we mean the list contained in a certain letter, which professes to give "the names of such as were consenting to the death of David;" amongst which appear those of John Knox and John Craig, preachers; both being at that time ministers in Edinburgh. Could this list be proved authentic it would settle the matter; but, unluckily for Mr. Tytler's hypothesis, it is attended with such suspicious circumstances as to destroy its credibility. 1. The letter is written in Randolph's hand, but the list is not, being pinned to it as a separate document, and said to be written by a clerk who was at that time employed in this confidential correspondence by Bedford. 2. It does not appear whether the list was pin-

ned to the letter originally or afterwards, nor is there any proof when or by whom it was attached. 3. While Randolph's second letter, written the same day, gives a list of thirty-one conspirators in which the name of Knox does not appear, and which professes to be the "names of *such as now be gone abroad*,"—the pinned document is endorsed in the hand of Cecil's clerk, "names of *such as were consenting to the death of David*," a discrepancy which is rather remarkable, and throws doubts on the trustworthiness of the whole document. 4. A note appended to the pinned list says of the persons named, that "their houses are taken and spoiled," a fact which cannot apply to Knox, as we find it nowhere stated that his house was taken and spoiled. Within ten days after the murder, violence was done by the military to many houses in Edinburgh, and all "who had absented themselves" were denounced rebels, and had their effects confiscated. If Knox had been among the number, his name was sufficiently notorious to have caused the fact to become publicly known; and his enemies, the Papists, would have been delighted to receive so authentic a corroboration of the report which they were propagating that the deed was committed at the instigation of the Protestant clergy. On the other hand, when the queen was induced to grant a pardon to those who had been banished for the murder, this act of grace included Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, and seventy-six other persons. Had Knox been among those to whom the royal mercy was extended, we may rest assured that the Protestant party would have hailed the circumstance as a complete and triumphant exoneration of their great champion. This silence of friends and foes may be taken as an undeniable proof of the Reformer's innocence.

With regard to Knox's flight from Edinburgh, that can be shown to have arisen from causes totally unconnected with the murder of Rizzio; but it will be enough to state one fact. If Knox was implicated, so was Craig, for both their names are on the pinned list, yet the latter did not flee, but remained in the metropolis; and so far from betraying guilt or fear, he boldly condemned the Romish idolatry from the pulpit; and when ordered to proclaim the bands between Mary and Bothwell, her husband's murderer, he denounced the marriage as a union "odious and slanderous to the world—a union against all reason and good conscience." This certainly was not the conduct of a man whose conscience

told him he had participated in an act which exposed him to the peculiar vengeance of the queen.

On the whole, from all these circumstances—from the suspicious character of the pinned list—from the total silence of all other contemporary documents yet brought to light—from the satisfactory explanation of Knox's retirement from Edinburgh—and from the unblemished reputation which he continued to maintain touching that event, even among his enemies, it may fairly be concluded that some stronger proofs are required to convince the world of Knox's implication in Rizzio's murder, than this anonymous fragment of stray paper, which, however, forms the basis of the whole structure of Mr. Tytler's charge. Except this pinned document, there is not another particle of direct evidence within the whole compass of Scottish history, or in the State Paper office, or in any other repositories hitherto discovered. All other proofs consist of mere assumptions, and inferences drawn from the Reformer's actions, or from obscure and figurative expressions in his writings. Having settled this controversy, we trust to the reader's conviction, we shall now give Mr. Tytler's narrative of Rizzio's assassination—a frightful picture of the times:

"Elizabeth knew all that was about to occur: the life of Rizzio, the liberty—perhaps, too, the life—of Mary was in her hands; Moray was at her court; the conspirators were at her devotion; they had given the fullest information to Randolph, that he might consult the queen: she might have imprisoned Moray, discomfited the plans of the conspirators, saved the life of the miserable victim who was marked for slaughter, and preserved Mary, to whom she professed a warm attachment, from captivity. All this might have been done,—perhaps it is not too much to say, that, even in these dark times, it would have been done,—by a monarch acutely alive to the common feelings of humanity. But Elizabeth adopted a very different course: she not only allowed Moray to leave her realm, she dismissed him with marks of the highest confidence and distinction; and this baron, when ready to set out for Scotland to take his part in those dark transactions which soon after followed, sent his secretary Wood to acquaint Cecil with the most secret intentions of the conspirators.

"While these terrible designs were in preparation against her, some hints of approaching danger were conveyed to the Scottish queen; but she imprudently disregarded them. Rizzio, too, received a mysterious caution from Damiot, an astrologer, whom he used to consult, and who bade him beware of the bastard, evidently alluding to George Douglas, the natural son of the Earl of Angus, and one of the chief conspirators; but he imagined that he pointed at Moray, then in banishment, and derided his ap-

prehensions. Meantime every thing was in readiness; a large concourse of the friends of the Reformed Church assembled at Edinburgh for the week of fasting and humiliation: directions for prayer and sermons had been previously drawn up by Knox and the ministers, and the subjects chosen were such as seemed calculated to prepare the public mind for resistance, violence, and bloodshed. They were selected from the Old Testament alone, and included, among other examples, the saying of Oreb and Zeeb, the cutting off the Benjamites, the fast of Esther, the hanging of Haman, inculcating the duty of inflicting swift and summary vengeance on all who persecuted the people of God.

"On the 3rd of March the fast commenced in the capital, and on the 4th parliament assembled. It was opened by the queen in person, and the lords of the Articles having been chosen, the statute of treason and forfeiture against Moray and the banished lords was prepared. This was on a Thursday; and on Tuesday, in the following week, the act was to be passed; but it was fearfully arrested in its progress.

"On Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, when it was dark, the Earls of Morton and Lindsay, with a hundred and fifty men bearing torches and weapons, occupied the court of the palace of Holyrood, seized the gates without resistance, and closed them against all but their own friends. At this moment Mary was at supper in a small closet or cabinet, which entered from her bedchamber. She was attended by the Countess of Argyle, the Commendator of Holyrood, Beaton, master of the household, Arthur Erskine, captain of the guard, and her secretary, Rizzio. The bedchamber communicated by a secret turnpike-stair with the king's apartment below, to which the conspirators had been admitted; and Darnley, ascending this stair, threw up the arras which concealed its opening in the wall, entered the little apartment where Mary sat, and, casting his arms fondly round her waist, seated himself beside her at table. A minute had scarcely passed when Ruthven, clad in complete armor, abruptly broke in. This man had just risen from a sick-bed, his features were sunk and pale from disease, his voice hollow, and his whole appearance haggard and terrible. Mary, who was now seven months gone with child, started up in terror, commanding him to be gone; but, ere the words were uttered, torches gleamed in the outer room, a confused noise of voices and weapons was heard, and the next moment George Douglas, Car of Faudonside, and other conspirators, rushed into the closet. Ruthven now drew his dagger, and calling out that their business was with Rizzio, made an effort to seize him; while this miserable victim, springing behind the queen, clung by her gown, and in his broken language called out, 'Giustizia. Giustizia! sauve ma vie; Madame, sauve ma vie!' All was now uproar and confusion; and though Mary earnestly implored them to have mercy, they were deaf to her entreaties: the tables and lights were thrown down, Rizzio was stabbed by Douglas over the queen's shoulder; Car of Faudonside, one of the most

ferocious of the conspirators, held a pistol to her breast, and, whilst she shrieked with terror, their bleeding victim was torn from her knees, and dragged, amidst shouts and execrations, through the queen's bedroom to the entrance of the presence chamber. Here Morton and his men rushed upon him, and buried their daggers in his body. So eager and reckless were they in their ferocity, that, in the struggle to get at him, they wounded one another; nor did they think the work complete till the body was mangled by fifty-six wounds, and left in a pool of blood, with the king's dagger sticking in it, to show, as was afterwards alleged, that he had sanctioned the murder.

"Nothing can more strongly show the ferocious manners of the times than an incident which now occurred. Ruthven, faint from sickness, and reeking from the scene of blood, staggered into the queen's cabinet, where Mary still stood distracted and in terror of her life. Here he threw himself upon a seat, called for a cup of wine, and being reproached for the cruelty of his conduct, not only vindicated himself and his associates, but plunged a new dagger into the heart of the unhappy queen, by declaring that her husband had advised the whole. She was then ignorant of the completion of the murder, but suddenly one of her ladies rushed into the room and cried out that their victim was slain. 'And is it so?' said Mary; 'then farewell tears, we must now think of revenge.'

"Having finished the first act of this tragedy, the conspirators proceeded to follow out their preconcerted measures. The queen was kept a prisoner in her apartment, and strictly guarded. The king, assuming the sole power, addressed his royal letters, dissolving the parliament, and commanding the Estates to leave the capital within three hours on pain of treason; orders were despatched to the magistrates, enjoining them with their city force to keep a vigilant watch, and suffer none but Protestants to leave their houses; and to Morton, the chancellor, with his armed retainers, was intrusted the guarding the gates of the palace, with strict injunction that none should escape from it."

The Rizzio tragedy was followed soon after by the murder of Darnley, the captivity of Mary in Lochleven Castle, the abdication of the crown in favor of the infant prince, and all the subsequent intrigues and turmoils of four Regencies. It is painful to dwell on the atrocities of these times. That age has been distinguished as the era of the great Reformation in religion; but unquestionably it was an era eminent for its unprincipled statesmen, its dishonest policy, its disregard of character, its disgusting tyranny, and its savage inhumanity. From the death of James V., in 1542, to the conclusion of the civil war, in 1572, the history of Scotland is a war of parties, a struggle between factions; and there is scarcely a single event in it of any importance that has not been controverted, or

distorted, to suit the peculiar views of the antagonists or the defenders of the Queen of Scots. In these intrigues Mr. Tytler has shown Elizabeth to have been an active agent, cunning and unscrupulous; and he has drawn her character in colors somewhat darker than any of his predecessors have ventured to do. We do not intend, however, to enter upon any discussion of these transactions, which are generally known, and to expatiate upon them here would only be a needless reiteration, without pleasure and without profit. In what has been written we have had chiefly in view to bring under public notice such portions of Mr. Tytler's "History" as have derived authenticity or elucidation from his discoveries in searching out materials. We might have adduced more examples from his latter volumes of his success in removing doubts and adding fresh illustrations;—for instance, the plot of the English queen for having Mary put to death in Scotland;—but the details would require more space than their interest would warrant, and than we can afford to bestow. As a fitting conclusion to a retrospect of these calamitous times, we shall give Mr. Tytler's very graphic description of the trial and execution of Mary.

"The privy council, meanwhile, had determined to take the responsibility of sending off the warrant for the execution upon themselves; and, for this purpose, intrusted it to Beal, the clerk of the council; who, on the evening of Saturday, the 4th of February, arrived with it at the seat of the Earl of Kent; and next day, being Sunday, proceeded to Fotheringay and communicated it to Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drew Drury. Intelligence was then sent to the Earl of Shrewsbury, Grand Marshal of England, who lived at no great distance from Fotheringay; and, on Tuesday morning, the 7th of February, this nobleman and the Earl of Kent came to the castle with several persons who were to give directions, or to be employed in the approaching tragedy. For some days before this, Mary's servants had suspected the worst; but the preparations which now took place, and the arrival of so many strangers, threw them into despair. On Tuesday, after dinner, at two o'clock, the two earls demanded an audience of the Queen of Scots, who sent word that she was indisposed and in bed; but if the matter were of consequence, she would rise and receive them. On their reply that it could brook no delay, they were admitted after a short interval; and Kent and Shrewsbury coming into the apartment, with Paulet, Drury, and Beal, found her seated at the bottom of her bed, her usual place, with her small work-table before her. Near her stood her physician, Burgoin, and her women. When the earls uncovered, she received them with her usual tranquil grace; and

Shrewsbury, in few words, informed her that his royal mistress, Elizabeth, being overcome by the importunity of her subjects, had given orders for her execution; for which she would now be pleased to hear the warrant. Beal then read the commission, to which she listened unmoved and without interrupting him. On its conclusion, she bowed her head, and, making the sign of the cross, thanked her gracious God that this welcome news had, at last, come; declaring how happy she should be to leave a world where she was of no use, and had suffered such continued affliction. She assured the lords that she regarded it as a signal happiness that God had sent her death at this moment, after so many evils and sorrows endured for his Holy Catholic Church: 'That Church,' she continued, with great fervor of expression, 'for which I have been ready, as I have often testified, to lay down my life, and to shed my blood drop by drop. Alas,' she continued, 'I did not think myself worthy of so happy a death as this; but I acknowledge it as a sign of the love of God, and humbly receive it as an earnest of my reception into the number of his servants. Long have I doubted and speculated for these eighteen or nineteen years, from day to day, upon all that was about to happen to me. Often have I thought on the manner in which the English have acted to imprison princes; and, after my frequent escapes from such snares as have been laid for me, I have scarce ventured to hope for such a blessed end as this.' She then spoke of her high rank, which had so little defended her from cruelty and injustice; born a queen, the daughter of a king, the near relative of the Queen of England, the grand-daughter of Henry VII., once Queen of France, and still Queen-dowager of that kingdom; and yet what had all this availed her? She had loved England; she had desired its prosperity, as the next heir to that crown; and, as far as was permitted to a good Catholic, had labored for its welfare. She had earnestly longed for the love and friendship of her good sister, the queen; had often informed her of coming dangers; had cherished, as the dearest wish of her heart, that for once she should meet her in person, and speak with her in confidence; being well assured that, had this ever happened, there would have been an end of all jealousies and dissensions. But all had been refused her; her enemies, who still lived and acted for their own interests, had kept them asunder. She had been treated with ignominy and injustice; imprisoned contrary to all faith and treaties; kept a captive for nineteen years; 'and, at last,' said she, laying her hand upon the New Testament which was on her table, 'condemned by a tribunal which had no power over me, for a crime of which I here solemnly declare I am innocent. I have neither invented, nor consented to, nor pursued any conspiracy for the death of the Queen of England.' The Earl of Kent here hastily interrupted her, declaring that the translation of the Scriptures on which she had sworn was false, and the Roman Catholic version, which invalidated her oath. 'It is the translation in which I believe,' answered Mary, 'as the version of our Holy Church. Does your lordship think my oath

would be better if I swore on your translation, which I disbelieve?"

"She then entreated to be allowed the services of her priest and almoner, who was in the castle, but had not been permitted to see her since her removal from Chartley. He would assist her, she said, in her preparations for death, and administer that spiritual consolation, which it would be sinful to receive from any one of a different faith. To the disgrace of the noblemen, the request was refused; nor was this to be attributed to any cruelty in Elizabeth, who had given no instructions upon the subject; but to the intolerant bigotry of the Earl of Kent, who, in a long theological discourse, attempted to convert her to his own opinions; offering her, in the place of her confessor, the services of the Protestant Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Fletcher, whom they had brought with them. Mary expressed her astonishment at this last unexpected stroke of cruelty; but bore it meekly, as she had done all the rest, although she peremptorily declined all assistance from the dean. She then inquired what time she should die; and the earls having answered 'To-morrow, at eight in the morning,' made their obeisance, and left the room. On their departure she called her women, and bade them hasten supper, that she might have time to arrange her affairs. Nothing could be more natural, or rather playful, than her manner at this moment. 'Come, come,' said she, 'Jane Kennedy, cease weeping, and be busy. Did I not warn you, my children, that it would come to this? and now, blessed be God! it has come; and fear and sorrow are at an end. Weep not, then, nor lament, but rejoice rather that you see your poor mistress so near the end of all her troubles. Dry your eyes, then, and let us pray together.'

"Her men-servants, who were in tears, then left the room, and Mary passed some time in devotion with her ladies. After which she occupied herself in counting the money which still remained in her cabinet; dividing it into separate sums, which she intended for her servants; and then putting each sum into a little purse with a slip of paper, on which she wrote, with her own hand, the name of the person for whom it was destined. Supper was next brought in, of which she partook sparingly, as was usual with her; conversing from time to time with Burgoin, her physician, who served her; and sometimes falling into a reverie, during which it was remarked that a sweet smile, as if she had heard some good news, would pass over her features, lighting them up with an expression of animated joy, which, much changed as she was by sorrow and ill health, recalled to her poor servants her days of beauty. It was with one of these looks that, turning to her physician, she said, 'Did you remark, Burgoin, what that Earl of Kent said in his talk with me; that my life would have been the death, as my death would be the life of that religion? Oh, how glad am I at that speech! Here comes the truth at last, and I pray you remark it. They told me I was to die, because I had plotted against the queen; but then arrives this Kent, whom they sent hither to convert me, and what says he? I am to die for my religion.'

"After supper she called for her ladies, and asking for a cup of wine, drank to them all, begging them to pledge her; which they did on their knees, mingling their tears in the cup, and asking her forgiveness if they had ever offended her. This she readily gave them, bidding them farewell with much tenderness, entreating in her turn their pardon, and solemnly enjoining them to continue firm in their religion, and forget all their little jealousies, living in peace and love with each other. It would be easier to do so now, she added, since Nau, who had been so busy in creating dissensions, was no longer with them. This was the only subject on which she felt and expressed herself with something like keenness; repeating more than once, that he was the cause of her death, but adding that she forgave him. She next examined her wardrobe, and selected various dresses as presents to her servants, delivering them at the moment, with some kind expression to each. She then wrote to her almoner, lamenting that the cruelty of her enemies had refused her the consolation of his presence with her in her last moments, imploring him to watch and pray with her that night, and to send her his absolution. After this she made her will; and lastly, wrote to the King of France. By this time it was two in the morning, and finding herself fatigued, she lay down, having first washed her feet, whilst her women watched and read at her bedside. They observed that, though quite still and tranquil, she was not asleep, her lips moving, as if engaged in secret prayer. It was her custom to have her women read to her at night a portion of the 'Lives of the Saints,' a book she loved much; and this last night she would not omit it, but made Jane Kennedy choose a portion, for their usual devotions. She selected the life entitled the 'Good Thief,' which treats of that beautiful and affecting example of dying faith and divine compassion. 'Alas!' said Mary, 'he was indeed a very great sinner, but not so great as I am. May my Saviour, in memory of His Passion, have mercy on me, as He had on him, at the hour of death.' At this moment she recollected that she would require a handkerchief to bind her eyes at her execution; and bidding them bring her several, she selected one of the finest, which was embroidered with gold, laying it carefully aside. Early in the morning she rose, observing that now she had but two hours to live; and having finished her toilet she came into her oratory, and kneeling with her women before the altar, where they usually said mass, continued long in prayer. Her physician then, afraid of her being exhausted, begged her to take a little bread and wine; which she did cheerfully, thanking him, at the same time, for giving her her last meal.

"A knock was now heard at the door, and a messenger came to say that the lords waited for her. She begged to be allowed a short time to conclude her devotions. Soon after, a second summons arriving, the door was opened, and the sheriff alone, with his white wand, walked into the room, proceeded to the altar, where the queen still knelt, and informed her that all was ready. She then rose, saying simply, 'Let us go;' and Burgoin, her physician, who assisted her to rise from her knees, asking her at this

moment whether she would not wish to take with her the little cross and ivory crucifix which lay on the altar, she said, 'Oh yes, yes; it was my intention to have done so: many, many thanks for putting me in mind!' She then received it, kissed it, and desired Annibal, one of her suite, to carry it before her. The sheriff, walking first, now conducted her to the door of the apartment; on reaching which, her servants, who had followed her thus far, were informed that they must now turn back, as a command had been given that they should not accompany their mistress to the scaffold. This stern and unnecessary order was received by them with loud remonstrances and tears; but Mary only observed, that it was hard not to suffer her poor servants to be present at her death. She then took the crucifix in her hand, and bade them affectionately adieu; whilst they clung in tears to her robe, kissed her hand, and were with difficulty torn from her, and locked up in the apartment. The queen, after this, proceeded alone down the great staircase, at the foot of which she was received by the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, who were struck with the perfect tranquility and unaffected grace with which she met them. She was dressed in black satin, matronly, but richly; and with more studied care than she was commonly accustomed to bestow. She wore a long veil of white crape, and her usual high Italian ruff; an Agnus Dei was suspended by a pomander chain round her neck, and her beads of gold hung at her girdle. At the bottom of the staircase she found Sir Andrew Melvil, her old affectionate servant, and master of her household, waiting to take his last farewell. On seeing her, he flung himself on his knees at her feet, and bitterly lamented it should have fallen on him to carry to Scotland the heart-rending news of his dear mistress's death. 'Weep not, my good Melvil,' said she, 'but rather rejoice that an end has at last come to the sorrows of Mary Stuart. And carry this news with thee, that I die firm in my religion, true to Scotland, true to France. May God, who can alone judge the thoughts and actions of men, forgive those who have thirsted for my blood! He knows my heart; he knows my desire hath ever been, that Scotland and England should be united. Remember me to my son,' she added; 'tell him I have done nothing that may prejudice his kingdom of Scotland. And now, good Melvil, my most faithful servant, once more I bid thee farewell.' She then earnestly entreated that her women might still be permitted to be with her at her death; but the Earl of Kent peremptorily refused, alleging that they would only disturb every thing by their lamentations, and be guilty of something scandalous and superstitious; probably dipping their handkerchiefs in her blood. 'Alas, poor souls!' said Mary, 'I will give my word and promise they will do none of these things. It would do them good to bid me farewell; and I hope your mistress, who is a maiden queen, hath not given you so strait a commission. She might grant me more than this, were I a far meaner person. And yet, my lords, you know I am cousin to your queen, descended from the blood of Henry the Seventh, a married queen of France, and an

anointed queen of Scotland. Surely, surely they will not deny me this last little request: my poor girls wish only to see me die.' As she said this, a few tears were observed to fall, for the first time; and, after some consultation, she was permitted to have two of her ladies and four of her gentlemen beside her. She then immediately chose Burgoin her physician, her almoner, surgeon, and apothecary, with Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle. Followed by them, and by Melvil bearing her train, she entered the great hall, and walked to the scaffold, which had been erected at its upper end. It was a raised platform, about two feet in height, and twelve broad, surrounded by a rail, and covered with black. Upon it were placed a low chair and cushion, two other seats, and the block. The queen regarded it without the least change of countenance, cheerfully mounted the steps, and sat down with the same easy grace and dignity with which she would have occupied her throne. On her right were seated the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, on her left stood the Sheriffs, and before her the two executioners. The Earl of Kent, the Dean of Peterborough, Sir Amias Paulet, Sir Drew Drury, Beal, the Clerk of the Privy-council, and others, stood beside the scaffold; and these, with the guards, officers, attendants, and some of the neighboring gentry, who had been permitted to be present, made up an assembly of about two hundred in all. Beal then read the warrant for her death, which she heard with apparent attention; but those near her could see, by the sweet and absent expression of her countenance, that her thoughts were afar off.

"When it was finished, she crossed herself, and addressed a few words to the persons round the scaffold. She spoke of her rights as a sovereign princess, which had been invaded and trampled on, and of her long sorrows and imprisonment; but expressed the deepest thankfulness to God that, being about to die for her religion, she was permitted, before this company, to testify that she died a Catholic, and innocent of having invented any plot, or consented to any practices against the queen's life. 'I will here,' said she, 'in my last moments, accuse no one; but when I am gone much will be discovered that is now hid, and the objects of those who have procured my death be more clearly disclosed to the world.'

"Fletcher, the Dean of Peterborough, now came up upon the scaffold, and, with the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, made an ineffectual attempt to engage Mary in their devotions; but she repelled all their offers, at first mildly and afterwards, when they insisted on her joining with them in prayer, in more peremptory terms. It was at this moment that Kent, in the excess of his Puritanism, observing her intensely regarding the crucifix, bade her renounce such antiquated superstitions: 'Madam,' said he, 'that image of Christ serves to little purpose, if you have him not engraved upon your heart.'—'Ah,' said Mary, 'there is nothing more becoming a dying Christian than to carry in his hands this remembrance of his redemption. How impossible is it to have such an object in our hands and keep the heart unmoved!'

"The Dean of Peterborough then prayed in English, being joined by the noblemen and gentlemen who were present; whilst Mary, kneeling apart, repeated portions of the Penitential Psalms in Latin, and afterwards continued her prayers aloud in English. By this time, the dean having concluded, there was a deep silence, so that every word was heard. Amid this stillness she recommended to God his afflicted Church, her son the King of Scotland, and Queen Elizabeth. She declared that her whole hope rested on her Saviour; and, although she confessed that she was a great sinner, she humbly trusted that the blood of that Immaculate Lamb which had been shed for all sinners would wash all her guilt away. She then invoked the blessed Virgin and all the saints, imploring them to grant her their prayers with God: and finally declared that she forgave all her enemies. It was impossible for any one to behold her at this moment without being deeply affected; on her knees, her hands clasped together and raised to Heaven, an expression of adoration and divine serenity lighting up her features, and upon her lips the words of forgiveness to her persecutors. As she finished her devotions she kissed the crucifix, and making the sign of the cross, exclaimed in a clear, sweet voice, 'As thine arms, O my God, were spread out upon the cross, so receive me within the arms of thy mercy: extend thy pity, and forgive my sins!'

"She then cheerfully suffered herself to be undressed by her two women, Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, and gently admonished them not to distress her by their tears and lamentations: putting her finger on her lips, and bidding them remember that she had promised for them. On seeing the executioner come up to offer his assistance she smiled, and playfully said she had neither been used to such grooms of the chamber, nor to undress before so many people. When all was ready she kissed her two women, and giving them her last blessing, desired them to leave her, one of them having first bound her eyes with the handkerchief which she had chosen for the purpose. She then sat down, and clasping her hands together, held her neck firm and erect, expecting that she was to be beheaded in the French fashion, with a sword, and in a sitting attitude. Those who were present, and knew not of this misconception, wondered at this; and, in the pause, Mary, still waiting for the blow, repeated the psalm, 'In thee, O Lord, have I trusted: let me never be put to confusion.' On being made aware of her mistake she instantly knelt down, and, groping with her hands for the block, laid her neck upon it without the slightest mark of trembling or hesitation. Her last words were, 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.' At this moment the tears and emotions of the spectators had reached their height, and appear, unfortunately, to have shaken the nerves and disturbed the aim of the executioner, so that his first blow was ill-directed, and only wounded his victim. She lay, however, perfectly still, and the next stroke severed the head from the body. The executioner then held the head up, and called aloud, 'God save the Queen!' 'So let all Queen Elizabeth's ene-

mies perish!" was the prayer of the Dean of Peterborough; but the spectators were dissolved in tears, and one deep voice only answered Amen. It came from the Earl of Kent.

"An affecting incident now occurred. On removing the dead body, and the clothes and mantle which lay beside it, Mary's favorite little dog, which had followed its mistress to the scaffold unperceived, was found nestling under them. No entreaty could prevail on it to quit the spot; and it remained lying beside the corpse, and stained in the blood, till forcibly carried away by the attendants." A. C.

THE WOFUL VOICE.

BY MISS SKELTON.

THERE came a voice from a distant land, with a sad lamenting tone—

It told of war, and chains, and death, power lost, and glory gone;

A voice of pain, despair, and woe, a wild and mournful cry—

"Oh, England! mother! weep for us, a bitter death we die!"

"Weary and wounded, faint and few, we fight, and fight in vain;

We die, and leave our bones to strew this desert's icy plain,

And to thee the memory of our blood, and our distant tomb to be

An altar and a fitting shrine for a vengeance worthy thee."

And England heard that woful voice, and bow'd her queenly head,

And there went a wail round her sacred shores, a mourning for the dead;

For many a happy heart was chill'd, and many a hope laid low,

And many a warm affection sleeps with them beneath the snow.

And England wept—well may she weep—yet doth she weep in vain;

Not all her tears, her blood, her wealth, can bring back life again,

Or change that note of utter grief, or hush that voice of shame,

Which tells of chains and bitter death, defeat, and tarnished fame.

There came a voice from a distant land, a wild and mournful cry—

"Oh, England! mother! weep for us, a bitter death we die!"

And we leave to thee our desert tomb, a fitting shrine to be

For a vengeance meet for such fate as ours, a vengeance worthy thee!

"Oh, England! mourn thy fallen sons; oh! gallant hearts and brave,

Mourn hearts as gallant and as true—mourn, for ye could not save;

And let their distant, desert tomb, a deathless altar be

To vengeance worthy wrongs like theirs, to vengeance worthy ye!"

Ainsworth's Magazine.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ADDISON.

From the Edinburgh Review.

The Life of Joseph Addison. By LUCY AIKIN. Two volumes. 8vo. London: 1843.

SOME reviewers are of opinion that a lady who dares to publish a book renounces by that act the franchises appertaining to her sex, and can claim no exemption from the utmost rigor of critical procedure. From that opinion we dissent. We admit, indeed, that in a country which boasts of many female writers, eminently qualified by their talents and acquirements to influence the public mind, it would be of most pernicious consequence that inaccurate history or unsound philosophy should be suffered to pass uncensured, merely because the offender chanced to be a lady. But we conceive that, on such occasions, a critic would do well to imitate that courteous Knight who found himself compelled by duty to keep the Lists against Bradamante. He, we are told, defended successfully the cause of which he was the champion; but, before the fight began, exchanged Balisarda for a less deadly sword, of which he carefully blunted the point and edge.*

Nor are the immunities of sex the only immunities which Miss Aikin may rightfully plead. Several of her works, and especially the very pleasing *Memoirs of the Reign of James the First*, have fully entitled her to the privileges enjoyed by good writers. One of those privileges we hold to be this, that such writers, when, either from the unlucky choice of a subject, or from the indolence too often produced by success, they happen to fail, shall not be subjected to the severe discipline which it is sometimes necessary to inflict upon dunces and impostors; but shall merely be reminded by a gentle touch, like that with which the Laputan flapper roused his dreaming lord, that it is high time to wake.

Our readers will probably infer from what we have said that Miss Aikin's book has disappointed us. The truth is, that she is not well acquainted with her subject. No person who is not familiar with the political and literary history of England during the reigns of William III., of Anne, and of George I., can possibly write a good life of Addison. Now, we mean no reproach to Miss Aikin, and many will think that we pay her a compliment, when we say that her studies have taken a different

direction. She is better acquainted with Shakspeare and Raleigh, than with Congreve and Prior; and is far more at home among the ruffs and peaked beards of Theobald's, than among the Steenkirks and flowing periwigs which surrounded Queen Anne's tea-table at Hampton. She seems to have written about the Elizabethan age, because she had read much about it; she seems, on the other hand, to have read a little about the age of Addison, because she had determined to write about it. The consequence is, that she has had to describe men and things without having either a correct or a vivid idea of them, and that she has often fallen into errors of a very serious kind. Some of these errors we may perhaps take occasion to point out. But we have not time to point out one half of those which we have observed; and it is but too likely that we may not have observed all those which exist. The reputation which Miss Aikin has justly earned stands so high, and the charm of Addison's letters is so great, that a second edition of this work may probably be required. If so, we hope that every paragraph will be revised, and that every date and statement of fact about which there can be the smallest doubt will be carefully verified.

To Addison himself we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be, which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey. We trust, however, that this feeling will not betray us into that abject idolatry which we have often had occasion to reprehend in others, and which seldom fails to make both the idolater and the idol ridiculous. A man of genius and virtue is but a man. All his powers cannot be equally developed; nor can we expect from him perfect self-knowledge. We need not, therefore, hesitate to admit that Addison has left us some compositions which do not rise above mediocrity, some heroic poems hardly equal to Parnell's, some criticism as superficial as Dr. Blair's, and a tragedy not very much better than Dr. Johnson's. It is praise enough to say of a writer, that, in a high department of literature, in which many eminent writers have distinguished themselves, he has had no equal; and this may with strict justice be said of Addison.

As a man, he may not have deserved the adoration which he received from those who, bewitched by his fascinating society, and indebted for all the comforts of life to his generous and delicate friendship, wor-

* *Orlando Furioso*, xlv. 63.

shipped him nightly, in his favorite temple at Button's. But, after full inquiry and impartial reflection, we have long been convinced, that he deserved as much love and esteem as can be justly claimed by any of our infirm and erring race. Some blemishes may undoubtedly be detected in his character; but the more carefully it is examined, the more will it appear, to use the phrase of the old anatomists, sound in the noble parts—free from all taint of perfidy, of cowardice, of cruelty, of ingratitude, of envy. Men may easily be named, in whom some particular good disposition has been more conspicuous than in Addison. But the just harmony of qualities, the exact temper between the stern and the humane virtues, the habitual observance of every law, not only of moral rectitude, but of moral grace and dignity, distinguish him from all men who have been tried by equally strong temptations, and about whose conduct we possess equally full information.

His father was the Reverend Lancelot Addison, who, though eclipsed by his more celebrated son, made some figure in the world, and occupies with credit two folio pages in the "Biographia Britannica." Lancelot was sent up, as a poor scholar, from Westmoreland to Queen's College, Oxford, in the time of the Commonwealth; made some progress in learning; became, like most of his fellow-students, a violent Royalist; lampooned the heads of the university, and was forced to ask pardon on his bended knees. When he had left college, he earned a humble subsistence by reading the liturgy of the fallen Church, to the families of those sturdy squires whose manor-houses were scattered over the Wild of Sussex. After the Restoration, his loyalty was rewarded with the post of chaplain to the garrison of Dunkirk. When Dunkirk was sold to France, he lost his employment. But Tangier had been ceded by Portugal to England as part of the marriage-portion of the Infanta Catharine; and to Tangier Lancelot Addison was sent. A more miserable situation can hardly be conceived. It was difficult to say whether the unfortunate settlers were more tormented by the heats or by the rains; by the soldiers within the wall or by the Moors without it. One advantage the chaplain had. He enjoyed an excellent opportunity of studying the history and manners of Jews and Mahomedans; and of this opportunity he appears to have made excellent use. On his return to England, after some years of banishment, he published an

interesting volume on the Polity and Religion of Barbary; and another on the Hebrew Customs, and the State of Rabbinical Learning. He rose to eminence in his profession, and became one of the royal chaplains, a doctor of divinity, archdeacon of Salisbury, and dean of Lichfield. It is said that he would have been made a bishop after the Revolution, if he had not given offence to the Government by strenuously opposing, in the Convocation of 1689, the liberal policy of William and Tillotson.

In 1672, not long after Dr. Addison's return from Tangier, his son Joseph was born. Of Joseph's childhood we know little. He learned his rudiments at schools in his father's neighborhood, and was then sent to the Charter House. The anecdotes which are popularly related about his boyish tricks, do not harmonize very well with what we know of his riper years. There remains a tradition that he was the ring-leader in a barring-out; and another tradition that he ran away from school and hid himself in a wood, where he fed on berries and slept in a hollow tree; till after a long search he was discovered and brought home. If these stories be true, it would be curious to know by what moral discipline so mutinous and enterprising a lad was transformed into the gentlest and most modest of men.

We have abundant proof that, whatever Joseph's pranks may have been, he pursued his studies vigorously and successfully. At fifteen he was not only fit for the university, but carried thither a classical taste, and a stock of learning which would have done honor to a Master of Arts. He was entered at Queen's College, Oxford; but he had not been many months there, when some of his Latin verses fell by accident into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, Dean of Magdalene College. The young scholar's diction and versification were already such as veteran professors might envy. Dr. Lancaster was desirous to serve a boy of such promise; nor was an opportunity long wanting. The Revolution had just taken place; and nowhere had it been hailed with more delight than at Magdalene college. That great and opulent corporation had been treated by James, and by his Chancellor, with an insolence and injustice which, even in such a Prince and in such a Minister, may justly excite amazement; and which had done more than even the prosecution of the Bishops to alienate the Church of England from the throne. A president, duly elected, had been violently expelled from his dwelling: a Papist had been set over the

society by a royal mandate: the Fellows who, in conformity with their oaths, refused to submit to this usurper, had been driven forth from their quiet cloisters and gardens, to die of want or to live on charity. But the day of redress and retribution speedily came. The intruders were ejected: the venerable House was again inhabited by its old inmates: learning flourished under the rule of the wise and virtuous Hough; and with learning was united a mild and liberal spirit too often wanting in the Princely Colleges of Oxford. In consequence of the troubles through which the society had passed, there had been no election of new members during the year 1688. In 1689, therefore, there was twice the ordinary number of vacancies; and thus Dr. Lancaster found it easy to procure for his young friend admittance to the advantages of a foundation then generally esteemed the wealthiest in Europe.

At Magdalene, Addison resided during ten years. He was, at first, one of those scholars who are called *demies*; but was subsequently elected a fellow. His college is still proud of his name; his portrait still hangs in the hall; and strangers are still told that his favorite walk was under the elms which fringe the meadows on the banks of the Cherwell. It is said, and is highly probable, that he was distinguished among his fellow-students by the delicacy of his feelings; by the shyness of his manners; and by the assiduity with which he often prolonged his studies far into the night. It is certain that his reputation for ability and learning stood high. Many years later, the ancient Doctors of Magdalene continued to talk in their common room of his boyish compositions, and expressed their sorrow that no copy of exercises so remarkable had been preserved.

It is proper, however, to remark, that Miss Aikin has committed the error, very pardonable in a lady, of overrating Addison's classical attainments. In one department of learning, indeed, his proficiency was such as it is hardly possible to overrate. His knowledge of the Latin poets, from Lucretius and Catullus down to Claudian and Prudentius, was singularly exact and profound. He understood them thoroughly, entered into their spirit, and had the finest and most discriminating perception of all their peculiarities of style and melody; nay, he copied their manner with admirable skill, and surpassed, we think, all their British imitators who had preceded him, Buchanan and Milton alone excepted. This is

high praise; and beyond this we cannot with justice go. It is clear that Addison's serious attention, during his residence at the university, was almost entirely concentrated on Latin poetry; and that, if he did not wholly neglect other provinces of ancient literature, he vouchsafed to them only a cursory glance. He does not appear to have attained more than an ordinary acquaintance with the political and moral writers of Rome; nor was his own Latin prose by any means equal to his Latin verse. His knowledge of Greek, though doubtless such as was, in his time, thought respectable at Oxford, was evidently less than that which many lads now carry away every year from Eton and Rugby. A minute examination of his works, if we had time to make such an examination, would fully bear out these remarks. We will briefly advert to a few of the facts on which our judgment is grounded.

Great praise is due to the Notes which Addison appended to his version of the second and third books of the *Metamorphoses*. Yet those notes, while they show him to have been, in his own domain, an accomplished scholar, show also how confined that domain was. They are rich in apposite references to Virgil, Statius, and Claudian; but they contain not a single illustration drawn from the Greek poets. Now, if, in the whole compass of Latin literature, there be a passage which stands in need of illustration drawn from the Greek poets, it is the story of Pentheus in the third book of the *Metamorphoses*. Ovid was indebted for that story to Euripides and Theocritus, both of whom he has sometimes followed minutely. But neither to Euripides nor to Theocritus does Addison make the faintest allusion; and we, therefore, believe that we do not wrong him by supposing that he had little or no knowledge of their works.

His travels in Italy, again, abound with classical quotations, happily introduced: but his quotations, with scarcely a single exception, are taken from Latin verse. He draws more illustrations from Ansonius and Manilius than from Cicero. Even his notions of the political and military affairs of the Romans seem to be derived from poets and poetasters. Spots made memorable by events which have changed the destinies of the world, and have been worthily recorded by great historians, bring to his mind only scraps of some ancient Pye or Hayley. In the gorge of the Apennines he naturally remembers the hardships which Hannibal's army endured, and proceeds to cite, not the authentic nar-

native of Polybius, not the picturesque narrative of Livy, but the languid hexameters of Silius Italicus. On the banks of the Rubicon he never thinks of Plutarch's lively description; or of the stern conciseness of the Commentaries; or of those letters to Atticus which so forcibly express the alternations of hope and fear in a sensitive mind at a great crisis. His only authority for the events of the civil war is Lucan.

All the best ancient works of art at Rome and Florence are Greek. Addison saw them, however, without recalling one single verse of Pindar, of Callimachus, or of the Attic dramatists; but they brought to his recollection innumerable passages in Horace, Juvenal, Statius, and Ovid.

The same may be said of the "Treatise on Medals." In that pleasing work we find about three hundred passages extracted with great judgment from the Roman poets; but we do not recollect a single passage taken from any Roman orator or historian; and we are confident that not a line is quoted from any Greek writer. No person who had derived all his information on the subject of medals from Addison, would suspect that the Greek coins were in historical interest equal, and in beauty of execution far superior to those of Rome.

If it were necessary to find any further proof that Addison's classical knowledge was confined within narrow limits, that proof would be furnished by his "Essay on the Evidences of Christianity." The Roman poets throw little or no light on the literary and historical questions which he is under the necessity of examining in that Essay. He is, therefore left completely in the dark; and it is melancholy to see how helplessly he gropes his way from blunder to blunder. He assigns as grounds for his religious belief, stories as absurd as that of the Cock-Lane ghost, and forgeries as rank as Ireland's "Vortigern;" puts faith in the lie about the thundering legion; is convinced that Tiberius moved the senate to admit Jesus among the gods; and pronounces the letter of Agbarus, King of Edessa, to be a record of great authority. Nor were these errors the effects of superstition; for to superstition Addison was by no means prone. The truth is that he was writing about what he did not understand.

Miss Aikin has discovered a letter, from which it appears that, while Addison resided at Oxford, he was one of several writers whom the booksellers engaged to make an English version of Herodotus; and she

infers that he must have been a good Greek scholar. We can allow very little weight to this argument, when we consider that his fellow-laborers were to have been Boyle and Blackmore. Boyle is remembered chiefly as the nominal author of the worst book on Greek history and philology that ever was printed; and this book, bad as it is, Boyle was unable to produce without help. Of Blackmore's attainments in the ancient tongues, it may be sufficient to say that, in his prose, he has confounded an aphorism with an apophthegm, and that when, in his verse, he treats of classical subjects, his habit is to regale his readers with four false quantities to a page!

It is probable that the classical acquirements of Addison were of as much service to him as if they had been more extensive. The world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else even attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well. Bentley was so immeasurably superior to all the other scholars of his time that very few among them could discover his superiority. But the accomplishment in which Addison excelled his contemporaries was then, as it is now, highly valued and assiduously cultivated at all English seats of learning. Every body who had been at a public school had written Latin verses; many had written such verses with tolerable success; and were quite able to appreciate, though by no means able to rival, the skill with which Addison imitated Virgil. His lines on the Barometer, and the Bowling-Green, were applauded by hundreds, to whom the 'Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris' was as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics on an obelisk.

Purity of style, and an easy flow of numbers, are common to all Addison's Latin poems. Our favorite piece is the Battle of the Cranes and Pygmies; for in that piece we discern a gleam of the fancy and humor which many years later enlivened thousands of breakfast tables. Swift boasted that he was never known to steal a hint; and he certainly owed as little to his predecessors as any modern writer. Yet we cannot help suspecting that he borrowed, perhaps unconsciously, one of the happiest touches in his Voyage to Lilliput from Addison's verses. Let our readers judge.

'The Emperor,' says Gulliver, 'is taller by about the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders.'

About thirty years before Gulliver's

travels appeared, Addison wrote these lines:—

*'Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus,
Incessuque gravis, reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque exsurgit in ulnam.'*

The Latin poems of Addison were greatly and justly admired both at Oxford and Cambridge, before his name had ever been heard by the wits who thronged the coffee-houses round Drury-Lane theatre. In his twenty-second year, he ventured to appear before the public as a writer of English verse. He addressed some complimentary lines to Dryden, who, after many triumphs and many reverses, had at length reached a secure and lonely eminence among the literary men of that age. Dryden appears to have been much gratified by the young scholar's praise; and an interchange of civilities and good offices followed. Addison was probably introduced by Dryden to Congreve, and was certainly presented by Congreve to Charles Montagu, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the Whig party in the House of Commons.

At this time Addison seemed inclined to devote himself to poetry. He published a translation of part of the fourth Georgic, Lines to King William, and other performances of equal value; that is to say, of no value at all. But in those days, the public was in the habit of receiving with applause, pieces which would now have little chance of obtaining the Newdigate prize, or the Seatonian prize. And the reason is obvious. The heroic couplet was then the favorite measure. The art of arranging words in that measure, so that the lines may flow smoothly, that the accents may fall correctly, that the rhymes may strike the ear strongly, and that there may be a pause at the end of every distich, is an art as mechanical as that of mending a kettle, or shoeing a horse: and may be learned by any human being who has sense enough to learn any thing. But, like other mechanical arts, it was gradually improved by means of many experiments and many failures. It was reserved for Pope to discover the trick, to make himself complete master of it, and to teach it to every body else. From the time when his 'Pastorals' appeared, heroic versification became matter of rule and compass; and, before long, all artists were on a level. Hundreds of dunces who never blundered on one happy thought or expression, were able to write reams of couplets which, as far as euphony was concerned, could not be distinguished from

those of Pope himself, and which very clever writers of the reign of Charles the Second—Rochester, for example, or Marvel, or Oldham—would have contemplated with admiring despair.

Ben Jonson was a great man, Hoole a very small man. But Hoole, coming after Pope, had learned how to manufacture decasyllable verses; and poured them forth by thousands and tens of thousands, all as well turned, as smooth, and as like each other, as the blocks which have passed through Mr. Brunell's mill, in the dockyard at Portsmouth. Ben's heroic couplets resemble blocks rudely hewn out by an unpractised hand, with a blunt hatchet. Take as a specimen his translation of a celebrated passage in the *Æneid*:—

*'This child our parent earth, stirred up with spite
Of all the gods, brought forth, and, as some write,
She was last sister of that giant race
That sought to scale Jove's court, right swift of
pace,
And swifter far of wing, a monster vast
And dreadful. Look, how many plumes are
placed
On her huge corpse, so many waking eyes
Stick underneath, and, which may stranger rise
In the report, as many tongues she wears.'*

Compare with these jagged misshapen distichs the neat fabric which Hoole's machine produces in unlimited abundance. We take the first lines on which we open in his version of Tasso. They are neither better nor worse than the rest:—

*'O thou, whoe'er thou art, whose steps are led
By choice or fate, these lonely shores to tread,
No greater wonders east or west can boast
Than yon small island on the pleasing coast.
If e'er thy sight would blissful scenes explore,
The current pass, and seek the further shore.'*

Ever since the time of Pope there has been a glut of lines of this sort; and we are now as little disposed to admire a man for being able to write them, as for being able to write his name. But in the days of William the Third such versification was rare; and a rhymers who had any skill in it passed for a great poet; just as in the dark ages a person who could write his name passed for a great clerk. Accordingly, Duke, Stepney, Granville, Walsh, and others, whose only title to fame was that they said in tolerable metre what might have been as well said in prose, or what was not worth saying at all, were honored with marks of distinction which ought to be reserved for genius. With these Addison must have ranked, if he had not earned true and lasting glory by performances which very little resembled his juvenile poems.

Dryden was now busied with Virgil, and obtained from Addison a critical preface to the *Georgics*. In return for this service, and for other services of the same kind, the veteran poet, in the postscript to the translation of the *Æneid*, complimented his young friend with great liberality, and indeed with more liberality than sincerity. He affected to be afraid that his own performance would not sustain a comparison with the version of the fourth *Georgic*, by 'the most ingenious Mr. Addison, of Oxford.' 'After his bees,' added Dryden, 'my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving.'*

The time had now arrived when it was necessary for Addison to choose a calling. Every thing seemed to point his course towards the clerical profession. His habits were regular, his opinions orthodox. His college had large ecclesiastical preferment in its gift, and boasts that it has given at least one bishop to almost every see in England. Dr. Lancelot Addison held an honorable place in the Church, and had set his heart on seeing his son a clergyman. It is clear, from some expressions in the young man's rhymes, that his intention was to take orders. But Charles Montagu interfered. Montagu had first brought himself into notice by verses, well timed and not contemptibly written, but never, we think, rising above mediocrity. Fortunately for himself, and for his country, he early quitted poetry, in which he could never have attained a rank as high as that of Dorset or Roscommon, and turned his mind to official and parliamentary business. It is written that the ingenious person who undertook to instruct Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia, in the art of flying, ascended an eminence, waved his wings, sprang into the air, and instantly dropped into the lake. But it is added that the wings which were unable to support him through the sky, bore him up effectually as soon as he was in the water. This is no bad type of the fate of Charles Montagu, and of men like him. When he attempted to soar into the regions of poetical invention, he altogether failed; but, as soon as he had descended from his ethereal elevation into a lower and grosser element, his talents instantly raised him above the mass. He became a distinguished financier, debater, courtier, and party leader. He still retained his fondness for the pursuits of his early days; but he showed that fondness, not by

* Miss Aikin makes this compliment altogether unmeaning, by saying that it was paid to a translation of the second *Georgic*, (i. 30.)

wearying the public with his own feeble performances, but by discovering and encouraging literary excellence in others. A crowd of wits and poets, who would easily have vanquished him as a competitor, revered him as a judge and a patron. In his plans for the encouragement of learning, he was cordially supported by the ablest and most virtuous of his colleagues, the Lord Keeper Somers. Though both these great statesmen had a sincere love of letters, it was not solely from a love of letters that they were desirous to enlist youths of high intellectual qualifications in the public service. The Revolution had altered the whole system of government. Before that event, the press had been controlled by censors, and the Parliament had sat only two months in eight years. Now the press was free, and had begun to exercise unprecedented influence on the public mind. Parliament met annually and sat long. The chief power in the State had passed to the House of Commons. At such a conjuncture, it was natural that literary and oratorical talents should rise in value. There was danger that a Government which neglected such talents might be subverted by them. It was, therefore, a profound and enlightened policy which led Montagu and Somers to attach such talents to the Whig party, by the strongest ties both of interest and of gratitude.

It is remarkable that, in a neighboring country, we have recently seen similar effects follow from similar causes. The Revolution of July 1830, established representative government in France. The men of letters instantly rose to the highest importance in the state. At the present moment, most of the persons whom we see at the head both of the Administration and of the Opposition have been Professors, Historians, Journalists, Poets. The influence of the literary class in England, during the generation which followed the Revolution, was great; but by no means so great as it has lately been in France. For, in England, the aristocracy of intellect had to contend with a powerful and deeply rooted aristocracy of a very different kind. France has no Somersets and Shrewsburies to keep down her Addisons and Priors.

It was in the year 1699, when Addison had just completed his twenty-seventh year, that the course of his life was finally determined. Both the great chiefs of the Ministry were kindly disposed towards him. In political opinions he already was, what he continued to be through life, a firm, though a moderate Whig. He had addressed the

most polished and vigorous of his early English lines to Somers; and had dedicated to Montagu a Latin poem, truly Virgilian, both in style and rhythm, on the peace of Ryswick. The wish of the young poet's great friends was, it should seem, to employ him in the service of the crown abroad. But an intimate knowledge of the French language was a qualification indispensable to a diplomatist; and this qualification Addison had not acquired. It was, therefore, thought desirable that he should pass some time on the Continent in preparing himself for official employment. His own means were not such as would enable him to travel; but a pension of £300 a-year was procured for him by the interest of the Lord Keeper. It seems to have been apprehended that some difficulty might be started by the rulers of Magdalene College. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer wrote in the strongest terms to Hough. The State—such was the purport of Montagu's letter—could not, at that time, spare to the Church such a man as Addison. Too many high civil posts were already occupied by adventurers, who, destitute of every liberal art and sentiment, at once pillaged and disgraced the country which they pretended to serve. It had become necessary to recruit for the public service from a very different class, from that class of which Addison was the representative. The close of the Minister's letter was remarkable: 'I am called,' he said, 'an enemy of the Church. But I will never do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it.'

This interference was successful; and, in the summer of 1699, Addison, made a rich man by his pension, and still retaining his fellowship, quitted his beloved Oxford, and set out on his travels. He crossed from Dover to Calais, proceeded to Paris, and was received there with great kindness and politeness by a kinsman of his friend Montagu, Charles Earl of Manchester, who had just been appointed Ambassador to the Court of France. The Countess, a Whig and a toast, was probably as gracious as her lord; for Addison long retained an agreeable recollection of the impression which she at this time made on him, and, in some lively lines written on the glasses of the Kit-Cat club, described the envy which her cheeks, glowing with the genuine bloom of England, had excited among the painted beauties of Versailles.

Louis XIV. was at this time expiating the vices of his youth by a devotion which had no root in reason, and bore no fruit of charity. The servile literature of France

had changed its character to suit the changed character of the prince. No book appeared that had not an air of sanctity. Racine, who was just dead, had passed the close of his life in writing sacred dramas; and Dacier was seeking for the Athanasian mysteries in Plato. Addison described this state of things in a short but lively and graceful letter to Montagu. Another letter, written about the same time to the Lord Keeper, conveyed the strongest assurances of gratitude and attachment. 'The only return I can make to your Lordship,' said Addison, 'will be to apply myself entirely to my business.' With this view he quitted Paris and repaired to Blois; a place where it was supposed that the French language was spoken in its highest purity, and where not a single Englishman could be found. Here he passed some months pleasantly and profitably. Of his way of life at Blois, one of his associates, an Abbé named Philippeaux, gave an account to Joseph Spence. If this account is to be trusted, Addison studied much, mused much, talked little, had fits of absence, and either had no love affairs, or was too discreet to confide them to the Abbé. A man who, even when surrounded by fellow-countrymen and fellow-students, had always been remarkably shy and silent, was not likely to be loquacious in a foreign tongue, and among foreign companions. But it is clear from Addison's letters, some of which were long after published in the 'Guardian,' that, while he appeared to be absorbed in his own meditations, he was really observing French society with that keen and sly, yet not ill-natured side-glance, which was peculiarly his own.

From Blois he returned to Paris; and, having now mastered the French language, found great pleasure in the society of French philosophers and poets. He gave an account, in a letter to Bishop Hough, of two highly interesting conversations, one with Malbranche, the other with Boileau. Malbranche expressed great partiality for the English, and extolled the genius of Newton, but shook his head when Hobbes was mentioned, and was indeed so unjust as to call the author of the 'Leviathan' a poor silly creature. Addison's modesty restrained him from fully relating, in his letter, the circumstances of his introduction to Boileau. Boileau, having survived the friends and rivals of his youth, old, deaf, and melancholy, lived in retirement, seldom went either to Court or to the Academy, and was almost inaccessible to strangers. Of the English and of English literature he

knew nothing. He had hardly heard the name of Dryden. Some of our countrymen, in the warmth of their patriotism, have asserted that this ignorance must have been affected. We own that we see no ground for such a supposition. English literature was to the French of the age of Louis XIV. what German literature was to our own grandfathers. Very few, we suspect, of the accomplished men who, sixty or seventy years ago, used to dine in Leicester Square with Sir Joshua, or at Streatham with Mrs. Thrale, had the slightest notion that Wieland was one of the first wits and poets, and Lessing, beyond all dispute, the first critic in Europe. Boileau knew just as little about the 'Paradise Lost,' and about 'Absalom and Ahitophel;' but he had read Addison's Latin poems, and admired them greatly. They had given him, he said, quite a new notion of the state of learning and taste among the English. Johnson will have it that these praises were insincere. 'Nothing,' says he, 'is better known of Boileau than that he had an injudicious and peevish contempt of modern Latin; and therefore his profession of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation.' Now, nothing is better known of Boileau than that he was singularly sparing of compliments. We do not remember that either friendship or fear ever induced him to bestow praise on any composition which he did not approve. On literary questions, his caustic, disdainful, and self-confident spirit rebelled against that authority to which every thing else in France bowed down. He had the spirit to tell Louis XIV. firmly and even rudely, that his Majesty knew nothing about poetry, and admired verses which were detestable. What was there in Addison's position that could induce the satirist, whose stern and fastidious temper had been the dread of two generations, to turn sycophant for the first and last time? Nor was Boileau's contempt of modern Latin either injudicious or peevish. He thought, indeed, that no poem of the first order would ever be written in a dead language. And did he think amiss? Has not the experience of centuries confirmed his opinion? Boileau also thought it probable, that, in the best modern Latin, a writer of the Augustan age would have detected ludicrous improprieties. And who can think otherwise? What modern scholar can honestly declare that he sees the smallest impurity in the style of Livy? Yet is it not certain that, in the style of Livy, Pollio, whose taste had been formed on the banks of the Tiber, detected the in-

elegant idiom of the Po? Has any modern scholar understood Latin better than Frederic the Great understood French? Yet is it not notorious that Frederic the Great, after reading, speaking, writing French, and nothing but French, during more than half a century—after unlearning his mother tongue in order to learn French, after living familiarly during many years with French associates—could not, to the last, compose in French, without imminent risk of committing some mistake which would have moved a smile in the literary circles of Paris? Do we believe that Erasmus and Fracastorius wrote Latin as well as Dr. Robertson and Sir Walter Scott wrote English? And are there not in the Dissertation on India, (the last of Dr. Robertson's works,) in Waverley, in Marmion, Scotticisms at which a London apprentice would laugh? But does it follow, because we think thus, that we can find nothing to admire in the noble *alcaics* of Gray, or in the playful elegiacs of Vincent Bourne? Surely not. Nor was Boileau so ignorant or tasteless as to be incapable of appreciating good modern Latin. In the very letter to which Johnson alludes, Boileau says—'Ne croyez pas pourtant que je veuille par là blâmer les vers Latins que vous m'avez envoyés d'un de vos illustres académiciens. Je les ai trouvés fort beaux, et dignes de Vida et de Sannazar, mais non pas d'Horace et de Virgile.' Several poems, in modern Latin, have been praised by Boileau quite as liberally as it was his habit to praise any thing. He says, for example, of the *Père Fraguier's* epigrams, that Catullus seems to have come to life again. But the best proof that Boileau did not feel the undiscerning contempt for modern Latin verses which has been imputed to him, is, that he wrote and published Latin verses in several metres. Indeed it happens, curiously enough, that the most severe censure ever pronounced by him on modern Latin, is conveyed in Latin hexameters. We allude to the fragment which begins—

"Quid numeris iterum me balbutire Latinis,
Longe Alpes citra natum de patre Sicambro,
Musa, jubes?"

For these reasons we feel assured that the praise which Boileau bestowed on the *Machinæ Gesticulantes*, and the *Gerano-Pygmæomachia*, was sincere. He certainly opened himself to Addison with a freedom which was a sure indication of esteem. Literature was the chief subject of conversation. The old man talked on his favorite theme much and well; indeed, as his

young hearer thought, incomparably well. Boileau had undoubtedly some of the qualities of a great critic. He wanted imagination; but he had strong sense. His literary code was formed on narrow principles; but in applying it, he showed great judgment and penetration. In mere style, abstracted from the ideas of which style is the garb, his taste was excellent. He was well acquainted with the Greek writers; and, though unable fully to appreciate their creative genius, admired the majestic simplicity of their manner, and had learned from them to despise bombast and tinsel. It is easy, we think, to discover in the "Spectator" and the "Guardian," traces of the influence, in part salutary and in part pernicious, which the mind of Boileau had on the mind of Addison.

While Addison was at Paris, an event took place which made that capital a disagreeable residence for an Englishman and a Whig. Charles, second of the name, King of Spain, died; and bequeathed his dominions to Philip, Duke of Anjou, a younger son of the Dauphin. The King of France, in direct violation of his engagements both with Great Britain and with the States-General, accepted the bequest on behalf of his grandson. The house of Bourbon was at the summit of human grandeur. England had been outwitted, and found herself in a situation at once degrading and perilous. The people of France, not presaging the calamities by which they were destined to expiate the perfidy of their sovereign, went mad with pride and delight. Every man looked as if a great estate had just been left him. "The French conversation," said Addison, "begins to grow insupportable; that which was before the vainest nation in the world is now worse than ever." Sick of the arrogant exultation of the Parisians, and probably foreseeing that the peace between France and England could not be of long duration, he set off for Italy.

In December, 1700,* he embarked at Marseilles. As he glided along the Ligurian coast he was delighted by the sight of myrtles and olive-trees, which retained their verdure under the winter solstice. Soon, however, he encountered one of the black storms of the Mediterranean. The

captain of the ship gave up all for lost, and confessed himself to a capuchin who happened to be on board. The English heretic, in the mean time, fortified himself against the terrors of death with devotions of a very different kind. How strong an impression this perilous voyage made on him, appears from the ode—"How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" which was long after published in the *Spectator*. After some days of discomfort and danger, Addison was glad to land at Savona, and to make his way, over mountains where no road had yet been hewn out by art, to the city of Genoa.

At Genoa, still ruled by her own Doge, and by the nobles whose names were inscribed on her Book of Gold, Addison made a short stay. He admired the narrow streets overhung by long lines of towering palaces, the walls rich with frescoes, the gorgeous temple of the Annunciation, and the tapestries whereon were recorded the long glories of the house of Doria. Thence he hastened to Milan, where he contemplated the Gothic magnificence of the cathedral with more wonder than pleasure. He passed Lake Benacus while a gale was blowing, and saw the waves raging as they raged when Virgil looked upon them. At Venice, then the gayest spot in Europe, the traveller spent the Carnival, the gayest season of the year, in the midst of masques, dances, and serenades. Here he was at once diverted and provoked, by the absurd dramatic pieces which then disgraced the Italian stage. To one of those pieces, however, he was indebted for a valuable hint. He was present when a ridiculous play on the death of Cato was performed. Cato, it seems, was in love with a daughter of Scipio. The lady had given her heart to Cæsar. The rejected lover determined to destroy himself. He appeared seated in his library, a dagger in his hand, a Plutarch and a Tasso before him; and, in this position, he pronounced a soliloquy before he struck the blow. We are surprised that so remarkable a circumstance as this should have escaped the notice of all Addison's biographers. There cannot, we conceive, be the smallest doubt that this scene, in spite of its absurdities and anachronisms, struck the traveller's imagination, and suggested to him the thought of bringing Cato on the English stage. It is well known that about this time he began his tragedy, and that he finished the first four acts before he returned to England.

On his way from Venice to Rome, he

* It is strange that Addison should, in the first line of his travels, have misdated his departure from Marseilles by a whole year, and still more strange that this slip of the pen, which throws the whole narrative into inextricable confusion, should have been repeated in a succession of editions, and never detected by Tickell or by Hurd.

was drawn some miles out of the beaten road, by a wish to see the smallest independent state in Europe. On a rock where the snow still lay, though the Italian spring was now far advanced, was perched the little fortress of San Marino. The roads which led to the secluded town were so bad that few travellers had ever visited it, and none had ever published an account of it. Addison could not suppress a good-natured smile at the simple manners and institutions of this singular community. But he observed, with the exultation of a Whig, that the rude mountain tract which formed the territory of the republic, swarmed with an honest, healthy, and contented peasantry; while the rich plain which surrounded the metropolis of civil and spiritual tyranny, was scarcely less desolate than the uncleared wilds of America.

At Rome, Addison remained on his first visit only long enough to catch a glimpse of St. Peter's, and of the Pantheon. His haste is the more extraordinary, because the Holy Week was close at hand. He has given no hint which can enable us to pronounce why he chose to fly from a spectacle which every year allures from distant regions persons of far less taste and sensibility than his. Possibly, travelling, as he did, at the charge of a Government distinguished by its enmity to the Church of Rome, he may have thought that it would be imprudent in him to assist at the most magnificent rite of that church. Many eyes would be upon him; and he might find it difficult to behave in such a manner as to give offence neither to his patrons in England, nor to those among whom he resided. Whatever his motives may have been, he turned his back on the most august and affecting ceremony which is known among men, and posted along the Appian way to Naples.

Naples was then destitute of what are now, perhaps, its chief attractions. The lovely bay and the awful mountain were indeed there. But a farm-house stood on the theatre of Herculaneum, and rows of vines grew over the streets of Pompeii. The temples of Pæstum had not indeed been hidden from the eye of man by any great convulsion of nature; but, strange to say, their existence was a secret even to artists and antiquaries. Though situated within a few hours' journey of a great capital, where Salvator had not long before painted, and where Vico was then lecturing, those noble remains were as little known to Europe as the ruined cities overgrown by the forests of Yucatan. What

was to be seen at Naples, Addison saw. He climbed Vesuvius, explored the tunnel of Posilipo, and wandered among the vines and almond-trees of Capræ. But neither the wonders of nature, nor those of art, could so occupy his attention as to prevent him from noticing, though cursorily, the abuses of the government and the misery of the people. The great kingdom which had just descended to Philip V. was in a state of paralytic dotage. Even Castile and Arragon were sunk in wretchedness. Yet, compared with the Italian dependencies of the Spanish crown, Castile and Arragon might be called prosperous. It is clear that all the observations which Addison made in Italy tended to confirm him in the political opinions which he had adopted at home. To the last, he always spoke of foreign travel as the best cure for Jacobitism. In his *Freeholder*, the Tory fox-hunter asks what travelling is good for, except to teach a man to jabber French, and to talk against passive obedience.

From Naples, Addison returned to Rome by sea, along the coast which his favorite Virgil had celebrated. The felucca passed the headland where the oar and trumpet were placed by the Trojan adventurers on the tomb of Misenus, and anchored at night under the shelter of the fabled promontory of Circe. The voyage ended in the Tiber, still overhung with dark verdure, and still turbid with yellow sand, as when it met the eyes of Æneas. From the ruined port of Ostia, the stranger hurried to Rome; and at Rome he remained during those hot and sickly months when, even in the Augustan age, all who could make their escape fled from mad dogs and from streets black with funerals, to gather the first figs of the season in the country. It is probable that when he, long after, poured forth in verse his gratitude to the providence which had enabled him to breathe unhurt in tainted air, he was thinking of the August and September which he passed at Rome.

It was not till the latter end of October, that he tore himself away from the masterpieces of ancient and modern art, which are collected in the city so long the mistress of the world. He then journeyed northward, passed through Sienna, and for a moment forgot his prejudices in favor of classic architecture as he looked on the magnificent cathedral. At Florence he spent some days with the Duke of Shrewsbury, who, cloyed with the pleasures of ambition, and impatient of its pains, fearing both parties, and loving neither, had determined to hide in an Italian retreat,

talents and accomplishments which, if they had been united with fixed principles and civil courage, might have made him the foremost man of his age. These days, we are told, passed pleasantly; and we can easily believe it. For Addison was a delightful companion when he was at his ease; and the Duke, though he seldom forgot that he was a Talbot, had the invaluable art of putting at ease all who came near him.

Addison gave some time to Florence, and especially to the sculptures in the Museum, which he preferred even to those of the Vatican. He then pursued his journey through a country in which the ravages of the last war were still discernible, and in which all men were looking forward with dread to a still fiercer conflict. Eugene had already descended from the Rhætian Alps, to dispute with Catinat the rich plain of Lombardy. The faithless ruler of Savoy was still reckoned among the allies of Louis. England had not yet actually declared war against France. But Manchester had left Paris; and the negotiations which produced the grand Alliance against the house of Bourbon, were in progress. Under such circumstances, it was desirable for an English traveller to reach neutral ground without delay. Addison resolved to cross Mont Cenis. It was December; and the road was very different from that which now reminds the stranger of the power and genius of Napoleon. The winter, however, was mild, and the passage was, for those times, easy. To this journey Addison alluded when, in the ode which we have already quoted, he said that for him the Divine Goodness had 'warmed the hoary Alpine hills.'

It was in the midst of the eternal snow that he composed his Epistle to his friend Montagu, now Lord Halifax. That Epistle, once widely renowned, is now known only to curious readers; and will hardly be considered by those to whom it is known as in any perceptible degree heightening Addison's fame. It is, however, decidedly superior to any English composition which he had previously published. Nay, we think it quite as good as any poem in heroic metre which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the publication of the 'Essay on Criticism.' It contains passages as good as the second-rate passages of Pope, and would have added to the reputation of Parnell or Prior.

But, whatever be the literary merits or defects of the Epistle, it undoubtedly does honor to the principles and spirit of the

author. Halifax had now nothing to give. He had fallen from power, had been held up to obloquy, had been impeached by the House of Commons; and, though his Peers had dismissed the impeachment,* had, as it seemed, little chance of ever again filling high office. The Epistle, written at such a time, is one among many proofs that there was no mixture of cowardice or meanness in the suavity and moderation which distinguished Addison from all the other public men of those stormy times.

At Geneva, the traveller learned that a partial change of ministry had taken place in England, and that the Earl of Manchester had become secretary of state.† Manchester exerted himself to serve his young friend. It was thought advisable that an English agent should be near the person of Eugene in Italy; and Addison, whose diplomatic education was now finished, was the man selected. He was preparing to enter on his honorable functions, when all his prospects were for a time darkened by the death of William III.

Anne had long felt a strong aversion, personal, political, and religious, to the Whig party. That aversion appeared in the first measures of her reign. Manchester was deprived of the seals, after he had held them only a few weeks. Neither Somers nor Halifax was sworn of the Privy Council. Addison shared the fate of his three patrons. His hopes of employment in the public service were at an end; his pension was stopped; and it was necessary for him to support himself by his own exertions. He became tutor to a young English traveller; and appears to have rambled with his pupil over great part of Switzerland and Germany. At this time he wrote his pleasing treatise on 'Medals.' It was not published till after his death; but several distinguished scholars saw the manuscript, and gave just praise to the grace of the style, and to the learning and ingenuity evinced by the quotations.

From Germany Addison repaired to Holland, where he learned the melancholy news of his father's death. After passing some months in the United Provinces, he returned about the close of the year 1703 to England. He was there cordially received by his friends, and introduced by

* Miss Aikin says, (i. 121,) that the Epistle was written before Halifax was justified by the Lords. This is a mistake. The Epistle was written in December, 1701; the impeachment had been dismissed in the preceding June.

† Miss Aikin misdates this event by a year, (i. 93.)

them into the Kit-Cat Club—a society in which were collected all the various talents and accomplishments which then gave lustre to the Whig party.

Addison was, during some months after his return from the Continent, hard pressed by pecuniary difficulties. But it was soon in the power of his noble patrons to serve him effectually. A political change, silent and gradual, but of the highest importance, was in daily progress.* The accession of Anne had been hailed by the Tories with transports of joy and hope; and for a time it seemed that the Whigs had fallen never to rise again. The throne was surrounded by men supposed to be attached to the prerogative and to the Church; and among these none stood so high in the favor of the Sovereign, as the Lord-Treasurer Godolphin, and the Captain-General Marlborough.

The country gentlemen and country clergymen had fully expected that the policy of these ministers would be directly opposed to that which had been almost constantly followed by William; that the landed interest would be favored at the expense of trade; that no addition would be made to the funded debt; that the privileges conceded to Dissenters by the late King, would be curtailed, if not withdrawn; that the war with France, if there must be such a war, would, on our part, be almost entirely naval; and that the Government would avoid close connexions with foreign powers, and, above all, with Holland.

But the country gentlemen and country clergymen were fated to be deceived, not for the last time. The prejudices and passions which raged without control in vicarages, in cathedral-closes, and in the manor-houses of fox-hunting squires, were not shared by the chiefs of the ministry. Those statesmen saw that it was both for the public interest, and for their own interest, to adopt a Whig policy; at least as respected the alliances of the country and the conduct of the war. But if the foreign policy of the Whigs were adopted, it was

impossible to abstain from adopting also their financial policy. The natural consequences followed. The rigid Tories were alienated from the Government. The votes of the Whigs became necessary to it. The votes of the Whigs could be secured only by further concessions; and further concessions the Queen was induced to make.

At the beginning of the year 1704, the state of parties bore a close analogy to the state of parties in 1826. In 1826, as in 1704, there was a Tory ministry divided into two hostile sections. The position of Mr. Canning and his friends in 1826 corresponded to that which Marlborough and Godolphin occupied in 1704. Nottingham and Jersey were, in 1704, what Lord Eldon and Lord Westmoreland were in 1826. The Whigs of 1704, were in a situation resembling that in which the Whigs of 1826 stood. In 1704, Somers, Halifax, Sunderland, Cowper, were not in office. There was no avowed coalition between them and the moderate Tories. It is probable that no direct communication tending to such a coalition had yet taken place; yet all men saw that such a coalition was inevitable, nay, that it was already half formed. Such, or nearly such, was the state of things when tidings arrived of the great battle fought at Blenheim, on the 13th August, 1704. By the Whigs the news was hailed with transports of joy and pride. No fault, no cause of quarrel, could be remembered by them against the Commander whose genius had, in one day, changed the face of Europe, saved the Imperial throne, humbled the House of Bourbon, and secured the Act of Settlement against foreign hostility. The feeling of the Tories was very different. They could not, indeed, without imprudence, openly express regret at an event so glorious to their country; but their congratulations were so cold and sullen, as to give deep disgust to the victorious general and his friends.

Godolphin was not a reading man. Whatever time he could spare from business he was in the habit of spending at New-market or at the card-table. But he was not absolutely indifferent to poetry; and he was too intelligent an observer not to perceive that literature was a formidable engine of political warfare; and that the great Whig leaders had strengthened their party, and raised their character, by extending a liberal and judicious patronage to good writers. He was mortified, and not without reason, by the exceeding badness of the poems which appeared in honor of the battle of Blenheim. One of those poems

* We are sorry to say that, in the account which Miss Aikin gives of the politics of this period, there are more errors than sentences. Rochester was the Queen's uncle; Miss Aikin calls him the Queen's cousin. The battle of Blenheim was fought in Marlborough's third campaign; Miss Aikin says that it was fought in Marlborough's second campaign. She confounds the dispute which arose in 1703, between the two Houses, about Lord Halifax, with the dispute about the Aylesbury men, which was terminated by the dissolution of 1705. These mistakes, and four or five others, will be found within the space of about two pages, (i. 165, 166, 167.)

has been rescued from oblivion by the exquisite absurdity of three lines.

Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,
And each man mounted on his capering beast;
Into the Danube they were pushed by shoals.*

Where to procure better verses the Treasurer did not know. He understood how to negotiate a loan, or remit a subsidy. He was also well versed in the history of running horses and fighting cocks; but his acquaintance among the poets was very small. He consulted Halifax; but Halifax affected to decline the office of adviser. He had, he said, done his best, when he had power, to encourage men whose abilities and acquirements might do honor to their country. Those times were over. Other maxims had prevailed. Merit was suffered to pine in obscurity; the public money was squandered on the undeserving. "I do know," he added, "a gentleman who would celebrate the battle in a manner worthy of the subject. But I will not name him." Godolphin, who was expert at the soft answer which turneth away wrath, and who was under the necessity of paying court to the Whigs, gently replied, that there was too much ground for Halifax's complaints, but that what was amiss should in time be rectified; and that in the mean time the services of a man such as Halifax had described should be liberally rewarded. Halifax then mentioned Addison, but, mindful of the dignity as well as of the pecuniary interest of his friend, insisted that the Minister should apply in the most courteous manner to Addison himself; and this Godolphin promised to do.

Addison then occupied a garret up three pair of stairs, over a small shop in the Haymarket. In this humble lodging he was surprised, on the morning which followed the conversation between Godolphin and Halifax, by a visit from no less a person than the Right Honorable Henry Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Lord Carleton.* This high-born minister had been sent by the Lord-Treasurer as ambassador to the needy poet. Addison readily undertook the proposed task, a task which, to so good a Whig, was probably a pleasure. When the poem was little more than half finished, he showed it to Godolphin, who was delighted with it, and particularly with the famous similitude of the Angel. Addison was instantly appointed to a Commissionership with about

two hundred pounds a-year, and was assured that this appointment was only an earnest of greater favors.

The 'Campaign' came forth, and was as much admired by the public as by the Minister. It pleases us less on the whole than the 'Epistle to Halifax.' Yet it undoubtedly ranks high among the poems which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the dawn of Pope's genius. The chief merit of the 'Campaign,' we think, is that which was noticed by Johnson—the manly and rational rejection of fiction. The first great poet whose works have come down to us sang of war, long before war became a science or a trade. If, in his time, there was enmity between two little Greek towns, each poured forth its crowd of citizens, ignorant of discipline, and armed with implements of labor rudely turned into weapons. On each side appeared conspicuous a few chiefs, whose wealth had enabled them to procure good armor, horses, and chariots, and whose leisure had enabled them to practise military exercises. One such chief, if he were a man of great strength, agility, and courage, would probably be more formidable than twenty common men; and the force and dexterity with which he hurled his spear might have no inconsiderable share in deciding the event of the day. Such were probably the battles with which Homer was familiar. But Homer related the actions of men of a former generation—of men who sprang from the Gods, and communed with the Gods face to face—of men, one of whom could with ease hurl rocks which two sturdy hinds of a later period would be unable even to lift. He therefore naturally represented their martial exploits as resembling in kind, but far surpassing in magnitude, those of the stoutest and most expert combatants of his own age. Achilles, clad in celestial armor, drawn by celestial coursers, grasping the spear which none but himself could raise, driving all Troy and Lycia before him, and choking Scamander with dead, was only a magnificent exaggeration of the real hero, who, strong, fearless, accustomed to the use of weapons, guarded by a shield and helmet of the best Sidonian fabric, and whirled along by horses of Thessalian breed, struck down with his own right arm foe after foe. In all rude societies similar notions are found. There are at this day countries where the Life-guardsman Shaw would be considered as a much greater warrior than the Duke of Wellington. Buonaparte loved to describe the astonishment with which

* Miss Aikin says that he was afterwards Lord Orrery. This is a mistake.

the Mamelukes looked at his diminutive figure. Mourad Bey, distinguished above all his fellows by his bodily strength, and by the skill with which he managed his horse and his sabre, could not believe that a man who was scarcely five feet high, and rode like a butcher, was the greatest soldier in Europe.

Homer's descriptions of war had therefore as much truth as poetry requires. But truth was altogether wanting to the performances of those who, writing about battles which had scarcely any thing in common with the battles of his times, servilely imitated his manner. The folly of Silius Italicus, in particular, is positively nauseous. He undertook to record in verse the vicissitudes of a great struggle between Generals of the first order: and his narrative is made up of the hideous wounds which these Generals inflicted with their own hands. Asdrubal flings a spear which grazes the shoulder of the consul Nero; but Nero sends his spear into Asdrubal's side. Fabius slays Thuris and Butes and Maris and Arses, and the long-haired Adherbes, and the gigantic Thylis, and Sapharus and Monæsus, and the trumpeter Morinus. Hannibal runs Perusinus through the groin with a stake, and breaks the backbone of Telesinus with a huge stone. This detestable fashion was copied in modern times, and continued to prevail down to the age of Addison. Several versifiers had described William turning thousands to flight by his single prowess, and dyeing the Boyne with Irish blood. Nay, so estimable a writer as John Phillips, the author of the 'Splendid Shilling,' represented Marlborough as having won the battle of Blenheim merely by strength of muscle and skill in fence. The following lines may serve as an example:—

'Churchill, viewing where
The violence of Tallard most prevailed,
Came to oppose his slaughtering arm. With speed
Precipitate he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fallen steeds
Rolling in death. Destruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious course. Around his head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
Among the flying Gauls. In Gallic blood
He dyes his reeking sword, and strews the ground
With headless ranks. What can they do? Or how
Withstand his wide-destroying sword?'

Addison, with excellent sense and taste, departed from this ridiculous fashion. He reserved his praise for the qualities which made Marlborough truly great, energy, sagacity, military science. But, above all, the poet extolled the firmness of that mind

which, in the midst of confusion, uproar, and slaughter, examined and disposed every thing with the serene wisdom of a higher intelligence.

Here it was that he introduced the famous comparison of Marlborough to an Angel guiding the whirlwind. We will not dispute the general justice of Johnson's remarks on this passage. But we must point out one circumstance which appears to have escaped all the critics. The extraordinary effect which this simile produced when it first appeared, and which to the following generation seemed inexplicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis—

'Such as, of late, o'er pale Britannia pass'd.'

Addison spoke, not of a storm, but of *the* storm. The great tempest of November 1703, the only tempest which in our latitude has equalled the rage of a tropical hurricane, had left a dreadful recollection in the minds of all men. No other tempest was ever in this country the occasion of a parliamentary address or of a public fast. Whole fleets had been cast away. Large mansions had been blown down. One Prelate had been buried beneath the ruins of his Palace. London and Bristol had presented the appearance of cities just sacked. Hundreds of families were still in mourning. The prostrate trunks of large trees, and the ruins of houses, still attested, in all the southern counties, the fury of the blast. The popularity which the simile of the angel enjoyed among Addison's contemporaries, has always seemed to us to be a remarkable instance of the advantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the general.

Soon after the Campaign, was published Addison's Narrative of his Travels in Italy. The first effect produced by this Narrative was disappointment. The crowd of readers who expected politics and scandal, speculations on the projects of Victor Amadeus, and anecdotes about the jollities of convents and the amours of cardinals and nuns, were confounded by finding that the writer's mind was much more occupied by the war between the Trojans and Rutulians than by the war between France and Austria; and that he seemed to have heard no scandal of later date than the gallantries of the Empress Faustina. In time, however, the judgment of the many was overruled by that of the few; and, before the book was reprinted, it was so eagerly sought that it sold for five times the original price.

It is still read with pleasure: the style is pure and flowing; the classical quotations and allusions are numerous and happy; and we are now and then charmed by that singularly humane and delicate humor in which Addison excelled all men. Yet this agreeable work, even when considered merely as the history of a literary tour, may justly be censured on account of its faults of omission. We have already said that, though rich in extracts from the Latin poets, it contains scarcely any references to the Latin orators and historians. We must add that it contains little, or rather no information, respecting the history and literature of modern Italy. To the best of our remembrance, Addison does not mention Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Boiardo, Berni, Lorenzo de' Medici, or Machiavelli. He coldly tells us, that at Ferrara he saw the tomb of Ariosto, and that at Venice he heard the gondoliers sing verses of Tasso. But for Tasso and Ariosto he cared far less than for Valerius Flaccus and Sidonius Apollinaris. The gentle flow of the Ticin brings a line of Silius to his mind. The sulphurous steam of Albula suggests to him several passages of Martial. But he has not a word to say of the illustrious dead of Santa Croce; he crosses the wood of Ravenna without recollecting the Spectre Huntsman; and wanders up and down Rimini without one thought of Francesca. At Paris, he eagerly sought an introduction to Boileau; but he seems not to have been at all aware, that at Florence he was in the vicinity of a poet with whom Boileau could not sustain a comparison, of the greatest lyric poet of modern times, of Vincenzio Filicaja. This is the more remarkable, because Filicaja was the favorite poet of the all-accomplished Somers, under whose protection Addison travelled, and to whom the account of the Travels is dedicated. The truth is, that Addison knew little, and cared less, about the literature of modern Italy. His favorite models were Latin. His favorite critics were French. Half the Tuscan poetry that he had read seemed to him monstrous, and the other half tawdry.

His Travels were followed by the lively Opera of 'Rosamond.' This piece was ill set to music, and therefore failed on the stage; but it completely succeeded in print, and is indeed excellent in its kind. The smoothness with which the verses glide, and the elasticity with which they bound, is, to our ears, at least, very pleasing. We are inclined to think that if Addison had left heroic couplets to Pope, and blank verse

to Rowe, and had employed himself in writing airy and spirited songs, his reputation as a poet would have stood far higher than it now does. Some years after his death, 'Rosamond' was set to new music by Dr. Arne; and was performed with complete success. Several passages long retained their popularity, and were daily sung, during the latter part of George the Second's reign, at all the harpsichords in England.

While Addison thus amused himself, his prospects, and the prospects of his party, were constantly becoming brighter and brighter. In the spring of 1705, the ministers were freed from the restraint imposed by a House of Commons, in which Tories of the most perverse class had the ascendancy. The elections were favorable to the Whigs. The coalition which had been tacitly and gradually formed was now openly avowed. The Great Seal was given to Cowper. Somers and Halifax were sworn of the Council. Halifax was sent in the following year to carry the decorations of the order of the garter to the Electoral Prince of Hanover, and was accompanied on this honorable mission by Addison, who had just been made under Secretary of State. The Secretary of State under whom Addison first served was Sir Charles Hedges, a Tory. But Hedges was soon dismissed to make room for the most vehement of Whigs, Charles, Earl of Sunderland. In every department of the state, indeed, the High Churchmen were compelled to give place to their opponents. At the close of 1707, the Tories who still remained in office strove to rally, with Harley at their head. But the attempt, though favored by the Queen, who had always been a Tory at heart, and who had now quarrelled with the Duchess of Marlborough, was unsuccessful. The time was not yet. The Captain-General was at the height of popularity and glory. The Low-Church party had a majority in Parliament. The country Squires and Rectors, though occasionally uttering a savage growl, were for the most part in a state of torpor, which lasted till they were roused into activity, and indeed into madness, by the prosecution of Sacheverell. Harley and his adherents were compelled to retire. The victory of the Whigs was complete. At the general election of 1708, their strength in the House of Commons became irresistible; and, before the end of that year, Somers was made Lord President of the Council, and Wharton Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.*

* Miss Aikin has not informed herself accurately as to the politics of that time. We give a single

Addison sat for Malmsbury in the House of Commons which was elected in 1708. But the House of Commons was not the field for him. The bashfulness of his nature made his wit and eloquence useless in debate. He once rose; but could not overcome his diffidence, and ever after remained silent. Nobody can think it strange that a great writer should fail as a speaker. But many, probably, will think it strange that Addison's failure as a speaker should have had no unfavorable effect on his success as a politician. In our time, a man of high rank and great fortune might, though speaking very little and very ill, hold a considerable post. But it is inconceivable that a mere adventurer, a man who, when out of office, must live by his pen, should in a few years become successively under Secretary of State, chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State, without some oratorical talent. Addison, without high birth, and with little property, rose to a post which Dukes, the heads of the great houses of Talbot, Russell, and Bentinck, have thought it an honor to fill. Without opening his lips in debate, he rose to a post, the highest that Chatham or Fox ever reached. And this he did before he had been nine years in Parliament. We must look for the explanation of this seeming miracle to the peculiar circumstances in which that generation was placed. During the interval which elapsed between the time when the Censorship of the Press ceased, and the time when parliamentary proceedings began to be freely reported, literary talents were, to a public man, of much more importance, and oratorical talents of much less importance, than in our time. At present, the best way of giving rapid and wide publicity to a statement or

specimen. We could easily give many. 'The Earl of Sunderland,' she says, 'was not suffered long to retain his hardwon secretaryship. In the last month of 1708 he was dismissed to make room for Lord Dartmouth, who ranked with the Tories. Just at this time the Earl of Wharton, being appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, named Mr. Addison his chief secretary,' (i. 235.) Sunderland was not dismissed to make room for Dartmouth till June 1710; and most certainly Wharton would never have been appointed Lord-Lieutenant at all, if he had not been appointed long before Sunderland's dismissal. Miss Aikin's mistake exactly resembles that of a person who should relate the history of our times as follows: 'Lord John Russell was dismissed in 1839 from the Home-Office to make room for Sir James Graham, who ranked with the Tories; but just at this time Earl Fortescue was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, with Lord Morpeth for his secretary.' Such a narrative would give to posterity rather a strange notion of the ministerial revolutions of Queen Victoria's days.

an argument, is to introduce that statement or argument into a speech made in Parliament. If a political tract were to appear superior to the Conduct of the Allies, or to the best numbers of the Freeholder, the circulation of such a tract would be languid indeed when compared with the circulation of every remarkable word uttered in the deliberations of the legislature. A speech made in the House of Commons at four in the morning, is on thirty thousand tables before ten. A speech made on the Monday is read on the Wednesday by multitudes in Antrim and Aberdeenshire. The orator, by the help of the short-hand writer, has to a great extent superseded the pamphleteer. It was not so in the reign of Anne. The best speech could then produce no effect except on those who heard it. It was only by means of the press that the opinion of the public without doors could be influenced; and the opinion of the public without doors could not but be of the highest importance in a country governed by parliaments; and indeed at that time governed by triennial parliaments. The pen was therefore a more formidable political engine than the tongue. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox contended only in Parliament. But Walpole and Pulteney, the Pitt and Fox of an earlier period, had not done half of what was necessary, when they sat down amidst the acclamations of the House of Commons. They had still to plead their cause before the country, and this they could do only by means of the press. Their works are now forgotten. But it is certain that there were in Grub Street few more assiduous scribblers of thoughts, letters, answers, remarks, than these two great chiefs of parties. Pulteney, when leader of the Opposition, and possessed of £30,000 a year, edited the 'Craftsman.' Walpole, though not a man of literary habits, was the author of at least ten pamphlets; and retouched and corrected many more. These facts sufficiently show of how great importance literary assistance then was to the contending parties. St. John was, certainly, in Anne's reign, the best Tory speaker; Cowper was probably the best Whig speaker. But it may well be doubted whether St. John did so much for the Tories as Swift, and whether Cowper did so much for the Whigs as Addison. When these things are duly considered, it will not be thought strange that Addison should have climbed higher in the State, than any other Englishman has ever by means merely of literary talents, been able to climb. Swift would, in all probability, have climbed as high, if he had

not been encumbered by his cassock and his pudding-sleeves. As far as the homage of the Great went, Swift had as much of it as if he had been Lord-Treasurer.

To the influence which Addison derived from his literary talents, was added all the influence which arises from character. The world, always ready to think the worst of needy political adventurers, was forced to make one exception. Restlessness, violence, audacity, laxity of principle, are the vices ordinarily attributed to that class of men. But faction itself could not deny that Addison had, through all changes of fortune, been strictly faithful to his early opinions, and to his early friends; that his integrity was without stain; that his whole deportment indicated a fine sense of the becoming; that, in the utmost heat of controversy, his zeal was tempered by a regard for truth, humanity, and social decorum; that no outrage could ever provoke him to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman; and that his only faults were a too sensitive delicacy, and a modesty which amounted to bashfulness.

He was undoubtedly one of the most popular men of his time; and much of his popularity he owed, we believe, to that very timidity which his friends lamented. That timidity often prevented him from exhibiting his talents to the best advantage. But it propitiated Nemesis. It averted that envy which would otherwise have been excited by fame so splendid, and by so rapid an elevation. No man is so great a favorite with the public, as he who is at once an object of admiration, of respect, and of pity; and such were the feelings which Addison inspired. Those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing his familiar conversation, declared with one voice that it was superior even to his writings. The brilliant Mary Montagu said, that she had known all the wits, and that Addison was the best company in the world. The malignant Pope was forced to own, that there was a charm in Addison's talk, which could be found nowhere else. Swift, when burning with animosity against the Whigs, could not but confess to Stella, that, after all, he had never known any associate so agreeable as Addison. Steele, an excellent judge of lively conversation, said that the conversation of Addison was at once the most polite, and the most mirthful, that could be imagined;—that it was Terence and Catullus in one, heightened by an exquisite something which was neither Terence nor Catullus, but Addison alone. Young, an excellent judge of serious conversation, said, that

when Addison was at his ease, he went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every hearer. Nor were his great colloquial powers more admirable than the courtesy and softness of heart which appeared in his conversation. At the same time, it would be too much to say that he was wholly devoid of the malice which is, perhaps, inseparable from a keen sense of the ludicrous. He had one habit which both Swift and Stella applauded, and which we hardly know how to blame. If his first attempts to set a presuming dunce right were ill received, he changed his tone, 'assented with civil leer,' and lured the flattered coxcomb deeper and deeper into absurdity. That such was his practice we should, we think, have guessed from his works. The Tatler's criticisms on Mr. Softly's sonnet, and the Spectator's dialogue with the politician, who is so zealous for the honor of Lady Q—p—t—s, are excellent specimens of this innocent mischief.

Such were Addison's talents for conversation. But his rare gifts were not exhibited to crowds or to strangers. As soon as he entered a large company, as soon as he saw an unknown face, his lips were sealed, and his manners became constrained. None who met him only in great assemblies, would have been able to believe that he was the same man who had often kept a few friends listening and laughing round a table, from the time when the Play ended, till the clock of St. Paul's in Covent-Garden struck four. Yet, even at such a table, he was not seen to the best advantage. To enjoy his conversation in the highest perfection, it was necessary to be alone with him, and to hear him, in his own phrase, think aloud. 'There is no such thing,' he used to say, 'as real conversation, but between two persons.'

This timidity, a timidity surely neither ungraceful nor unamiable, led Addison into the two most serious faults which can with justice be imputed to him. He found that wine broke the spell which lay on his fine intellect, and was therefore too easily seduced into convivial excess. Such excess was in that age regarded, even by grave men, as the most venial of all peccadilloes; and was so far from being a mark of ill-breeding, that it was almost essential to the character of a fine gentleman. But the smallest speck is seen on a white ground; and almost all the biographers of Addison have said something about this failing. Of any other statesman or writer of Queen Anne's reign, we should no more think of saying that he sometimes took too much

wine, than that he wore a long wig and a sword.

To the excessive modesty of Addison's nature, we must ascribe another fault which generally arises from a very different cause. He became a little too fond of seeing himself surrounded by a small circle of admirers, to whom he was as a King or rather as a God. All these men were far inferior to him in ability, and some of them had very serious faults. Nor did those faults escape his observation; for, if ever there was an eye which saw through and through men, it was the eye of Addison. But with the keenest observation, and the finest sense of the ridiculous, he had a large charity. The feeling with which he looked on most of his humble companions was one of benevolence, slightly tinctured with contempt. He was at perfect ease in their company; he was grateful for their devoted attachment; and he loaded them with benefits. Their veneration for him appears to have exceeded that with which Johnson was regarded by Boswell, or Warburton by Hurd. It was not in the power of adulation to turn such a head, or deprave such a heart, as Addison's. But it must in candor be admitted, that he contracted some of the faults which can scarcely be avoided by any person who is so unfortunate as to be the oracle of a small literary coterie.

One member of this little society was Eustace Budgell, a young Templar of some literature, and a distant relation of Addison. There was at this time no stain on the character of Budgell, and it is not improbable that his career would have been prosperous and honorable, if the life of his cousin had been prolonged. But when the master was laid in the grave, the disciple broke loose from all restraint; descended rapidly from one degree of vice and misery to another; ruined his fortune by follies; attempted to repair it by crimes; and at length closed a wicked and unhappy life by self-murder. Yet, to the last, the wretched man, gambler, lampooner, cheat, forger, as he was, retained his affection and veneration for Addison; and recorded those feelings in the last lines which he traced before he hid himself from infamy under London Bridge.

Another of Addison's favorite companions was Ambrose Philipps, a good Whig and a middling poet, who had the honor of bringing into fashion a species of composition which has been called after his name, *Namby Pamby*. But the most remarkable members of the little senate, as Pope long afterwards called it, were Richard Steele and Thomas Tickell.

Steele had known Addison from childhood. They had been together at the Charter House and at Oxford; but circumstances had then, for a time, separated them widely. Steele had left college without taking a degree, had been disinherited by a rich relation, had led a vagrant life, had served in the army, had tried to find the philosopher's stone, and had written a religious treatise and several comedies. He was one of those people whom it is impossible either to hate or to respect. His temper was sweet, his affections warm, his spirits lively, his passions strong, and his principles weak. His life was spent in sinning and repenting; in inculcating what was right, and doing what was wrong. In speculation, he was a man of piety and honor; in practice he was much of the rake and a little of the swindler. He was, however, so good-natured that it was not easy to be seriously angry with him, and that even rigid moralists felt more inclined to pity than to blame him, when he dived himself into a spunging-house, or drank himself into a fever. Addison regarded Steele with kindness not unmingled with scorn—tried, with little success, to keep him out of scrapes, introduced him to the great, procured a good place for him, corrected his plays, and, though by no means rich, lent him large sums of money. One of these loans appears, from a letter dated in August, 1708, to have amounted to a thousand pounds. These pecuniary transactions probably led to frequent bickerings. It is said that, on one occasion, Steele's negligence, or dishonesty, provoked Addison to repay himself by the help of a bailiff. We cannot join with Miss Aikin in rejecting this story. Johnson heard it from Savage, who heard it from Steele. Few private transactions which took place a hundred and twenty years ago, are proved by stronger evidence than this. But we can by no means agree with those who condemn Addison's severity. The most amiable of mankind may well be moved to indignation, when what he has earned hardly, and lent with great inconvenience to himself, for the purpose of relieving a friend in distress, is squandered with insane profusion. We will illustrate our meaning by an example, which is not the less striking because it is taken from fiction. Dr. Harrison, in Fielding's *'Amelia,'* is represented as the most benevolent of human beings; yet he takes in execution, not only the goods, but the person of his friend Booth. Dr. Harrison resorts to this strong measure because he has been informed that

Booth, while pleading poverty as an excuse for not paying just debts, has been buying fine jewelry, and setting up a coach. No person who is well acquainted with Steele's life and correspondence, can doubt that he behaved quite as ill to Addison as Booth was accused of behaving to Dr. Harrison. The real history, we have little doubt, was something like this:—A letter comes to Addison, imploring help in pathetic terms, and promising reformation and speedy repayment. Poor Dick declares that he has not an inch of candle, or a bushel of coals, or credit with the butcher for a shoulder of mutton. Addison is moved. He determines to deny himself some medals which are wanting to his series of the *Twelve Cæsars*; to put off buying the new edition of 'Bayle's Dictionary'; and to wear his old sword and buckles another year. In this way he manages to send a hundred pounds to his friend. The next day he calls on Steele, and finds scores of gentlemen and ladies assembled. The fiddles are playing. The table is groaning under Champagne, Burgundy, and pyramids of sweetmeats. Is it strange that a man whose kindness is thus abused, should send sheriff's officers to reclaim what is due to him?

Tickell was a young man, fresh from Oxford, who had introduced himself to public notice by writing a most ingenious and graceful little poem in praise of the opera of 'Rosamond.' He deserved, and at length attained, the first place in Addison's friendship. For a time Steele and Tickell were on good terms. But they loved Addison too much to love each other; and at length became as bitter enemies as the rival bulls in Virgil.

At the close of 1708 Wharton became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and appointed Addison Chief Secretary. Addison was consequently under the necessity of quitting London for Dublin. Besides the chief secretaryship, which was then worth about two thousand pounds a-year, he obtained a patent appointing him keeper of the Irish Records for life, with a salary of three or four hundred a-year. Budgell accompanied his cousin in the capacity of private Secretary.

Wharton and Addison had nothing in common but Whigism. The Lord-Lieutenant was not only licentious and corrupt, but was distinguished from other libertines and jobbers by a callous impudence which presented the strongest contrast to the Secretary's gentleness and delicacy. Many parts of the Irish administration at this time

appear to have deserved serious blame. But against Addison there was not a murmur. He long afterwards asserted, what all the evidence which we have ever seen tends to prove, that his diligence and integrity gained the friendship of all the most considerable persons in Ireland.

The parliamentary career of Addison in Ireland has, we think, wholly escaped the notice of all his biographers. He was elected member for the borough of Cavan in the summer of 1709; and in the journals of two sessions his name frequently occurs. Some of the entries appear to indicate that he so far overcame his timidity as to make speeches. Nor is this by any means improbable; for the Irish House of Commons was a far less formidable audience than the English House; and many tongues which were tied by fear in the greater assembly, became fluent in the smaller. Gerard Hamilton, for example, who, from fear of losing the fame gained by his 'single speech,' sat mute at Westminster during forty years, spoke with great effect at Dublin when he was Secretary to Lord Halifax.

While Addison was in Ireland, an event occurred to which he owes his high and permanent rank among British writers. As yet his fame rested on performances which, though highly respectable, were not built for duration, and would, if he had produced nothing else, have now been almost forgotten, on some excellent Latin verses, on some English verses which occasionally rose above mediocrity, and on a book of Travels, agreeably written, but not indicating any extraordinary powers of mind. These works showed him to be a man of taste, sense, and learning. The time had come when he was to prove himself a man of genius, and to enrich our literature with compositions which will live as long as the English language.

In the spring of 1709, Steele formed a literary project, of which he was far indeed from foreseeing the consequences. Periodical papers had during many years been published in London. Most of these were political; but in some of them questions of morality, taste, and love-casuistry had been discussed. The literary merit of these works was small indeed; and even their names are now known only to the curious.

Steele had been appointed Gazetteer by Sunderland, at the request, it is said, of Addison; and thus had access to foreign intelligence earlier and more authentic than was in those times within the reach of an ordinary news-writer. This circumstance seems to have suggested to him the scheme

of publishing a periodical paper on a new plan. It was to appear on the days on which the post left London for the country, which were, in that generation, the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. It was to contain the foreign news, accounts of theatrical representations, and the literary gossip of Will's and of the Grecian. It was also to contain remarks on the fashionable topics of the day, compliments to beauties, pasquinades on noted sharpers, and criticisms on popular preachers. The aim of Steele does not appear to have been at first higher than this. He was not ill qualified to conduct the work which he had planned. His public intelligence he drew from the best sources. He knew the town, and had paid dear for his knowledge. He had read much more than the dissipated men of that time were in the habit of reading. He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes. His style was easy and not incorrect; and, though his wit and humor were of no high order, his gay animal spirits imparted to his compositions an air of vivacity which ordinary readers could hardly distinguish from comic genius. His writings have been well compared to those light wines which, though deficient in body and flavor, are yet a pleasant small drink, if not kept too long, or carried too far.

Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer, was an imaginary person, almost as well known in that age as Mr. Paul Pry or Mr. Pickwick in ours. Swift had assumed the name of Bickerstaff in a satirical pamphlet against Partridge, the almanack-maker. Partridge had been fool enough to publish a furious reply. Bickerstaff had rejoined in a second pamphlet, still more diverting than the first. All the wits had combined to keep up the joke, and the town was long in convulsions of laughter. Steele determined to employ the name which this controversy had made popular; and, in April, 1709, it was announced that Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer, was about to publish a paper called the 'Tatler.'

Addison had not been consulted about this scheme; but as soon as he heard of it, he determined to give it his assistance. The effect of that assistance cannot be better described than in Steele's own words. 'I fared,' he said, 'like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.' 'The paper,' he says elsewhere, 'was advanced indeed. It was raised to a greater thing than I intended it.'

It is probable that Addison, when he sent across St. George's Channel his first contributions to the *Tatler*, had no notion of the extent and variety of his own powers. He was the possessor of a vast mine, rich with a hundred ores. But he had been acquainted only with the least precious part of his treasures; and had hitherto contented himself with producing sometimes copper and sometimes lead, intermingled with a little silver. All at once, and by mere accident, he had lighted on an inexhaustible vein of the finest gold.

The mere choice and arrangement of his words would have sufficed to make his essays classical. For never, not even by Dryden, not even by Temple, had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace, and facility. But this was the smallest part of Addison's praise. Had he clothed his thoughts in the half French style of Horace Walpole, or in the half Latin style of Dr. Johnson, or in the half German jargon of the present day, his genius would have triumphed over all faults of manner.

As a moral satirist, he stands unrivalled. If ever the best *Tatlers* and *Spectators* were equalled in their own kind, we should be inclined to guess that it must have been by the lost comedies of Menander.

In wit, properly so called, Addison was not inferior to Cowley or Butler. No single ode of Cowley contains so many happy analogies as are crowded into the lines to Sir Godfrey Kneller; and we would undertake to collect from the '*Spectators*' as great a number of ingenious illustrations as can be found in '*Hudibras*.' The still higher faculty of invention Addison possessed in still larger measure. The numerous fictions, generally original, often wild and grotesque, but always singularly graceful and happy, which are found in his essays, fully entitle him to the rank of a great poet—a rank to which his metrical compositions give him no claim. As an observer of life, of manners, of all the shades of human character, he stands in the first class. And what he observed he had the art of communicating in two widely different ways. He could describe virtues, vices, habits, whims, as well as Clarendon. But he could do something better. He could call human beings into existence, and make them exhibit themselves. If we wish to find any thing more vivid than Addison's best portraits, we must go either to Shakespeare or to Cervantes.

But what shall we say of Addison's humor, of his sense of the ludicrous, of his

power of awakening that sense in others, and of drawing mirth from incidents which occur every day, and from little peculiarities of temper and manner, such as may be found in every man? We feel the charm. We give ourselves up to it. But we strive in vain to analyze it.

Perhaps the best way of describing Addison's peculiar pleasantry, is to compare it with the pleasantry of some other great satirists. The three most eminent masters of the art of ridicule, during the eighteenth century, were, we conceive, Addison, Swift, and Voltaire. Which of the three had the greatest power of moving laughter may be questioned. But each of them, within his own domain, was supreme. Voltaire is the prince of buffoons. His merriment is without disguise or restraint. He gambols; he grins; he shakes his sides; he points the finger; he turns up the nose; he shoots out the tongue. The manner of Swift is the very opposite to this. He moves laughter, but never joins in it. He appears in his works such as he appeared in society. All the company are convulsed with merriment, while the Dean, the author of all the mirth, preserves an invincible gravity, and even sourness of aspect; and gives utterance to the most eccentric and ludicrous fancies, with the air of a man reading the communion-service.

The manner of Addison is as remote from that of Swift as from that of Voltaire. He neither laughs out like the French wit, nor, like the Irish wit, throws a double portion of severity into his countenance while laughing inly; but preserves a look peculiarly his own, a look of demure serenity, disturbed only by an arch sparkle of the eye, an almost imperceptible elevation of the brow, an almost imperceptible curl of the lip. His tone is never that either of a Jack Pudding or of a Cynic. It is that of a gentleman, in whom the quickest sense of the ridiculous is constantly tempered by good nature and good breeding.

We own that the humor of Addison is, in our opinion, of a more delicious flavor than the humor of either Swift or Voltaire. Thus much, at least, is certain, that both Swift and Voltaire have been successfully mimicked, and that no man has yet been able to mimic Addison. The letter of the Abbé Coyer to Pansophe is Voltaire all over, and imposed, during a long time, on the Academicians of Paris. There are passages in Arbuthnot's satirical works which we, at least, cannot distinguish from Swift's best writing. But of the many eminent men who have made Addison their

model, though several have copied his mere diction with happy effect, none has been able to catch the tone of his pleasantry. In the *World*, in the *Connoisseur*, in the *Mirror*, in the *Lounger*, there are numerous papers written in obvious imitation of his *Tatlers* and *Spectators*. Most of those papers have some merit; many are very lively and amusing; but there is not a single one which could be passed off as Addison's on a critic of the smallest perspicacity.

But that which chiefly distinguishes Addison from Swift, from Voltaire, from almost all the other great masters of ridicule, is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity, which we find even in his merriment. Severity, gradually hardening and darkening into misanthropy, characterizes the works of Swift. The nature of Voltaire was, indeed, not inhuman; but he venerated nothing. Neither in the masterpieces of art, nor in the purest examples of virtue, neither in the Great First Cause, nor in the awful enigma of the grave, could he see any thing but subjects for drollery. The more solemn and august the theme, the more monkey-like was his grimacing and chattering. The mirth of Swift is the mirth of Mephistophiles; the mirth of Voltaire is the mirth of Puck. If, as Soame Jenyns oddly imagined, a portion of the happiness of Seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth must surely be none other than the mirth of Addison;—a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime. Nothing great, nothing amiable, no moral duty, no doctrine of natural or revealed religion, has ever been associated by Addison with any degrading idea. His humanity is without a parallel in literary history. The highest proof of human virtue is to possess boundless power without abusing it. No kind of power is more formidable than the power of making men ridiculous; and that power Addison possessed in boundless measure. How grossly that power was abused by Swift and by Voltaire is well known. But of Addison it may be confidently affirmed that he has blackened no man's character, nay, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in all the volumes which he has left us a single taunt which can be called ungenerous or unkind. Yet he had detractors, whose malignity might have seemed to justify as terrible a revenge as that which men, not superior to him in genius, wreaked on Bettesworth and on Franc de Pompignan. He was a politi-

cian; he was the best writer of his party; he lived in times of fierce excitement—in times when persons of high character and station stooped to scurrility such as is now practised only by the basest of mankind. Yet no provocation and no example could induce him to return railing for railing.

Of the service which his *Essays* rendered to morality it is difficult to speak too highly. It is true that, when the *Tatler* appeared, that age of outrageous profaneness and licentiousness which followed the Restoration had passed away. Jeremy Collier had shamed the theatres into something which, compared with the excesses of Etherege and Wycherley, might be called decency. Yet there still lingered in the public mind a pernicious notion that there was some connexion between genius and profligacy—between the domestic virtues and the sullen formality of the Puritans. That error it is the glory of Addison to have dispelled. He taught the nation that the faith and the morality of Hale and Tillotson might be found in company with wit more sparkling than the wit of Congreve, and with humor richer than the humor of Vanbrugh. So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that, since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the sure mark of a fool. And this revolution, the greatest and most salutary ever effected by any satirist, he accomplished, be it remembered, without writing one personal lampoon.

In the early contributions of Addison to the *Tatler*, his peculiar powers were not fully exhibited. Yet from the first, his superiority to all his coadjutors was evident. Some of his later *Tatlers* are fully equal to any thing that he ever wrote. Among the portraits, we most admire Tom Folio, Ned Softly, and the Political Upholsterer. The proceedings of the Court of Honor, the *Thermometer of Zeal*, the story of the *Frozen Words*, the *Memoirs of the Shilling*, are excellent specimens of that ingenious and lively species of fiction in which Addison excelled all men. There is one still better paper of the same class. But though that paper, a hundred and thirty-three years ago, was probably thought as edifying as one of Smalridge's sermons, we dare not indicate it to the squeamish readers of the nineteenth century.

During the session of Parliament which commenced in November 1709, and which the impeachment of Sacheverell has made memorable, Addison appears to have re-

sided in London. The *Tatler* was now more popular than any periodical paper had ever been; and his connexion with it was generally known. It was not known, however, that almost every thing good in the *Tatler* was his. The truth is, that the fifty or sixty numbers which we owe to him, were not merely the best, but so decidedly the best, that any five of them are more valuable than all the two hundred numbers in which he had no share.

He required, at this time, all the solace which he could derive from literary success. The Queen had always disliked the Whigs. She had during some years disliked the Marlborough family. But, reigning by a disputed title, she could not venture directly to oppose herself to a majority of both Houses of Parliament; and, engaged as she was in a war on the event of which her own crown was staked, she could not venture to disgrace a great and successful general. But at length, in the year 1710, the causes which had restrained her from showing her aversion to the Low Church party ceased to operate. The trial of Sacheverell produced an outbreak of public feeling scarcely less violent than those which we can ourselves remember in 1820, and in 1831. The country gentlemen, the country clergymen, the rabble of the towns, were all, for once, on the same side. It was clear that, if a general election took place before the excitement abated, the Tories would have a majority. The services of Marlborough had been so splendid, that they were no longer necessary. The Queen's throne was secure from all attack on the part of Louis. Indeed, it seemed much more likely that the English and German armies would divide the spoils of Versailles and Marli, than that a Marshal of France would bring back the Pretender to St. James's. The Queen, acting by the advice of Harley, determined to dismiss her servants. In June the change commenced. Sunderland was the first who fell. The Tories exulted over his fall. The Whigs tried, during a few weeks, to persuade themselves that her Majesty had acted only from personal dislike to the secretary, and that she meditated no further alteration. But, early in August, Godolphin was surprised by a letter from Anne, which directed him to break his white staff. Even after this event, the irresolution or dissimulation of Harley kept up the hopes of the Whigs during another month; and then the ruin became rapid and violent. The Parliament was dissolved. The Ministers were turned out. The Tories were

called to office. The tide of popularity ran violently in favor of the High Church party. That party, feeble in the late House of Commons, was now irresistible. The power which the Tories had thus suddenly acquired, they used with blind and stupid ferocity. The howl which the whole pack set up for prey and for blood, appalled even him who had roused and unchained them. When at this distance of time, we calmly review the conduct of the discarded ministers, we cannot but feel a movement of indignation at the injustice with which they were treated. No body of men had ever administered the government with more energy, ability, and moderation; and their success had been proportioned to their wisdom. They had saved Holland and Germany. They had humbled France. They had, as it seemed, all but torn Spain from the house of Bourbon. They had made England the first power in Europe. At home they had united England and Scotland. They had respected the rights of conscience and the liberty of the subject. They retired, leaving their country at the height of prosperity and glory.* And yet they were pursued to their retreat by such a roar of obloquy as was never raised against the government which threw away thirteen colonies; or against the government which sent a gallant army to perish in the ditches of Walcheren.

None of the Whigs suffered more in the general wreck than Addison. He had just sustained some heavy pecuniary losses, of the nature of which we are imperfectly informed, when his Secretaryship was taken from him. He had reason to believe that he should also be deprived of the small Irish office which he held by patent. He had just resigned his Fellowship. It seems probable that he had already ventured to raise his eyes to a great lady; and that, while his political friends were all-powerful, and while his own fortunes were rising, he had been, in the phrase of the romances which were then fashionable, permitted to hope. But Mr. Addison the ingenious writer, and Mr. Addison the chief Secretary, were, in her ladyship's opinion, two very different persons. All these calamities united, however, could not disturb the serene cheerfulness of a mind conscious of innocence, and rich in its own wealth. He

told his friends, with smiling resignation, that they ought to admire his philosophy, that he had lost at once his fortune, his place, his fellowship, and his mistress, that he must think of turning tutor again, and yet that his spirits were as good as ever.

He had one consolation. Of the unpopularity which his friends had incurred, he had no share. Such was the esteem with which he was regarded, that while the most violent measures were taken for the purpose of forcing Tory members on Whig corporations, he was returned to Parliament without even a contest. Swift, who was now in London, and who had already determined on quitting the Whigs, wrote to Stella in these remarkable words:— 'The Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be king, he would hardly be refused.'

The good will with which the Tories regarded Addison is the more honorable to him, because it had not been purchased by any concession on his part. During the general election he published a political Journal, entitled the 'Whig Examiner.' Of that Journal it may be sufficient to say that Johnson, in spite of his strong political prejudices, pronounced it to be superior in wit to any of Swift's writings on the other side. When it ceased to appear, Swift, in a letter to Stella, expressed his exultation at the death of so formidable an antagonist. 'He might well rejoice,' says Johnson, 'at the death of that which he could not have killed.' 'On no occasion,' he adds, 'was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and in none did the superiority of his powers more evidently appear.'

The only use which Addison appears to have made of the favor with which he was regarded by the Tories, was to save some of his friends from the general ruin of the Whig party. He felt himself to be in a situation which made it his duty to take a decided part in politics. But the case of Steele and of Ambrose Phillipps was different. For Phillipps, Addison even condescended to solicit; with what success we have not ascertained.* Steele held two

* Miss Aikin attributes the unpopularity of the Whigs, and the change of government, to the surrender of Stanhope's army, (ii. 13.) The fact is, that the Ministry was changed, and the new House of Commons elected, before that surrender took place.

* Miss Aikin mentions the exertions which Addison made in 1710, before the change of Ministry, to serve Phillipps, and adds that 'Phillipps appears some time afterwards to have obtained a mission to Copenhagen, which enabled him to gratify the world with his poetical description of a frozen shower,' (ii. 14.) This is all wrong. The poem was written in March 1709, and printed in the *Tatler* of the 6th of May following.

places. He was Gazetteer, and he was also a Commissioner of Stamps. The gazette was taken from him. But he was suffered to retain his place in the Stamp-Office, on an implied understanding that he should not be active against the new government; and he was, during more than two years, induced by Addison to observe this armistice with tolerable fidelity.

Isaac Bickerstaff accordingly became silent upon politics, and the article of News, which had once formed about one third of his paper, altogether disappeared. The Tatler had completely changed its character. It was now nothing but a series of essays on books, morals, and manners. Steele therefore resolved to bring it to a close, and to commence a new work on an improved plan. It was announced that this new work would be published daily. The undertaking was generally regarded as bold, or rather rash; but the event amply justified the confidence with which Steele relied on the fertility of Addison's genius. On the 2d of January 1711, appeared the last Tatler. On the 1st of March following, appeared the first of an incomparable series of papers, containing observations on life and literature by an imaginary spectator.

The Spectator himself was conceived and drawn by Addison; and it is not easy to doubt that the portrait was meant to be in some features a likeness of the painter. The Spectator is a gentleman who, after passing a studious youth at the university, has travelled on classic ground, and has bestowed much attention on curious points of antiquity. He has, on his return, fixed his residence in London, and has observed all the forms of life which are to be found in that great city;—has daily listened to the wits of Will's, has smoked with the philosophers of the Grecian, and has mingled with the parsons at Child's, and with the politicians at the St. James's. In the morning, he often listens to the hum of the Exchange; in the evening, his face is constantly to be seen in the pit of Drury Lane theatre. But an insurmountable bashfulness prevents him from opening his mouth, except in a small circle of intimate friends.

These friends were first sketched by Steele. Four of the club, the templar, the clergyman, the soldier, and the merchant, were uninteresting figures, fit only for a background. But the other two, an old country baronet and an old town rake, though not delineated with a very delicate pencil, had some good strokes. Addison took the rude outlines into his own

hands, retouched them, colored them, and is in truth the creator of the Sir Roger de Coverley and the Will Honeycomb with whom we are all familiar.

The plan of the Spectator must be allowed to be both original and eminently happy. Every valuable essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately; yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole, and a whole which has the interest of a novel. It must be remembered, too, that at that time no novel, giving a lively and powerful picture of the common life and manners of England, had appeared. Richardson was working as a compositor. Fielding was robbing birds' nests. Smollet was not yet born. The narrative, therefore, which connects together the Spectator's Essays, gave to our ancestors their first taste of an exquisite and untried pleasure. That narrative was indeed constructed with no art or labor. The events were such events as occur every day. Sir Roger comes up to town to see Eugenio, as the worthy baronet always calls Prince Eugene, goes with the Spectator on the water to Spring Gardens, walks among the tombs in the Abbey, is frightened by the Mohawks, but conquers his apprehension so far as to go to the theatre, when the 'Distressed Mother' is acted. The Spectator pays a visit in the summer to Coverley Hall, is charmed with the old house, the old butler, and the old chaplain, eats a jack caught by Will Wimble, rides to the assizes, and hears a point of law discussed by Tom Touchy. At last a letter from the honest butler brings to the club the news that Sir Roger is dead. Will Honeycomb marries and reforms at sixty. The club breaks up; and the Spectator resigns his functions. Such events can hardly be said to form a plot; yet they are related with such truth, such grace, such wit, such humor, such pathos, such knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal. We have not the least doubt that, if Addison had written a novel, on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered, not only as the greatest of the English Essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English Novelists.

We say this of Addison alone; for Addison is the Spectator. About three-sevenths of the work are his; and it is no exaggeration to say, that his worst essay is as good as the best essay of any of his coadjutors. His best essays approach near to absolute perfection; nor is their excel-

lence more wonderful than their variety. His invention never seems to flag; nor is he ever under the necessity of repeating himself, or of wearing out a subject. There are no dregs in his wine. He regales us after the fashion of that prodigal nabob who held that there was only one good glass in a bottle. As soon as we have tasted the first sparkling foam of a jest, it is withdrawn, and a fresh draught of nectar is at our lips. On the Monday we have an allegory as lively and ingenious as Lucian's Auction of Lives; on the Tuesday an Eastern apologue, as richly colored as the Tales of Scherezade; on the Wednesday, a character described with the skill of La Bruyere; on the Thursday, a scene from common life, equal to the best chapters in the Vicar of Wakefield; on the Friday, some sly Horatian pleasantry on fashionable follies—on hoops, patches, or puppet-shows; and on the Saturday a religious meditation, which will bear a comparison with the finest passages in Massillon.

It is dangerous to select where there is so much that deserves the highest praise. We will venture however to say, that any person who wishes to form a just notion of the extent and variety of Addison's powers, will do well to read at one sitting the following papers:—the two Visits to the Abbey, the Visit to the Exchange, the Journal of the Retired Citizen, the Vision of Mirza, the Transmigrations of Pug the Monkey, and the Death of Sir Roger de Coverley.*

The least valuable of Addison's contributions to the Spectator are, in the judgment of our age, his critical papers. Yet his critical papers are always luminous, and often ingenious. The very worst of them must be regarded as creditable to him, when the character of the school in which he had been trained is fairly considered. The best of them were much too good for his readers. In truth, he was not so far behind our generation as he was before his own. No essays in the Spectator were more censured and derided than those in which he raised his voice against the contempt with which our fine old ballads were regarded; and showed the scoffers that the same gold which, burnished and polished, gives lustre to the *Æneid* and the Odes of Horace, is mingled with the rude dross of Chevy Chase.

It is not strange that the success of the Spectator should have been such as no similar work has ever obtained. The number

of copies daily distributed was at first three thousand. It subsequently increased, and had risen to near four thousand when the stamp tax was imposed. That tax was fatal to a crowd of Journals. The Spectator, however, stood its ground, doubled its price, and, though its circulation fell off, still yielded a large revenue both to the state and to the authors. For particular papers, the demand was immense; of some, it is said, twenty thousand copies were required. But this was not all. To have the Spectator served up every morning with the bohea and rolls, was a luxury for the few; the majority were content to wait till essays enough had appeared to form a volume. Ten thousand copies of each volume were immediately taken off, and new editions were called for. It must be remembered, that the population of England was then hardly a third of what it now is. The number of Englishmen who were in the habit of reading, was probably not a sixth of what it now is. A shopkeeper or a farmer who found any pleasure in literature, was a rarity. Nay, there was doubtless more than one knight of the shire whose country seat did not contain ten books—receipt-books, and books on farriery included. Under these circumstances, the sale of the Spectator must be considered as indicating a popularity quite as great as that of the most successful works of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Dickens in our own time.

At the close of 1712, the Spectator ceased to appear. It was probably felt that the short-faced gentleman and his club had been long enough before the town; and that it was time to withdraw them, and to replace them by a new set of characters. In a few weeks the first number of the 'Guardian' was published.* But the Guardian was unfortunate both in its birth and in its death. It began in dulness, and disappeared in a tempest of faction. The original plan was bad. Addison contributed nothing till sixty-six numbers had appeared; and it was then impossible even for him to make the Guardian what the Spectator had been. Nestor Ironside and the Miss Lizards were people to whom even he could impart no interest. He could only furnish some excellent little essays, both serious and comic; and this he did.

Why Addison gave no assistance to the Guardian during the first two months of its existence, is a question which has puzzled

* Nos. 26, 329, 69, 317, 159, 343, 517. These papers are all in the first seven volumes. The eighth must be considered as a separate work.

* Miss Aikin says that the Guardian was launched in November, 1713, (ii. 106.) It was launched in March, 1713, and was given over in the following September.

the editors and biographers, but which seems to us to admit of a very easy solution. He was then engaged in bringing his *Cato* on the stage.

The first four acts of this drama had been lying in his desk since his return from Italy. His modest and sensitive nature shrank from the risk of a public and shameful failure; and, though all who saw the manuscript were loud in praise, some thought it possible that an audience might become impatient even of very good rhetoric; and advised Addison to print the play without hazarding a representation. At length, after many fits of apprehension, the poet yielded to the urgency of his political friends, who hoped that the public would discover some analogy between the followers of Cæsar and the Tories, between Sempronius and the apostate Whigs, between *Cato*, struggling to the last for the liberties of Rome, and the band of patriots who still stood firm round Halifax and Wharton.

Addison gave the play to the managers of Drury-Lane theatre, without stipulating for any advantage to himself. They, therefore, thought themselves bound to spare no cost in scenery and dresses. The decorations, it is true, would not have pleased the skilful eye of Mr. Macready. Juba's waistcoat blazed with gold lace; Marcia's hoop was worthy of a duchess on the birthday; and *Cato* wore a wig worth fifty guineas. The prologue was written by Pope, and is undoubtedly a dignified and spirited composition. The part of the hero was excellently played by Booth. Steele undertook to pack a house. The boxes were in a blaze with the stars of the Peers in Opposition. The pit was crowded with attentive and friendly listeners from the Inns of Court and the literary coffee-houses. Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Governor of the Bank of England, was at the head of a powerful body of auxiliaries from the city;—warm men and true Whigs, but better known at Jonathan's and Garroway's than in the haunts of wits and critics.

These precautions were quite superfluous. The Tories, as a body, regarded Addison with no unkind feelings. Nor was it for their interest—professing, as they did, profound reverence for law and prescription, and abhorrence both of popular insurrections and of standing armies—to appropriate to themselves reflections thrown on the great military chief and demagogue, who, with the support of the legions and of the common people, subverted all the ancient institutions of his country. Accordingly, every shout that was raised by the

members of the Kit-Cat was re-echoed by the High Churchmen of the October; and the curtain at length fell amidst thunders of unanimous applause.

The delight and admiration of the town were described by the *Guardian* in terms which we might attribute to partiality, were it not that the *Examiner*, the organ of the Ministry, held similar language. The Tories, indeed, found much to sneer at in the conduct of their opponents. Steele had on this, as on other occasions, shown more zeal than taste or judgment. The honest citizens who marched under the orders of Sir Gibby, as he was facetiously called, probably knew better when to buy and when to sell stock than when to clap and when to hiss at a play; and incurred some ridicule by making the hypocritical Sempronius their favorite, and by giving to his insincere rants louder plaudits than they bestowed on the temperate eloquence of *Cato*. Wharton, too, who had the incredible effrontery to applaud the lines about flying from prosperous vice and from the power of impious men to a private station, did not escape the sarcasms of those who justly thought that he could fly from nothing more vicious or impious than himself. The epilogue, which was written by Garth, a zealous Whig, was severely and not unreasonably censured as ignoble and out of place. But Addison was described, even by the bitterest Tory writers, as a gentleman of wit and virtue, in whose friendship many persons of both parties were happy, and whose name ought not to be mixed up with factious squabbles.

Of the jests by which the triumph of the Whig party was disturbed, the most severe and happy was Bolingbroke's. Between two acts, he sent for Booth to his box, and presented him, before the whole theatre, with a purse of fifty guineas for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual Dictator.*

It was April; and in April, a hundred and thirty years ago, the London season was thought to be far advanced. During a whole month, however, *Cato* was performed to overflowing houses, and brought into the treasury of the theatre twice the gains of an ordinary spring. In the summer, the Drury-Lane company went down to the Act at

* 'The long sway of the Duke of Marlborough,' says Miss Aikin, 'was here glanced at.' Under favor, if Bolingbroke had meant no more than this, his sarcasm would have been pointless. The allusion was to the attempt which Marlborough had made to convert the Captain-Generalship into a patent office, to be held by himself for life. The patent was stopped by Lord Cowper.

Oxford, and there, before an audience which retained an affectionate remembrance of Addison's accomplishments and virtues, his tragedy was acted during several days. The gownsmen began to besiege the theatre in the forenoon, and by one in the afternoon all the seats were filled.

About the merits of the piece which had so extraordinary an effect, the public, we suppose, has made up its mind. To compare it with the masterpieces of the Attic stage, with the great English dramas of the time of Elizabeth, or even with the productions of Schiller's manhood, would be absurd indeed. Yet it contains excellent dialogue and declamation; and, among plays fashioned on the French model, must be allowed to rank high; not indeed with *Athalie*, *Zaire*, or *Saul*, but, we think, not below *Cinna*; and certainly above any other English tragedy of the same school, above many of the plays of Corneille, above many of the plays of Voltaire and Alfieri, and above some plays of Racine. Be this as it may, we have little doubt that *Cato* did as much as the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Freeholders* united, to raise Addison's fame among his contemporaries.

The modesty and good-nature of the successful dramatist had tamed even the malignity of faction. But literary envy, it should seem, is a fiercer passion than party-spirit. It was by a zealous Whig that the fiercest attack on the Whig tragedy was made. John Dennis published *Remarks on Cato*, which were written with some acuteness and with much coarseness and asperity. But Addison neither defended himself nor retaliated. On many points he had an excellent defence; and nothing would have been easier than to retaliate; for Dennis had written bad odes, bad tragedies, bad comedies: he had, moreover, a larger share than most men of those infirmities and eccentricities which excite laughter; and Addison's power of turning either an absurd book or an absurd man into ridicule was unrivalled. Addison, however, serenely conscious of his superiority, looked with pity on his assailant, whose temper, naturally irritable and gloomy, had been soured by want, by controversy, and by literary failures.

But among the young candidates for Addison's favor there was one distinguished by talents above the rest, and distinguished, we fear, not less by malignity and insincerity. Pope was only twenty-five. But his powers had expanded to their full maturity; and his best poem, the '*Rape of the Lock*,' had recently been published. Of his

genius, Addison had always expressed high admiration. But Addison had clearly discerned, what might indeed have been discerned by an eye less penetrating than his, that the diminutive, crooked, sickly boy was eager to revenge himself on society for the unkindness of nature. In the *Spectator*, the *Essay on Criticism* had been praised with cordial warmth; but a gentle hint had been added, that the writer of so excellent a poem would have done well to avoid ill-natured personalities. Pope, though evidently more galled by the censure than gratified by the praise, returned thanks for the admonition, and promised to profit by it. The two writers continued to exchange civilities, counsel, and small good offices. Addison publicly extolled Pope's miscellaneous pieces, and Pope furnished Addison with a prologue. This did not last long. Pope hated Dennis, whom he had injured without provocation. The appearance of the *Remarks on Cato*, gave the irritable poet an opportunity of venting his malice under the show of friendship; and such an opportunity could not but be welcome to a nature which was implacable in enmity, and which always preferred the tortuous to the straight path. He published, accordingly, the '*Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis*.' But Pope had mistaken his powers. He was a great master of invective and sarcasm. He could dissect a character in terse and sonorous couplets, brilliant with antithesis. But of dramatic talent he was altogether destitute. If he had written a lampoon on Dennis, such as that on *Atticus*, or that on *Sporus*, the old grumbler would have been crushed. But Pope writing dialogue resembled—to borrow Horace's imagery and his own—a wolf which, instead of biting, should take to kicking, or a monkey which should try to sting. The narrative is utterly contemptible. Of argument there is not even the show; and the jests are such as, if they were introduced into a farce, would call forth the hisses of the shilling gallery. Dennis raves about the drama; and the nurse thinks that he is calling for a dram. 'There is,' he cries, 'no peripetia in the tragedy, no change of fortune, no change at all.' 'Pray, good Sir, be not angry,' says the old woman; 'I'll fetch change.' This is not exactly the pleasantry of Addison.

There can be no doubt that Addison saw through this officious zeal, and felt himself deeply aggrieved by it. So foolish and spiteful a pamphlet could do him no good, and, if he were thought to have any hand in it, must do him harm. Gifted with in-

comparable powers of ridicule, he had never, even in self-defence, used those powers inhumanly or uncourteously; and he was not disposed to let others make his fame and his interests a pretext under which they might commit outrages, from which he had himself constantly abstained. He accordingly declared that he had no concern in the 'Narrative,' that he disapproved of it, and that, if he answered the 'Remarks,' he would answer them like a gentleman; and he took care to communicate this to Dennis. Pope was bitterly mortified; and to this transaction we are inclined to ascribe the hatred with which he ever after regarded Addison.

In September, 1713, the *Guardian* ceased to appear. Steele had gone mad about politics. A general election had just taken place; he had been chosen member for Stockbridge, and fully expected to play a first part in Parliament. The immense success of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* had turned his head. He had been the Editor of both those papers; and was not aware how entirely they owed their influence and popularity to the genius of his friend. His spirits, always violent, were now excited by vanity, ambition, and faction, to such a pitch that he every day committed some offence against good sense and good taste. All the discreet and moderate members of his own party regretted and condemned his folly. 'I am in a thousand troubles,' Addison wrote, 'about poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself. But he has sent me word that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I may give him in this particular, will have no weight with him.'

Steele set up a political paper called 'The *Englishman*,' which, as it was not supported by contributions from Addison, completely failed. By this work, by some other writings of the same kind, and by the airs which he gave himself at the first meeting of the new Parliament, he made the Tories so angry that they determined to expel him. The Whigs stood by him gallantly; but were unable to save him. The vote of expulsion was regarded by all dispassionate men as a tyrannical exercise of the power of the majority. But Steele's violence and folly, though they by no means justified the steps which his enemies took, had completely disgusted his friends; nor did he ever regain the place which he had held in the public estimation.

Addison about this time conceived the design of adding an eighth volume to the *Spectator*. In June 1714, the first number

of the new series appeared, and during about six months three papers were published weekly. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the *Englishman* and the eighth volume of the *Spectator*—between Steele without Addison, and Addison without Steele. The '*Englishman*' is forgotten; the eighth volume of the *Spectator* contains, perhaps, the finest Essays, both serious and playful, in the English language.

Before this volume was completed, the death of Anne produced an entire change in the administration of public affairs. The blow fell suddenly. It found the Tory party distracted by internal feuds, and unprepared for any great effort. Harley had just been disgraced. Bolingbroke, it was supposed, would be the chief minister. But the Queen was on her deathbed before the white staff had been given, and her last public act was to deliver it with a feeble hand to the Duke of Shrewsbury. The emergency produced a coalition between all sections of public men who were attached to the Protestant succession. George the First was proclaimed without opposition. A Council, in which the leading Whigs had seats, took the direction of affairs till the new King should arrive. The first act of the Lords Justices was to appoint Addison their secretary.

There is an idle tradition that he was directed to prepare a letter to the King, that he could not satisfy himself as to the style of this composition, and that the Lords Justices called in a clerk who at once did what was wanted. It is not strange that a story so flattering to mediocrity should be popular; and we are sorry to deprive dunces of their consolation. But the truth must be told. It was well observed by Sir James Mackintosh, whose knowledge of these times was unequalled, that Addison never, in any official document, affected wit or eloquence; and that his despatches are, without exception, remarkable for unpretending simplicity. Every body who knows with what ease Addison's finest essays were produced must be convinced, that if well-turned phrases had been wanted, he would have had no difficulty in finding them. We are, however, inclined to believe, that the story is not absolutely without a foundation. It may well be that Addison did not know, till he had consulted experienced clerks, who remembered the times when William was absent on the Continent, in what form a letter from the Council of Regency to the King ought to be drawn. We think it very likely, that the ablest statesmen of our time,

Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, for example, would, in similar circumstances, be found quite as ignorant. Every office has some little mysteries which the dullest man may learn with a little attention; and which the greatest man cannot possibly know by intuition. One paper must be signed by the chief of the department, another by his deputy. To a third the royal sign-manual is necessary. One communication is to be registered, and another is not. One sentence must be in black ink, and another in red ink. If the ablest Secretary for Ireland were moved to the India Board, if the ablest President of the India Board were moved to the War Office, he would require instruction on points like these; and we do not doubt that Addison required such instruction when he became, for the first time, Secretary to the Lords Justices.

George the First took possession of his kingdom without opposition. A new ministry was formed, and a new Parliament favorable to the Whigs chosen. Sunderland was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Addison again went to Dublin as Chief Secretary.

At Dublin Swift resided, and there was much speculation about the way in which the Dean and the Secretary would behave towards each other. The relations which existed between these remarkable men form an interesting and pleasing portion of literary history. They had early attached themselves to the same political party and to the same patrons. While Anne's Whig ministry was in power, the visits of Swift to London and the official residence of Addison in Ireland had given them opportunities of knowing each other. They were the two shrewdest observers of their age. But their observations on each other had led them to favorable conclusions. Swift did full justice to the rare powers of conversation which were latent under the bashful deportment of Addison. Addison, on the other hand, discerned much good nature under the severe look and manner of Swift; and, indeed, the Swift of 1708 and the Swift of 1738 were two very different men.

But the paths of the two friends diverged widely. The Whig statesmen loaded Addison with solid benefits. They praised Swift, asked him to dinner, and did nothing more for him. His profession laid them under a difficulty. In the state they could not promote him; and they had reason to fear that, by bestowing preferment in the church on the author of the Tale of a Tub,

they might give scandal to the public, which had no high opinion of their orthodoxy. He did not make fair allowance for the difficulties which prevented Halifax and Somers from serving him; thought himself an ill-used man; sacrificed honor and consistency to revenge; joined the Tories, and became their most formidable champion. He soon found, however, that his old friends were less to blame than he had supposed. The dislike with which the Queen and the heads of the Church regarded him was insurmountable; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he obtained an ecclesiastical dignity of no great value, on condition of fixing his residence in a country which he detested.

Difference of political opinion had produced, not indeed a quarrel, but a coolness between Swift and Addison. They at length ceased altogether to see each other. Yet there was between them a tacit compact like that between the hereditary guests in the Iliad.

*Ἐγχεα δ' ἀλλήλων ἀλεώμεθα καὶ δέ ὁμῶν
Πολλοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἐμοὶ Τρῶες κλειτοὶ τ' ἐπικουροί,
Κτείνειν, ὅν γε θεὸς γε πόρῃ καὶ ποσὶ κίχεται,
Πολλοὶ δ' αὖ σοὶ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐναιόμεν, ὅν γε δύνηται.*

It is not strange that Addison, who calumniated and insulted nobody, should not have calumniated or insulted Swift. But it is remarkable that Swift, to whom neither genius nor virtue was sacred, and who generally seemed to find, like most other renegades, a peculiar pleasure in attacking old friends, should have shown so much respect and tenderness to Addison.

Fortune had now changed. The accession of the house of Hanover had secured in England the liberties of the people, and in Ireland the dominion of the Protestant caste. To that caste Swift was more odious than any other man. He was hooted and even pelted in the streets of Dublin; and could not venture to ride along the strand for his health without the attendance of armed servants. Many whom he had formerly served now libelled and insulted him. At this time Addison arrived. He had been advised not to show the smallest civility to the Dean of St. Patrick's. But he answered with admirable spirit, that it might be necessary for men whose fidelity to their party was suspected to hold no intercourse with political opponents; but that one who had been a steady Whig in the worst times might venture, when the good cause was triumphant, to shake hands with an old friend who was one of the vanquished Tories. His kindness was soothing to the proud and cruelly wounded spirit

of Swift; and the two great satirists resumed their habits of friendly intercourse.

Those associates of Addison, whose political opinions agreed with his, shared his good fortune. He took Tickell with him to Ireland. He procured for Budgell a lucrative place in the same kingdom. Ambrose Philipps was provided for in England. Steele had injured himself so much by his eccentricity and perverseness, that he obtained but a very small part of what he thought his due. He was, however, knighted. He had a place in the household; and he subsequently received other marks of favor from the court.

Addison did not remain long in Ireland. In 1715 he quitted his Secretaryship for a seat at the Board of Trade. In the same year his comedy of the Drummer was brought on the stage. The name of the author was not announced; the piece was coldly received; and some critics have expressed a doubt whether it were really Addison's. To us the evidence, both external and internal, seems decisive. It is not in Addison's best manner; but it contains numerous passages which no other writer known to us could have produced. It was again performed after Addison's death, and, being known to be his, was loudly applauded.

Towards the close of the year 1715, while the Rebellion was still raging in Scotland,* Addison published the first number of a paper called the 'Freeholder.' Among his political works the Freeholder is entitled to the first place. Even in the Spectator there are few serious papers nobler than the character of his friend Lord Somers, and certainly no satirical papers superior to those in which the Tory fox-hunter is introduced. This character is the original of Squire Western, and is drawn with all Fielding's force, and with a delicacy of which Fielding was altogether destitute. As none of Addison's works exhibits stronger marks of his genius than the Freeholder, so none does more honor to his moral character. It is difficult to extol too highly the candor and humanity of a political writer, whom even the excitement of civil war cannot hurry into unseemly violence. Oxford, it is well known, was then the stronghold of Toryism. The High

Street had been repeatedly lined with bayonets in order to keep down the disaffected gownsmen; and traitors pursued by the messengers of the Government had been concealed in the garrets of several colleges. Yet the admonition which, even under such circumstances, Addison addressed to the University, is singularly gentle, respectful, and even affectionate. Indeed, he could not find it in his heart to deal harshly even with imaginary persons. His fox-hunter, though ignorant, stupid, and violent, is at heart a good fellow, and is at last reclaimed by the clemency of the King. Steele was dissatisfied with his friend's moderation, and, though he acknowledged that the Freeholder was excellently written, complained that the ministry played on a lute when it was necessary to blow the trumpet. He accordingly determined to execute a flourish after his own fashion; and tried to rouse the public spirit of the nation by means of a paper called the Town Talk, which is now as utterly forgotten as his Englishman, as his Crisis, as his Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge, as his Reader—in short, as every thing that he wrote without the help of Addison.

In the same year in which the Drummer was acted, and in which the first numbers of the Freeholder appeared, the estrangement of Pope and Addison became complete. Addison had from the first seen that Pope was false and malevolent. Pope had discovered that Addison was jealous. The discovery was made in a strange manner. Pope had written the Rape of the Lock, in two cantos, without supernatural machinery. These two cantos had been loudly applauded, and by none more loudly than by Addison. Then Pope thought of the Sylphs and Gnomes, Ariel, Momentilla, Crispissa, and Umbriel; and resolved to interweave the Rosicrucian mythology with the original fabric. He asked Addison's advice. Addison said that the Poem as it stood was a delicious little thing, and entreated Pope not to run the risk of marring what was so excellent in trying to mend it. Pope afterwards declared that this insidious counsel first opened his eyes to the baseness of him who gave it.

Now there can be no doubt that Pope's plan was most ingenious, and that he afterwards executed it with great skill and success. But does it necessarily follow that Addison's advice was bad? And if Addison's advice was bad, does it necessarily follow that it was given from bad motives? If a friend were to ask us whether we would advise him to risk a small compe-

* Miss Aikin has been most unfortunate in her account of this Rebellion. We will notice only two errors which occur in one page. She says that the Rebellion was undertaken in favor of James II, who had been fourteen years dead, and that it was headed by Charles Edward, who was not born, (ii. 172.)

tence in a lottery of which the chances were ten to one against him, we should do our best to dissuade him from running such a risk. Even if he were so lucky as to get the thirty thousand pound prize, we should not admit that we had counselled him ill; and we should certainly think it the height of injustice in him to accuse us of having been actuated by malice. We think Addison's advice good advice. It rested on a sound principle, the result of long and wide experience. The general rule undoubtedly is that, when a successful work of imagination has been produced, it should not be recast. We cannot at this moment call to mind a single instance in which this rule has been transgressed with happy effect; except the instance of the *Rape of the Lock*. Tasso recast his *Jerusalem*. Aken-side recast his *Pleasures of the Imagination*, and his *Epistle to Curio*. Pope himself, emboldened no doubt by the success with which he had expanded and remodelled the *Rape of the Lock*, made the same experiment on the *Dunciad*. All these attempts failed. Who was to foresee that Pope would, once in his life, be able to do what he could not himself do twice, and what nobody else has ever done?

Addison's advice was good. But had it been bad, why should we pronounce it dishonest? Scott tells us that one of his best friends predicted the failure of *Waverley*. Herder adjured Goethe not to take so unpromising a subject as *Faust*. Hume tried to dissuade Robertson from writing the *History of Charles V.* Nay, Pope himself was one of those who prophesied that Cato would never succeed on the stage; and advised Addison to print it without risking a representation. But Scott, Goethe, Robertson, Addison, had the good sense and generosity to give their advisers credit for the best intentions. Pope's heart was not of the same kind with theirs.

In 1715, while he was engaged in translating the *Iliad*, he met Addison at a coffee house. Phillipps and Budgell were there. But their sovereign got rid of them, and asked Pope to dine with him alone. After dinner, Addison said that he lay under a difficulty which he had for some wished to explain. 'Tickell,' he said, 'translated some time ago the first book of the *Iliad*. I have promised to look it over and correct it. I cannot therefore ask to see yours, for that would be double-dealing.' Pope made a civil reply, and begged that his second book might have the advantage of Addison's revision. Addison readily agreed, looked over the second book, and sent it back with warm commendations.

Tickell's version of the first book appeared soon after this conversation. In the preface, all rivalry was earnestly disclaimed. Tickell declared that he should not go on with the *Iliad*. That enterprise he should leave to powers which he admitted to be superior to his own. His only view, he said, in publishing this specimen, was to bespeak the favor of the public to a translation of the *Odyssey*, in which he had made some progress.

Addison, and Addison's devoted followers, pronounced both the versions good, but maintained that Tickell's had more of the original. The town gave a decided preference to Pope's. We do not think it worth while to settle such a question of precedence. Neither of the rivals can be said to have translated the *Iliad*, unless, indeed, the word translation be used in the sense which it bears in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. When Bottom makes his appearance with an ass's head instead of his own, Peter Quince exclaims, 'Bless thee! Bottom, bless thee! thou art translated.' In this sense, undoubtedly, the readers of either Pope or Tickell may very properly exclaim, 'Bless thee! Homer; thou art translated indeed.'

Our readers will, we hope, agree with us in thinking that no man in Addison's situation could have acted more fairly and kindly, both towards Pope and towards Tickell, than he appears to have done. But an odious suspicion had grown up in the mind of Pope. He fancied, and he soon firmly believed that there was a deep conspiracy against his fame and his fortunes. The work on which he had staked his reputation was to be depreciated. The subscription, on which rested his hopes of a competence, was to be defeated. With this view Addison had made a rival translation; Tickell had consented to father it, and the wits of Button's had united to puff it.

Is there any external evidence to support this grave accusation? The answer is short. There is absolutely none.

Was there any internal evidence which proved Addison to be the author of this version? Was it a work which Tickell was incapable of producing? Surely not. Tickell was a fellow of a College at Oxford, and must be supposed to have been able to construe the *Iliad*; and he was a better versifier than his friend. We are not aware that Pope pretended to have discovered any turns of expression peculiar to Addison. Had such turns of expression been discovered, they would be sufficiently

accounted for by supposing Addison to have corrected his friend's lines, as he owned that he had done.

Is there any thing in the character of the accused persons which makes the accusation probable? We answer confidently—nothing. Tickell was long after this time described by Pope himself as a very fair and worthy man. Addison had been, during many years, before the public. Literary rivals, political opponents, had kept their eyes on him. But neither envy nor faction, in their utmost rage, had ever imputed to him a single deviation from the laws of honor and of social morality. Had he been indeed a man meanly jealous of fame, and capable of stooping to base and wicked arts for the purpose of injuring his competitors, would his vices have remained latent so long? He was a writer of tragedy: had he ever injured Rowe? He was a writer of comedy: had he not done ample justice to Congreve, and given valuable help to Steele? He was a pamphleteer: have not his good nature and generosity been acknowledged by Swift, his rival in fame and his adversary in politics?

That Tickell should have been guilty of a villany seems to us highly improbable. That Addison should have been guilty of a villany seems to us highly improbable. But that these two men should have conspired together to commit a villany seems to us improbable in a tenfold degree. All that is known to us of their intercourse tends to prove, that it was not the intercourse of two accomplices in crime. These are some of the lines in which Tickell poured forth his sorrow over the coffin of Addison:

'Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thine aid, thou guardian genius, lend.
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.'

In what words, we should like to know, did this guardian genius invite his pupil to join in a plan such as the Editor of the *Satirist* would hardly dare to propose to the Editor of the *Age*?

We do not accuse Pope of bringing an accusation which he knew to be false. We have not the smallest doubt that he believed it to be true; and the evidence on which he believed it he found in his own bad heart. His own life was one long series of

tricks, as mean and as malicious as that of which he suspected Addison and Tickell. He was all stiletto and mask. To injure, to insult, and to save himself from the consequences of injury and insult by lying and equivocating, was the habit of his life. He published a lampoon on the Duke of Chandos; he was taxed with it; and he lied and equivocated. He published a lampoon on Aaron Hill; he was taxed with it; and he lied and equivocated. He published a still fouler lampoon on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; he was taxed with it; and he lied with more than usual effrontery and vehemence. He puffed himself and abused his enemies under feigned names. He robbed himself of his own letters, and then raised the hue and cry after them. Besides his frauds of malignity, of fear, of interest, and of vanity, there were frauds which he seems to have committed from love of fraud alone. He had a habit of stratagem—a pleasure in outwitting all who came near him. Whatever his object might be, the indirect road to it was that which he preferred. For Bolingbroke, Pope undoubtedly felt as much love and veneration as it was in his nature to feel for any human being. Yet Pope was scarcely dead when it was discovered that, from no motive except the mere love of artifice, he had been guilty of an act of gross perfidy to Bolingbroke.

Nothing was more natural than that such a man as this should attribute to others that which he felt within himself. A plain, probable, coherent explanation is frankly given to him. He is certain that it is all a romance. A line of conduct scrupulously fair, and even friendly, is pursued towards him. He is convinced that it is merely a cover for a vile intrigue by which he is to be disgraced and ruined. It is vain to ask him for proofs. He has none, and wants none, except those which he carries in his own bosom.

Whether Pope's malignity at length provoked Addison to retaliate for the first and last time, cannot now be known with certainty. We have only Pope's story, which runs thus. A pamphlet appeared containing some reflections which stung Pope to the quick. What those reflections were, and whether they were reflections of which he had a right to complain, we have now no means of deciding. The Earl of Warwick, a foolish and vicious lad, who regarded Addison with the feelings with which such lads generally regard their best friends, told Pope, truly or falsely, that this pamphlet had been written by Addison's direction. When we consider what a tendency

stories have to grow, in passing even from one honest man to another honest man, and when we consider that to the name of honest man neither Pope nor the Earl of Warwick had a claim, we are not disposed to attach much importance to this anecdote.

It is certain, however, that Pope was furious. He had already sketched the character of Atticus in prose. In his anger he turned this prose into the brilliant and energetic lines which every body knows by heart, or ought to know by heart, and sent them to Addison. One charge which Pope has enforced with great skill is probably not without foundation. Addison was, we are inclined to believe, too fond of presiding over a circle of humble friends. Of the other imputations which these famous lines are intended to convey, scarcely one has ever been proved to be just, and some are certainly false. That Addison was not in the habit of 'damning with faint praise,' appears from innumerable passages in his writings; and from none more than from those in which he mentions Pope. And it is not merely unjust, but ridiculous, to describe a man who made the fortune of almost every one of his intimate friends, as 'so obliging that he ne'er obliged.'

That Addison felt the sting of Pope's satire keenly, we cannot doubt. That he was conscious of one of the weaknesses with which he was reproached, is highly probable. But his heart, we firmly believe, acquitted him of the gravest part of the accusation. He acted like himself. As a satirist he was, at his own weapons, more than Pope's match; and he would have been at no loss for topics. A distorted and diseased body, tenanted by a yet more distorted and diseased mind—spite and envy thinly disguised by sentiments as benevolent and noble as those which Sir Peter Teazle admired in Mr. Joseph Surface—a feeble sickly licentiousness—an odious love of filthy and noisome images—these were things which a genius less powerful than that to which we owe the *Spectator* could easily have held up to the mirth and hatred of mankind. Addison had, moreover, at his command other means of vengeance which a bad man would not have scrupled to use. He was powerful in the state. Pope was a Catholic; and, in those times, a minister would have found it easy to harass the most innocent Catholic by innumerable petty vexations. Pope, near twenty years later, said, that 'through the lenity of the government alone he could live with comfort.' 'Consider,' he exclaimed, 'the injury that a man of high rank and credit may do to a

private person, under penal laws and many other disadvantages.' It is pleasing to reflect that the only revenge which Addison took was to insert in the *Freeholder* a warm encomium on the translation of the *Iliad*: and to exhort all lovers of learning to put down their names as subscribers. There could be no doubt, he said, from the specimens already published, that the masterly hand of Pope would do as much for Homer, as Dryden had done for Virgil. From that time to the end of his life, he always treated Pope, by Pope's own acknowledgment, with justice. Friendship was, of course, at an end.

One reason which induced the Earl of Warwick to play the ignominious part of tale-bearer on this occasion, may have been his dislike of the marriage which was about to take place between his mother and Addison. The Countess-Dowager, a daughter of the old and honorable family of the Myddletons of Chirk, a family which, in any country but ours, would be called noble, resided at Holland House. Addison had, during some years, occupied at Chelsea a small dwelling, once the abode of Nell Gwyn. Chelsea is now a district of London, and Holland House may be called a town residence. But, in the days of Anne and George I., milkmaids and sportsmen wandered, between green hedges and over fields bright with daisies, from Kensington almost to the shore of the Thames. Addison and Lady Warwick were country neighbors, and became intimate friends. The great wit and scholar tried to allure the young Lord from the fashionable amusements of beating watchmen, breaking windows, and rolling women in hogsheads down Holborn Hill, to the study of letters and the practice of virtue. These well-meant exertions did little good, however, either to the disciple or to the master. Lord Warwick grew up a rake, and Addison fell in love. The mature beauty of the Countess has been celebrated by poets in language which, after a very large allowance has been made for flattery, would lead us to believe that she was a fine woman; and her rank doubtless heightened her attractions. The courtship was long. The hopes of the lover appear to have risen and fallen with the fortunes of his party. His attachment was at length matter of such notoriety that, when he visited Ireland for the last time, Rowe addressed some consolatory verses to the Chloe of Holland House. It strikes us as a little strange that, in these verses, Addison should be called Lycidas; a name of singularly evil

omen for a swain just about to cross St. George's Channel.

At length Chloe capitulated. Addison was indeed able to treat with her on equal terms. He had reason to expect preferment even higher than that which he had attained. He had inherited the fortune of a brother who died Governor of Madras. He had purchased an estate in Warwickshire, and had been welcomed to his domain in very tolerable verse by one of the neighboring squires, the poetical fox-hunter, William Somerville. In August, 1716, the newspapers announced that Joseph Addison, Esquire, famous for many excellent works both in verse and prose, had espoused the Countess-Dowager of Warwick.

He now fixed his abode at Holland House—a house which can boast of a greater number of inmates distinguished in political and literary history than any other private dwelling in England. His portrait now hangs there. The features are pleasing; the complexion is remarkably fair; but, in the expression, we trace rather the gentleness of his disposition than the force and keenness of his intellect.

Not long after his marriage he reached the height of civil greatness. The Whig Government had, during some time, been torn by internal dissensions. Lord Townshend led one section of the Cabinet; Lord Sunderland the other. At length, in the spring of 1717, Sunderland triumphed. Townshend retired from office, and was accompanied by Walpole and Cowper. Sunderland proceeded to reconstruct the Ministry; and Addison was appointed Secretary of State. It is certain that the Seals were pressed upon him, and were at first declined by him. Men equally versed in official business might easily have been found; and his colleagues knew that they could not expect assistance from him in debate. He owed his elevation to his popularity, to his stainless probity, and to his literary fame.

But scarcely had Addison entered the Cabinet when his health began to fail. From one serious attack he recovered in the autumn; and his recovery was celebrated in Latin verses, worthy of his own pen, by Vincent Bourne, who was then at Trinity College, Cambridge. A relapse soon took place; and, in the following spring, Addison was prevented by a severe asthma from discharging the duties of his post. He resigned it, and was succeeded by his friend Craggs; a young man whose natural parts, though little improved by cultivation, were quick and showy, whose graceful person

and winning manners had made him generally acceptable in society, and who, if he had lived, would probably have been the most formidable of all the rivals of Walpole.

As yet there was no Joseph Hume. The Ministers, therefore, were able to bestow on Addison a retiring pension of £1500 a-year. In what form this pension was given we are not told by the biographers, and have not time to inquire. But it is certain that Addison did not vacate his seat in the House of Commons.

Rest of mind and body seemed to have re-established his health; and he thanked God, with cheerful piety, for having set him free both from his office and from his asthma. Many years seemed to be before him, and he meditated many works—a tragedy on the death of Socrates, a translation of the Psalms, a treatise on the evidences of Christianity. Of this last performance, a part, which we could well spare, has come down to us.

But the fatal complaint soon returned, and gradually prevailed against all the resources of medicine. It is melancholy to think that the last months of such a life should have been overclouded both by domestic and by political vexations. A tradition which began early, which has been generally received, and to which we have nothing to oppose, has represented his wife as an arrogant and imperious woman. It is said that, till his health failed him, he was glad to escape from the Countess-Dowager and her magnificent dining-room, blazing with the gilded devices of the House of Rich, to some tavern where he could enjoy a laugh, a talk about Virgil and Boileau, and a bottle of claret, with the friends of his happier days. All those friends, however, were not left to him. Sir Richard Steele had been gradually estranged by various causes. He considered himself as one who, in evil times, had braved martyrdom for his political principles, and demanded, when the Whig party was triumphant, a large compensation for what he had suffered when it was militant. The Whig leaders took a very different view of his claims. They thought that he had, by his own petulance and folly, brought them as well as himself into trouble; and though they did not absolutely neglect him, doled out favors to him with a sparing hand. It was natural that he should be angry with them, and especially angry with Addison. But what above all seems to have disturbed Sir Richard, was the elevation of Tickell, who, at thirty, was made by Addison under Secretary of State; while the Editor

of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, the author of the *Crisis*, the member for Stockbridge who had been persecuted for firm adherence to the House of Hanover, was at near fifty, forced, after many solicitations and complaints, to content himself with a share in the patent of Drury-Lane theatre. Steele himself says in his celebrated letter to Congreve, that Addison, by his preference of Tickell, 'incurred the warmest resentment of other gentlemen;' and every thing seems to indicate that, of those resentful gentlemen, Steele was himself one.

While poor Sir Richard was brooding over what he considered as Addison's unkindness, a new cause of quarrel arose. The Whig party, already divided against itself, was rent by a new schism. The celebrated Bill for limiting the number of Peers had been brought in. The proud Duke of Somerset, first in rank of all the nobles whose religion permitted them to sit in parliament, was the ostensible author of the measure. But it was supported, and, in truth, devised by the Prime Minister.

We are satisfied that the Bill was most pernicious; and we fear that the motives which induced Sunderland to frame it were not honorable to him. But we cannot deny that it was supported by many of the best and wisest men of that age. Nor was this strange. The royal prerogative had, within the memory of the generation then in the vigor of life, been so grossly abused, that it was still regarded with a jealousy which, when the peculiar situation of the House of Brunswick is considered, may perhaps be called immoderate. The prerogative of creating peers had, in the opinion of the Whigs, been grossly abused by Queen Anne's last ministry; and even the Tories admitted that her Majesty, in swamping, as it has since been called, the Upper House, had done what only an extreme case could justify. The theory of the English constitution, according to many high authorities, was, that three independent powers, the monarchy, the nobility, and the commons, ought constantly to act as checks on each other. If this theory were sound, it seemed to follow that to put one of these powers under the absolute control of the other two, was absurd. But if the number of peers were unlimited, it could not be denied that the Upper House was under the absolute control of the Crown and the Commons, and was indebted only to their moderation for any power which it might be suffered to retain.

Steele took part with the Opposition;

Addison with the Ministers. Steele, in a paper called the '*Plebeian*,' vehemently attacked the bill. Sunderland called for help on Addison, and Addison obeyed the call. In a paper called the '*Old Whig*,' he answered, and indeed refuted, Steele's arguments. It seems to us that the premises of both the controversialists were unsound, that, on those premises, Addison reasoned well and Steele ill; and that consequently Addison brought out a false conclusion, while Steele blundered upon the truth. In style, in wit, and in politeness, Addison maintained his superiority, though the *Old Whig* is by no means one of his happiest performances.*

At first, both the anonymous opponents observed the laws of propriety. But at length Steele so far forgot himself as to throw an odious imputation on the morals of the chiefs of the administration. Addison replied with severity; but, in our opinion, with less severity than was due to so grave an offence against morality and decorum; nor did he, in his just anger, forget for a moment the laws of good taste and good breeding. One calumny which has been often repeated, and never yet contradicted, it is our duty to expose. It is asserted in the *Biographia Britannica*, that Addison designated Steele as '*little Dicky*.' This assertion was repeated by Johnson, who had never seen the *Old Whig*, and was therefore excusable. It has also been repeated by Miss Aikin, who has seen the *Old Whig*, and for whom therefore there is less excuse. Now, it is true that the words '*little Dicky*' occur in the *Old Whig*, and that Steele's name was Richard. It is equally true that the words '*little Isaac*' occur in the *Duenna*, and that Newton's name was Isaac. But we confidently affirm that Addison's *little Dicky* had no more to do with Steele, than Sheridan's *little Isaac* with Newton. If we apply the words '*little Dicky*' to Steele, we deprive a very lively and ingenious passage, not only of all its wit, but of all its meaning. *Little Dicky* was evidently the nickname of some comic actor who played the usurer Gomez, then a most popular part, in Dryden's *Spanish Friar*.†

* Miss Aikin says that these pieces, never having been reprinted, are now of extreme rarity. This is a mistake. They have been reprinted, and may be obtained without the smallest difficulty. The copy now lying before us bears the date of 1789.

† We will transcribe the whole paragraph. How it can ever have been misunderstood is unintelligible to us.

But our author's chief concern is for the poor House of Commons, whom he represents as naked

The merited reproof which Steele had received, though softened by some kind and courteous expressions, galled him bitterly. He replied with little force and great acrimony; but no rejoinder appeared. Addison was fast hastening to his grave; and had, we may well suppose, little disposition to prosecute a quarrel with an old friend. His complaint had terminated in dropsy. He bore up long and manfully. But at length he abandoned all hope, dismissed his physicians, and calmly prepared himself to die.

His works he intrusted to the care of Tickell; and dedicated them a very few days before his death to Craggs, in a letter written with the sweet and graceful eloquence of a Saturday's Spectator. In this, his last composition, he alluded to his approaching end in words so manly, so cheerful, and so tender, that it is difficult to read them without tears. At the same time he earnestly recommended the interests of Tickell to the care of Craggs.

Within a few hours of the time at which this dedication was written, Addison sent to beg Gay, who was then living by his wits about town, to come to Holland House. Gay went and was received with great kindness. To his amazement his forgiveness was implored by the dying man. Poor Gay, the most good-natured and simple of mankind, could not imagine what he had to forgive. There was, however, some wrong, the remembrance of which weighed on Addison's mind, and which he declared himself anxious to repair. He was in a state of extreme exhaustion; and the parting was doubtless a friendly one on both sides. Gay supposed that some plan to serve him had been in agitation at Court, and had been frustrated by Addison's influence. Nor is this improbable. Gay had paid assiduous court to the royal family. But in the Queen's days he had been the

eulogist of Bolingbroke, and was still connected with many Tories. It is not strange that Addison, while heated by conflict, should have thought himself justified in obstructing the preferment of one whom he might regard as a political enemy. Neither is it strange that, when reviewing his whole life, and earnestly scrutinizing all his motives, he should think that he had acted an unkind and ungenerous part, in using his power against a distressed man of letters, who was as harmless and as helpless as a child.

One inference may be drawn from this anecdote. It appears that Addison, on his deathbed, called himself to a strict account; and was not at ease till he had asked pardon for an injury which it was not even suspected that he had committed—for an injury which would have caused disquiet only to a very tender conscience. Is it not then reasonable to infer, that, if he had really been guilty of forming a base conspiracy against the fame and fortunes of a rival, he would have expressed some remorse for so serious a crime? But it is unnecessary to multiply arguments and evidence for the Defence, when there is neither argument nor evidence for the Accusation.

The last moments of Addison were perfectly serene. His interview with his son-in-law is universally known. "See," he said, "how a Christian can die!" The piety of Addison was, in truth, of a singularly cheerful character. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings, is gratitude. God was to him the all-wise and all powerful friend, who had watched over his cradle with more than maternal tenderness; who had listened to his cries before they could form themselves in prayer; who had preserved his youth from the snares of vice; who had made his cup run over with worldly blessings; who had doubled the value of those blessings, by bestowing a thankful heart to enjoy them, and dear friends to partake of them; who had rebuked the waves of the Ligurian gulf, had purified the autumnal air of the Campagna, and had restrained the avalanches of Mont Cenis. Of the Psalms, his favorite was that which represents the Ruler of all things under the endearing image of a shepherd, whose crook guides the flock safe, through gloomy and desolate glens, to meadows well watered and rich with herbage. On that goodness to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life, he relied in the hour of death with the love which casteth out fear. He died

and defenceless, when the Crown, by losing this prerogative, would be less able to protect them against the power of a House of Lords. Who forbears laughing when the Spanish Friar represents little Dicky, under the person of Gomez, insulting the Colonel that was able to fright him out of his wits with a single frown? This Gomez, says he, flew upon him like a dragon, got him down, the Devil being strong in him, and gave him bastinado on bastinado, and buffet on buffet, which the poor Colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most Christian patience. The improbability of the fact never fails to raise mirth in the audience; and one may venture to answer for a British House of Commons, if we may guess from its conduct hitherto, that it will scarce be either so tame or so weak as our author supposes.'

on the 17th of June, 1719. He had just entered on his forty-eighth year.

His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was borne thence to the Abbey at dead of night. The choir sung a funeral hymn. Bishop Atterbury, one of those Tories who had loved and honored the most accomplished of the Whigs, met the corpse, and led the procession by torch-light, round the shrine of Saint Edward and the graves of the Plantagenets, to the Chapel of Henry the Seventh. On the north side of that Chapel, in the vault of the house of Albemarle, the coffin of Addison lies next to the coffin of Montagu. Yet a few months; and the same mourners passed again along the same aisle. The same sad anthem was again chanted. The same vault was again opened; and the coffin of Craggs was placed close to the coffin of Addison.

Many tributes were paid to the memory of Addison. But one alone is now remembered. Tickell bewailed his friend in an elegy which would do honor to the greatest name in our literature; and which unites the energy and magnificence of Dryden to the tenderness and purity of Cowper. This fine poem was prefixed to a superb edition of Addison's works, which was published in 1721, by subscription. The names of the subscribers proved how widely his fame had been spread. That his countrymen should be eager to possess his writings, even in a costly form, is not wonderful. But it is wonderful that, though English literature was then little studied on the Continent, Spanish Grandees, Italian Prelates, Marshals of France, should be found in the list. Among the most remarkable names are those of the Queen of Sweden, of Prince Eugene, of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the Dukes of Parma, Modena, and Guastalla, of the Doge of Genoa, of the Regent Orleans, and of Cardinal Dubois. We ought to add, that this edition, though eminently beautiful, is in some important points defective; nor, indeed, do we yet possess a complete collection of Addison's writings.

It is strange that neither his opulent and noble widow, nor any of his powerful and attached friends, should have thought of placing even a simple tablet, inscribed with his name, on the walls of the Abbey. It was not till three generations had laughed and wept over his pages that the omission was supplied by the public veneration. At length, in our own time, his image, skilfully graven, appeared in Poet's Corner. It represents him, as we can conceive him, clad

in his dressing-gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlor at Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the Everlasting Club, or the Loves of Hilpa and Shalum, just finished for the next day's Spectator, in his hand. Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism.

HER NAME.

VICTOR HUGO.

A LILY's pure perfume; a halo's light;

The Evening's voices mingling soft above;

The hour's mysterious farewell in its flight;

The plaintive story told

By a dear friend who grieves, yet is consoled;

The sweet soft murmur of a kiss of love;

The Scarf, seven-tinted, which the Hurricane

Leaves in the clouds, a trophy to the sun;

The well-remembered tone

Which, scarcely hoped for, meets the ear again;

The pure wish of a virgin heart; the beam

That hovers o'er an infant's earliest dream;

The voices of a distant choir, the sighs

That fabulous Memnon breathed of yore to greet

The coming dawn; the tone whose murmurs rise,

Then, with a cadence tremulous, expire;—

These, and all else the spirit dreams of sweet,

Are not so sweet as her sweet name, oh lyre;

Pronounce it very softly, like a prayer;

Yet, be it heard, the burden of the song:

Ah! let it be a sacred light to shine

In the dim fane; the secret word, which there,

Trembles for ever on one faithful tongue,

In the lone, shadowy silence of the shrine.

But oh! or ere, in words of flame,

My muse, unmindful, with the meaner crowd

Of names, by worthless pride revealed aloud,

Should dare to blend the dear and honored name

By fond affection set apart,

And hidden, like a treasure in my heart;

My strain, soft syllabled, should meet the ear

Like sacred music heard upon the knees;

The air should vibrate to its harmonies,

As if light hovering in the atmosphere,

An angel, viewless to the mortal eye,

With his fine pinions shook it, rustling nigh.

Dublin University Magazine.

NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES.

From the Monthly Review.

Nelsonian Reminiscences; Leaves from Memory's Log. By G. S. PARSONS, Lieut. R. N. Saunders & Otley.

THESE Reminiscences appeared originally in the Metropolitan Magazine, but are now brought together in a connected and compact form, in the hope that they will be received with favor in the shape of a volume. Of this cordial reception there can be little doubt. The period in our national history, over which Mr. Parsons's pages extend is the most stirring and interesting in our annals, or in naval history; and the hero under whom the Lieutenant served during the Mediterranean cruise, maintains a hold on the imagination, admiration, and grateful feelings of the people, that is more terse and tender, that has more of the undying principle in it, than any man that has ever existed. The book, too, is attractive merely as a book, or a literary performance. It becomes the Lieutenant well; for it shows much of the heart and spirit of the sailor, is in a straight-forward tone—at times laughter-moving, and at others grave or touching—but always entertaining. The style, to be sure, is in rather a more youthful and modern cast than might have been looked for in 1843, from one who was in the action off St. Vincent, *albeit* only eleven years old at the time. "Memory's Log," too, is marvellously fresh and particular in details, giving us conversations just as if they had made their first impression in the course of yesterday's doings, and as if the dialogues of sailors had always the picturesque and the dramatic in them. However, the reader is to bear in mind that the Reminiscences have been got up for magazine papers, and that the main question is, whether the essence of truth is presented—whether the pictures and sentiments be faithful and true in spirit and in manner. Tested and interpreted in this way, the Log, we think, may be taken as an authority so far as it pretends to go, and therefore it has its value in a more important sense, than being merely an amusement for an idle hour.

The book consists of narrative and anecdote—of descriptions, sketches and yarns, all relating to nautical affairs, and naval experience. Many are the adventures, the scenes, and the pieces of portraiture to be met with in the Lieutenant's volume; and all that we are called on now to do, is to transfer samples to our pages,

in order to enliven them, and also to tempt to a fuller and more leisurely reading.

We first of all are introduced to the author in Naples Bay, the time 1799; and the first of his recorded reminiscences relates to a tragical event, the execution of prince Carraccioli, admiral of the Neapolitan fleet; the king of Naples and his court having taken up their quarters in the Foudroyant shortly after the old admiral had been hanged and consigned to the deep. Our extract speaks for itself.

Some days after the execution, when the name of Admiral Carraccioli had ceased to be remembered among the great and noble of the land, I was roused from my slumbers with an account of the king being on deck. Wondering at his bad taste for early rising, I hurried up, and found his majesty gazing with intense anxiety on some distant object. At once he turned pale, and letting his spyglass fall on deck, uttered an exclamation of horror. My eyes instinctively turned in the same direction, and under our larboard quarter, with his face full upon us, much swollen and discolored by the water, and his orbs of light started from their sockets by strangulation, floated the ill-fated prince. All the superstition of the Italian school was called into play by this extraordinary (and, in truth, it was a fearful) apparition. The old man's gray hair streamed in the light breeze that rippled the placid waters of this lovely bay; the king and court were alarmed, and looked very pale; the priesthood, who were numerous on board, were summoned; when one, more adroit than his brethren, told the king that the spirit of his unfortunate admiral could not rest without his forgiveness, which he had risen to implore. This was freely accorded; and on Lord Nelson (who was suffering from ill health) being awakened from his uneasy slumbers by the agitation of the court, he ordered a boat to be sent from the ship to tow the corpse on shore.

Nelson's conduct at Naples presents passages that we have no mind to review; and Lady Hamilton did not always, Lieutenant Parsons hints, "sympathize in the manner expected from her generous and noble nature." Still, he declares that she has been most grossly calumniated. "Her generosity and good nature were unbounded—her talents and spirit unequalled; and, to my knowledge, her heart was of softer materials than to rejoice in the sufferings of the enemies of the (Neapolitan) court, to whom both she and Lord Nelson were bound by the strongest ties of gratitude and affection." She served the country with unwearied zeal and activity, and in a greater degree than any female ever before had the power." This service, of course, consisted chiefly in the way which she took with her influence over the hero. "She was

the cause of saving millions of British property from the grasp of the Spanish king, in 1797; she enabled Lord Nelson to fight the battle of Aboukir, and kept steady to our interest the fickle and dissolute court of Naples, from her influence over the daughter of Maria Theresa, then queen of that place." "Memory's Log" contains an anecdote worth quoting, referrible to the period of Prince Carraccioli's execution, which, together with some other acts, much to be lamented, our author attributes to a high sense of gratitude for benefits conferred by the Neapolitan court. "Lady Hamilton, with his lordship, (conspicuous from the star-like decorations that occasioned his death,) were skirting the sea-board at Naples, when a shot from the castle of St. Elmo disarranged the glossy curls of the beautiful Emma. 'On board!' said the hero and genius of victory. 'Not so, my dear lord,' said her ladyship. 'Let it never be said that Nelson and Brontë were turned by a Frenchman's ball.'"

Mr. Parsons says very little about Sir William Hamilton. In one place he mentions that he lived with his lady on board, and that "he was a spare, gentlemanly old man, kind to every person, and much beloved." But *anent* the hero: the capture of the *Genereux* is thus dramatized in the chapter headed the Chase.

"Deck, there! the stranger is evidently a man-of-war—she is a line-of-battle-ship, my lord, and going large on the starboard tack."

"Ah! an enemy, Mr. Stains. I pray God it may be *Le Genereux*. The signal for a general chase, Sir Ed'ard, (the Nelsonian pronunciation of Edward,) make the *Foudroyant* fly!"

Thus spoke the heroic Nelson; and every exertion that emulation could inspire was used to crowd the squadron with canvass, the Northumberland taking the lead, with the flag-ship close on her quarter.

"This will not do, Sir Ed'ard; it is certainly *Le Genereux*, and to my flag ship she can alone surrender. Sir Ed'ard we must and shall beat the Northumberland."

"I will do the utmost, my lord; get the engine to work on the sails—hang butts of water to the stays—pipe the hammocks down, and each man place shot in them—slack the stays, knock up the wedges, and give the masts play—start off the water, Mr. James, and pump the ship. The *Foudroyant* is drawing a-head, and at last takes the lead in the chase. The admiral is working his fin (the stump of his right arm,) do not cross his hawse, I advise you."

The advice was good, for at that moment Nelson opened furiously on the quarter-master at the conn. "I'll knock you off your perch, you rascal, if you are so inattentive.—Sir Ed'ard, send your best quarter-master to the weather-wheel."

"A strange sail a-head of the chase?" called the look-out man.

"Youngster, to the mast-head. What! going without your glass? Let me know what she is immediately."

"A sloop of war, or frigate, my lord," shouted the young signal-midshipman.

"Demand her number."

"The Success, my Lord."

"Captain Peard; signal to cut off the flying enemy—great odds, though—thirty-two small guns to eighty large ones."

"The Success has hove to athwart-hawse of the *Genereux*, and is firing her larboard broadside. The Frenchman has hoisted his tri-color, with a rear-admiral's flag!"

"Bravo—*Success*, at her again."

"She has wore round, my lord, and firing her starboard broadside. It has winged her, my lord—her flying kites are flying away altogether. The enemy is close on the Success, who must receive her tremendous broadside." The *Genereux* opens her fire on her little enemy, and every person stands aghast, afraid of the consequences. "The smoke clears away, and there is the Success, crippled, it is true, but bull dog like, bearing up after the enemy."

"The signal for the Success to discontinue the action, and come under my stern," said Lord Nelson; "she has done well for her size. Try a shot from the lower-deck at her, Sir Ed'ard."

"It goes over her."

"Beat to quarters, and fire coolly and deliberately at her masts and yards."

Le Genereux at this moment fired upon the British; and, as a shot passed through the mizen stay-sail, Lord Nelson, patting one of the youngsters on the head, asked him jocularly how he relished the music; and observing something like alarm depicted on his countenance, consoled him with the information, that Charles XII. ran away from the first shot he heard, though afterwards he was called "The Great," and deservedly, from his bravery. "I therefore," said Lord Nelson, "hope much from you in future."

Here the Northumberland opened her fire, and down came the tri-colored ensign, amidst the thunder of our united cannon.

"The signal to discontinue the firing." And Sir Edward Berry boarded the prize. Very shortly he returned with Rear-Admiral Pêre's sword, who, he stated, was then dying on his quarter-deck, with the loss of both legs, shot off by the raking broadsides of the little Success. This unfortunate Frenchman was under the imputation of having broken his parole, and was considered lucky in having redeemed his honor by dying in battle.

The landing of the British army in Egypt, in 1801, affords Lieut. Parsons an opportunity of detailing some of his most arresting reminiscences. The mere achievement of debarkation, of getting a footing on the beach, must figure whilst historical records

last; old Sir Ralph, "the good and the brave"—as the song, "O the broad swords of old Scotland," has it,—coming out in the picture in all his proper dimensions and attributes. All the boats of the British fleet under the command of Lord Keith are assembled in a triple line, "extending about a mile and a half at a league distance from their intended place of debarkation." The centre line is composed of flats and launches, crowded to excess with the flower of the British army. These are towed by barges and pinnaces, with a line of jolly-boats in the rear to assist the disabled. The signal is given to advance leisurely, "but to keep strictly in line till under fire, and then use every exertion to land the troops." But all that military skill could effect had been done to render the place of debarkation invulnerable; the French having for eight days been preparing for the event. The French Governor of Alexandria is reported to have said, "that nothing with life could be thrown on his shores but a cat." Immediately in front, too, lies the enemy's army on hills which are strongly fortified, while between these ridges, peep out the flying artillery, the cavalry also showing themselves in numbers between the masses of infantry, sufficient, they look, to devour our small band.

Imagine ten thousand of England's hardy sons, full of life and vigor, rushing into an unequal contest that, in the space of one hour, would decimate them. Hark! the first shell from Nelson's island; the roar, the whistle, and explosion among the boats, answered by the heart-stirring cheers of the British lines. The heavy artillery from the ridge of sand hills in front open their iron throats on the devoted boats. "Give way fore and aft!" is the respondent cry to the shrieks of the wounded, the heavy groans of the dying, and the gurgling sounds of the drowning. Gaps are seen in our lines. * * * Now their flying artillery, with their long train of horses, gallop to the beach, and open their brazen mouths on our advancing boats. That most venerable and veteran son of war, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, commander-in-chief, in the Kent's barge, moving in the rear, now desired the officer of that boat to pass through the gaps in our line, and place him in front of the fire. "I command you, sir," said the veteran; my personal safety is nothing compared with the national disgrace of the boats turning back. Example is needful in this tremendous fire, which exceeds all I ever saw. Oh, God! they waver,—onward, brave Britons, onward!" This apparent wavering was occasioned by a shell sinking the Foudroyant's flat boat with sixty soldiers in her, and by the rush of smaller ones to pick up the sinking soldiery. The lieutenant in command of the barge respectfully said he had the orders of Sir Richard Bickerton, not to expose the general-in-chief unnecessarily to the fire, or land him till the sec-

ond division were on shore. The British lines, closing, to cover their heavy losses, rapidly approached the landing-place. The French infantry in heavy masses now lined the beach, and the roar of musketry was incessant and tremendous. Sir Ralph, in great agitation, again ordered the officer to put his boat in front of the triple line, and was met by that officer respectfully declaring that "he would obey the orders of his admiral alone." The old general made an abortive attempt to jump overboard, saying, "Without some striking example, human nature could not face such a fire;" and indeed the sea was ploughed and strongly agitated by the innumerable balls that splashed among the boats, sometimes hiding them altogether by the spray they created. This was a most painful scene for a spectator: our friends mown down like corn before the reaper. But now a change comes over it. A heart-stirring cheer is given on the prows touching the beach; the soldiers, heartily tired of being shot at like rooks, spring from the boats with great alacrity; that effective instrument, the bayonet, &c. &c.

The death of Abercrombie:—

The Hon. Captain Proby, now addressing the commander-in-chief, to whom he was aide-de-camp, reported the enemy to be retreating, covered by their cavalry. "But good God, general, you are seriously wounded, your saddle is saturated with blood. Let me support you to the rear, and for all our sakes let the surgeons examine you."

"Captain Proby, I thank you," said the veteran, with a faint voice; "but in these stirring times the general should be the last person to think of self. Captain Proby, order a forward movement, and hang fiercely on the retreating foe. Desire Hompesh's dragoons to cut through their rear-guard, and follow them closely to the walls of Alexandria." Seeing hesitation and great concern in the ingenuous, youthful countenance of Captain Proby, Sir Ralph added with sternness, "See my orders instantly obeyed, Sir."

And the aide-de-camp, dashing his spurs into the flanks of the swift Arabian, flew along the line, vociferating the orders of "Forward! forward!" at the same time despatching the first dragoon he met with to Colonel Abercrombie, stating his opinion that his father was bleeding to death on the field with a gunshot wound. Sir Ralph, seeing Sir Sidney Smith's horse shot under him, now desired his orderly to remount him. Sir Sidney, thinking it would inconvenience the general, refused to mount, till a ball from the retreating artillery decided the question by killing the orderly. While Sir Sidney (who was wounded) was thanking the general, Colonel Abercrombie galloped up—"Dear father, has your wound been examined?"

Sir Ralph, who was sinking fast from loss of blood, now turned affectionately to the manly form of his son, who stood at his side in a visible agony of suspense, muttered the word—"A flesh wound—a mere scratch!" and fell fainting into his arms.

He was quickly borne by orderly sergeants to the rear, where the wound was pronounced of a

dangerous nature. Fortunately the Foudroyant's launch had just reached the beach with boats of the fleet to convey the wounded off to the shipping; and the hero of sixty-three, in an insensible state, was consigned to the tender care of his son, exposed to the fierce sun, whose rays shot down hot enough to melt him. Colonel Abercrombie held one of his hands, while tender commiseration clouded his manly brow. I saw this gallant and good old warrior extended on a grating, coming alongside the flag ship, his silvery hair streaming in the breeze that gently rippled the waters—his venerable features convulsed with agony, while the sun darted fiercely on him its intense rays, combining with his wound to occasion the perspiration to pour down his forehead like heavy drops of rain; yet he commanded not only his groans, but even his sighs, lest they should add to the evident anguish depicted in Colonel Abercrombie's countenance, as he wiped the perspiration from his father's face.—“We are near the Foudroyant, my dear sir; swallow a little of the contents of my canteen, it will enable you the better to bear the motion of being hoisted in.”

“Send the quarter-master below to sling the general,” said Lord Keith, “and select careful hands to the whip,” and his lordship's countenance expressed the deepest commiseration. “Now, whip handsomely,—bear off the side, gentlemen,—for God's sake do not let the grating come in contact with any thing. High enough—lower handsomely—see that the bearers are equally tall. Now rest the grating gently on their shoulders:” and his lordship gazed on the suffering countenance of the ancient soldier.

“I am putting you to great inconvenience,” said Sir Ralph; and added in faltering accents, “I am afraid I shall occasion you much more trouble.”

“The greatest trouble, general,” and Lord Keith took hold of one of the wounded man's hands, “is to see you in this pitiable situation.”

Lord Keith pressed, relinquished the hand, and burst into tears; nor was there a dry eye that witnessed the sufferings of this venerated and venerable warrior. He lingered in acute pain three days, and his body was sent down to Malta.

We meet with “the breeze that gently rippled the waters,” and similar repetitions of fine writing rather too frequently to accord well with a veteran sailor's phraseology. But, to let that pass, we hasten to glean some notices and anecdotes of another warrior, whose name will live long in history, the chivalrous but eccentric Sir Sidney Smith. This knight of the sword, says Lieut. Parsons, “I remember well, and have him in ‘my mind's eye,’ as he stepped on the quarter-deck of H. M. frigate ‘El Carmen,’ lying in Aboukir Bay, Egypt, in the latter part of the year 1801. He was then of middling stature, good looking, with tremendous moustachios, a

pair of penetrating black eyes, an intelligent countenance, with a gentlemanly air, expressive of good nature and kindness of heart.” Captain Selby of the *El Carmen* was ordered to England, to announce the British success in Egypt. The frigate however made tardy progress, having, by the advice of Sir Sidney, “hugged the Barbary coast close,” in hopes of receiving the landwind at night. The leeward, however, “blew hard upon us and nearly wrecked the old tub off Cape Dern.” The hero of Acre was coming home a passenger in the frigate. The extract now to be presented exhibits him characteristically, volunteering to board an American vessel in distress during a gale:—

On the following morning, the wind having moderated, we bore up and shook a reef out of the topsails, dropped the foresail, and stood under the stern of a large ship laboring heavily, with top-gallant yards across, on a topping sea, and American colors reversed.

“I am in a sinking state,” said brother Jonathan, “and I calculate I shall only be able to keep her up two hours or so: the people are frightened and I am in a bit of a shake, therefore, Britisher, I will take it as a compliment if you will send your boat (mine are washed away) and save us from being drowned like rats in this tarnation leaky hooker.”

“I will stay by you,” said Captain Selby, “but no boat will live in this sea.”

Upon this declaration Jonathan Corncock spat twice as fast as ever, and observed, “You might oblige us with a boat, Captain.”

His passengers and crew did not take it in the same cool way their master did, but raised a great outcry, and threw up their hands to a superior power for aid, while, despairingly, they tried to induce us to send a boat. Sir Sidney's kind heart was touched by the scene.

“Captain Selby, if you will risk your lee-quarter cutter I will save, by the help of Heaven, those despairing creatures. Give me choice men,—good boatmen, Mr. Landon, and with your captain's permission, I will take you in the boat.”

This speech relieved me from a heavy weight of care, for, as officer of the watch, it was my duty to share the risk with Sir Sidney, but I had no inclination to be drowned even in such good company, and his choice fell on the first lieutenant, (there is no accounting for taste.) It set both heart and mind at rest, for I fully concurred with my captain in opinion that no boat could live. Sir Sidney was the first man to spring into the lee-cutter. Captain Selby having remonstrated against his risking so valuable a life, was answered gaily by the gallant hero calling to our first luff, “Mr. Landon, if your tackle-falls give way you will be drowned for your carelessness, as I intend to be lowered in the boat, and her tackle-falls should always be ready to bear any weight. Now for a bow and stern-fast well attended, and your two best quartermasters at the falls. Watch her roll, men,

when I give the word, for on your attention and skill depend the lives of the cutter's crew, your first lust, to say nothing of my own, and Chips, the carpenter, whom with your leave, Captain Selby, I will take on board Jonathan, who I suspect is not so bad as stated, but rather lost in his reckoning. Additional stretchers in the boat, Mr. Landon,—each man with these in his hands to bear us off the side. Now, Captain Selby, place your frigate close on her weather quarter, to make a lee for us." And every man held his breath with consternation, as the gallant hero, watching the lee roll, loudly gave the word to lower away roundly, still louder to let go and unhook, on the celerity of which depended all their lives. I drew my breath freely when the boat showed her stern to the mountainous waves, impelled by her oars, as each billow threatened to engulf her, and the cool magnanimity of Sir Sidney, as he steered alongside the wall-sided monster of a Yankee, who rolled awfully as he sprang on board.

"I guess you are the captain of that there Britisher," said Jonathan Corncob, addressing the hero of Acre, "and I take your conduct as most particularly civil."

"I am only a passenger in yon frigate, and am called Sir Sidney Smith. But let your carpenter show mine where he thinks the leak is, and I shall be glad to look at your chart."

"You shall see it, Sidney Smith, (we do not acknowledge titles in our free country,)" and Jonathan unrolled a very greasy chart before Sir Sidney.

"I do not see any track pricked off. What was your longitude at noon yesterday? and what do you think your drift has been since that time?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Sidney Smith, I haven't begun to reckon yet, but mate and I was about it when the gale came on; I think we are about here;" and Jonathan Corncob covered many degrees with the broad palm of his hand; "Mate thinks we are more to the eastward."

This convinced Sir Sidney that he rightly guessed that the man was lost. Americans, long, long ago, were not pre-eminent as now in navigation, and were generally and irreverently called God's ships. The carpenter by this time had diminished the leak, and Sir Sidney, giving Captain Corncob the bearings and distance of Brest, only a day's sail dead to leeward, offered to take him and his crew on board the *El Carmen*, leaving the boat's crew to run the tarnation leaky hooker into Brest, and claiming half her value as salvage.

But Jonathan gravely demurred; and calling to mate, "Reverse our stripes and place our stars uppermost again where they should be," while he kindly slapped Sir Sidney on the shoulder, calling him an honest fellow from the old country, and in the fulness of his gratitude offered him a quid of tobacco and a glass of brandy.

Sir Sidney got on board without accident, and Jonathan Corncob made sail for Brest, where I trust (but never heard) that he safely arrived.

Sir Sidney's manners, we are told, "would have done honor to Lord Chester-
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field's tuition." "He was the life of the ship, composed songs and sang them; full of anecdote, so well told, that you lost sight of the little bit of egotism they smacked off." He "shortened his moustachios daily, according to our run made in the night, fully determined to get rid of them by our arrival in England." Sir Sidney "asserted that rats fed cleaner and were better eating than pigs or ducks, and, agreeably to his wish, a dish of these beautiful vermin were caught daily with fish-hooks, well-baited, in the provision hold, for the ship was infested with them, and served up at the captain's table." The knight, we are also informed, was a perfect Nimrod at running; for so fleet a-foot he was, that when reconnoitering the French army before Acre, and the enemy's sharp shooters had been thrown forward with a desire to make him their target, "he would enter the breach in the walls, where Jezza Pacha made his bed every night during the siege, before his companions were half way."

We have now given samples of the staple of the "Reminiscences." What more can we do to insure the popularity of the book?

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

WHERE art thou *not*, fair spirit, in this world
Of light and shade?—there may be those who say
They see thee not, nor feel thy glorious sway:
But these are few. Beneath thy pow'r unfurl'd
We walk this earth. Ah! even when we deem
The sunshine of thy presence far removed,
A thought, a hope, will show us that thy beam
Is near us still. How often hast thou proved
Our saving guide!—the heart led on by thee
Has found at last what worldly wisdom ne'er
Could give alone—a spring of faith—to be
For ever tasted and for ever clear.
And mirror'd on its waters we behold
All that the heart hath laid within its inmost fold.
EMMA B.

WHAT PLEASURE IT IS TO PAY ONE'S DEBTS.—I remember to have heard Sir T. Lyttleton make the same observation. It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place, it removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection. It promotes that future confidence which is so very interesting to an honest mind; it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions; it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue; and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound economy. Finally, it is the main support of simple reputation.—*Shenstone.*

A FIGHT IN THE DARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLON CLINK," "TEXIANA," ETC. ETC.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

FRANKLY admitting that duels of every common kind, and some of a very uncommon description also, have been written upon until the very name, when seen in print, bears very much the unsavory character of a literary nuisance, I yet venture to add another to the number, since it may deservedly be considered the crowning fight, both for its singularity and its barbarity, of all hitherto placed on record. Savage and deadly as is the general character of duelling in the Southern States of America—epidemic as it is decidedly stated to be in some places, (Orleans, for instance,) increasing materially in the heats of summer, and declining as the weather cools,—and in the face of all we have heard concerning Kentucky "gouging" and biting off of ears and noses,—this "Fight in the Dark," which took place in Florida, stands pre-eminent and alone. Germany cannot match it, and by its side, an English duel is mere child's play! That poor humanity should ever become excited to such an act will appear marvellous—but it is no less true. At least, it is no fiction of mine—and a very savage kind of imagination must any novelist have possessed who could have purely invented it.

The parties in this affair were Colonel — and a young man, I believe a surgeon, whom he chanced accidentally to meet, one evening, at a liquor-store. Whether the colonel was of the "regular army," as Webb, of New York, designates himself, or only one of those very numerous colonels in America who never either handled a sword or rode in the field, even of a review, my informant did not state; though, from his insolent and quarrelsome disposition, I should, as an Englishman, naturally conclude he was no soldier. This, however, at least he was—one of those not uncommon characters to be met with in the South—a man who had acquired for himself a "first-rate" reputation as not only a dead shot with either pistol or rifle, but also as being equally *au fait* and formidable in the uses of the bowie-knife. Whichever he might fight with, was a matter of perfect indifference to him—as in any one of the three cases, his antagonist generally enjoyed some three or four chances, to the colonel's one, of losing his life. Hence, few cared to receive an insult from him, or, under almost

any circumstances, to offer him one. He became, in his neighbourhood, (and as far as a man can become such, in that part of the world,) an object at once fearful, detestable, and arrogant in the extreme. Few men but wished him killed off-hand, or hoped, that at the earliest convenient opportunity, he might find his match.

The young man, who, on the occasion I am about to relate, eventually entered the field with this uncivilized fellow, happened, neither by reputation nor in fact, to possess the horrible accomplishments of the colonel. He was a quiet, unassuming citizen, with no further title to the character of a duellist than many attach to the majority of his fellow-men in those fighting regions.

The inn, or liquor-store, in which the scene took place, stood by the forest, although an extensive patch of roughly-cleared ground surrounded it, and the night of its occurrence having suddenly proved very rainy and dark, many of those who had previously assembled there were detained beyond their time, while occasional wayfarers, to avoid the storm, added to their numbers. Amongst these latter were two individuals, one of whom, before his entrance, was overheard, by some in the entrance, to say to his companion, with a fearful oath peculiar to certain people in the South—

"By—! Major, I'll raise a fight to-night, before I go!"

"No, no, colonel!" replied the other—"stop a moment. Is there any man here you have a difficulty with?"

"No—not that I know of; but what does that matter?"

"Then why go into a bar for the sake of picking a quarrel with a stranger, either to kill him or get killed yourself?"

"Kill me!—ah! ah! major, don't grind coffee on my nose!—you couldn't do it yourself! Let any man try, and the way I'll use him up shall be a caution, I tell you!"

And so saying, the colonel strode in, and made his way towards the bar, where he ordered brandy, and while drinking it, cast his eyes around upon a respectable body of men there assembled—a body commonly called, according to this kind of classical American, "a tallish kind of a crowd."

His general insolence of demeanor soon attracted attention, but for a while he failed to fix upon any particular individual as his intended victim.

Meantime, his friend the major,—probably another such major as he himself a colonel—was observed to address him earnestly, but in a low tone of voice, though

seemingly with the intention of keeping him quiet. These efforts failed—and with more brandy came more determination. Eventually, his eye fell upon two persons, one the young man who was to be slaughtered, to whom allusion has already been made, and the other an aged one—perhaps his father. They were engaged in close private conversation, the younger of the two being then the speaker. The colonel seemed to listen attentively, and having drawn somewhat nearer, very soon exclaimed aloud—

“It is *not* the case!”

Many turned their heads towards the speaker, with a slight expression of surprise, as being unconscious who he was addressing; his friend, who now stood aloof, but kept his eyes upon him, beckoned him back, but in vain, while the individual really most interested in this commencement of the attack was too absorbed in his own discourse to hear, or to remark, the exclamation at all.

By and by, the colonel a second time spoke, but in a louder key—

“I say it’s false!”

On this occasion, the young man almost involuntarily looked up, and his eyes met those of the colonel, for towards him were many directed. But he seemed not yet to comprehend that *his* private conversation with his aged friend was alluded to. It was, therefore, immediately afterwards continued.

By this time, scarcely another voice in the room was heard—suspense as to the result, and curiosity concerning this unaccountable conduct, having produced considerable silence.

For the third time, the colonel exclaimed—

“I say it’s a lie!” and at the same instant, fixing his eyes, with an expression of perfect ferocity, upon his predetermined antagonist. Many others also looked in the same direction. The young man could no longer remain deceived. He mildly but determinedly asked—

“Is that addressed to me?”

“It is!” roared the colonel. “I say again, it’s all a lie!”

A steady look of utter contempt was the only answer he received; and he that gave it resumed his discourse as before.

Several now shrunk back, confident that a fight would ensue, and anxious to keep out of the way. Some minutes elapsed ere the intending murderer opened his lips for the fourth time, and then it was to denounce his victim as “himself a liar and a coward!”

The latter, thereupon, deliberately rose from his seat, and advancing, with the utmost apparent composure, towards his antagonist, (who, probably, had no idea of such a salutation from such a man,) struck him boldly in the face with his fist, and instantly fell back, to stand upon his defence with the knife.

The colonel rushed forwards, like a tiger, but his friend, the major, seized him, and all interfered to prevent the immediate effusion of blood. This being effected, a challenge was immediately given by the colonel, and accepted, and the morrow morning was proposed as the period for the meeting. To the surprise, however, of some of the bystanders, the challenged party insisted on an immediate decision, and that the combat should terminate only with life. “To kill or be killed,” said he, “is now my only alternative, and the sooner one or the other is done the better.”

On hearing this, the colonel also furiously demanded an instantaneous settlement of the affair, said his friends had no right to prevent it, and swore that if he did not conclude the business at the first shot, he would consent to stand as a target only the following two times. Both parties were, of course, by this period, highly excited. Different propositions were loudly vociferated by as many different parties present, until more than one case of “difficulty” of this kind appeared likely to be brought to its “sum total” before the morning sun. It was suggested that they should go out on to the clearing, have two blazing fires made at a proper distance, the combatants being placed between them, so that they could see each other against the light behind—or that they should fight by the blaze of pitch-pine splinters—or decide the question, at once, across a table.

In the midst of all this uproar, the young man challenged was questioned, by several of the more temperate persons present, as to his knowledge of the character and reputation enjoyed by his antagonist, the colonel. He replied that he knew nothing whatever concerning him, and had never even seen him before; two facts which, in his opinion, highly aggravated the repeated and intentional insults he had received. They accordingly advised him on the subject of the colonel’s prowess, and urgently recommended him to adopt the following two courses,—to select no other weapon than the rifle, and to defer the decision until daylight. By no other arrangement could he possibly have a chance.

All was in vain, as he firmly adhered to

his previously expressed determination; and equally vain were the painful and even pathetic remonstrances of his aged friend.

Reconciliation, even during the space of a few hours, being thus rendered impossible, and all the already proposed modes of fighting being rejected or unattended to, a new proposition was made. It was distinctly—that in order to disarm one of the parties of his decided general advantages as a duellist—to prevent the other, as far as possible, from being butchered as well as wantonly insulted,—and, in short, to place both upon as perfect an equality as possible, the following articles ought to be agreed to:—That the landlord should give up the use of a large, empty room, that extended over the whole top of his house, and allow every window to be closely blocked up with shutters or boards. That, when this was done, the duellists should be divested of every particle of clothing, armed each with a brace of pistols and a bowie-knife,* and then be let into the room—three minutes being given, after the closing of the door, before hostilities commenced, the expiration of the time being announced to them by three rapid knocks upon the door.

Will it be believed that this arrangement was instantly agreed to? But so it was. And a tolerable party immediately proceeded up stairs, some to make the needful arrangements, and others to listen to this unseen fight, and await its exciting result.

Savage as men's spirits may be, such a scene of preparation as this was enough to silence, if not to awe them. While it was passing, no man spoke, but all looked curiously upon the fine muscular persons that were soon, in all probability, about to cut up each other alive.

All things being ready, the door, which had cautiously been kept closed, to prevent the interior of the place from being seen by the duellists, was opened, and they entered the room of death together. The old man, whose friend one of them was, wept in silent bitterness, but by an involuntary action, as the young man passed out of his sight, evidently besought heaven to assist the insulted and the innocent. The door was closed. The time-keeper drew out his watch, and kept his eyes steadily fixed upon it. The assembled party employed that brief period in offering and accepting (in whispers) bets of from one to five hundred and more dollars, as to the result. According to sporting phrase, "the colonel was

the favorite," though the backers of neither one nor the other appeared inclined to offer very long odds.

The time-keeper closed his watch, and gave the signal; at the same moment all the lights on the landing and staircase were extinguished, in order that no ray might pass through the least crevice into the inside of the room.

Every body expected, upon the giving of the signal, to hear the commencement of the strife; but they listened in dead silence to no purpose; not the remotest sound, even of a footstep, could be heard. And thus they waited five minutes, and ten, and twenty, and yet the combatants gave no sign. After the lapse, as near as might be conjectured, of half an hour or thereabouts, one pistol was discharged; and although the listeners had been in the continued expectation of it so long, yet when it did come, a sudden start of surprise ran through them, as though each man had instantly felt that he might have received the contents himself. And then followed a hasty step across the floor—another pistol report—the clashing of knives, and a brief but seemingly desperate attempt to wrestle, which quickly terminated, and all again was quiet.

"It's all up!" whispered one—"I'll bet drinks for the crowd!"

"Taken!" said another—"I begin to want a julep!"

"Fifty to forty the colonel has killed him!" remarked a third;—"he was a very nice young man, but he can't come in this time!"

And thus would they have gone on, had not the third report been just then heard, followed by a prolonged conflict hand to hand, and knife to knife, in the course of which the fourth pistol was exploded. The strokes of the knives began to grow less frequent, and more faint in sound; but ere they had entirely ceased, a heavy body dropped with a dead sound upon the floor of the room. Another instant, and there followed another fall.

Some individuals present were for opening the door immediately; but this proposition was overruled, on the ground that if the fight were not yet over, the most able might take advantage of the appearance of the light to kill the other, even lying on the boards.

About half an hour was, if I recollect aright, allowed to pass in close and attentive listening to catch the most distant sound from within. None was heard; and at the expiration of that period, amidst a crowd of the most horrible of anxious faces,

* The knife would, in all probability, be held between the teeth.

the door was opened, and the whole party rushed in. Towards the remoter end, and not far from the wall, lay a heap like red cloth. It was composed of the gashed and bloody bodies of the duellists! One lay across the other. They were taken up, and something like a distant murmur of applause followed, when it was discovered that THE COLONEL WAS UNDERMOST!

But many who best knew him spoke outright their gladness, when an examination proved that he was perfectly dead. Both bodies were so mangled, that it was next to impossible to handle them without touching the wounds.

The best of it was, however, that the conqueror of this fearful white savage was found to be still alive. He was taken down stairs instantly; stimulants were given, and he began to revive. His body was then carefully washed; after which, being cautiously wrapped up, he was conveyed away to the nearest surgeon's, some time after midnight.

The room exhibited a spectacle not to be described.

The young man eventually recovered entirely of all his wounds, and was often congratulated on having rid the country of a monster whom few dared to attack.

This was not all. During his convalescence, inquiries were frequently made of him as to the mode in which the fight was managed; and he accordingly gave the following curious account, as nearly as the writer can remember:—

"When the door was closed," said he, "we were surrounded by the most profound darkness. It seemed for some moments to confound the senses, and be close to my eyes. During the three minutes allowed before the battle might begin, my principal aim was to get away from my antagonist into another part of the room, without his knowledge, and to stand there by the wall until, perhaps, he should make some movement, by the sound of which I could be directed in my attack. The crowd outside was as still as death. I held my breath, and treading so lightly that I could not hear my own footfalls, I stole away towards that side of the room on which I entered. Whether he had calculated that I should naturally do so, and had therefore taken the same direction, nobody can now tell; but no sooner had I stood still to listen for him, than I found he was somewhere about me—I could hear his breathing. With the greatest caution and silence, I hastened to another part, expecting every moment either that he would run against me, or I against

him. And in this kind of manœuvring, sometimes to get away, and sometimes to approach, if I fancied, though why I know not, that an advantage might be gained, the greatest part of the silent half hour you speak of was spent.

"At length, having safely reached the opposite side, I stood still, resolved not to move again until he either approached, having perhaps found me out, or by some means or other I could discover his position in the room. Having now got beyond his reach, I felt that to be motionless on my part was the wisest step; and calculated that his passion and fury would soon lead him on to the exhibition of less caution. Nothing of the kind occurred, and yet the first ball discharged was mine. A mouse could have been heard to stir; but we were perfectly lost to each other.

"Eventually, whether my eyes had become more accommodated to the blackness, or from whatever cause, but true enough it is, I perceived a pair of eyes on the other side nearly opposite to me. They shone like those of a hyena in the night. I fired instantly, and rushed forward. The flash showed me the colonel crouched down against the wall, and must equally have directed him to me. He fired as he advanced, but missed. We were almost close together. The empty pistols were thrown down, and the knives used. He rushed on with great ferocity, and tried to grapple with me, but I slipped out of his arms; and for an instant, being quite separated, both stood still, listening for the place of the other. I think he must have heard me, for he fired a second time with such effect as you all have seen. Nothing but his knife now remained; I had knife and pistol. We were so close together, that he was upon me almost as soon as his pistol-ball. The latter staggered me a little at the moment, but I met him with the knife, and from that time we never separated again. My object was to keep him from closing upon me, until I could be as certain as darkness would permit of using my last ball to advantage. In consequence of that, I retreated in various ways, both still fighting, sometimes on the open floor, and sometimes knocking ourselves with violence against the wall.

"I was growing faint. I found my strength failing, and then I fired my second pistol. The light instantaneously made, showed both men redder than the Indian in the field of battle. I heard that he staggered, and rushed with all my strength upon him. He still fought a little, but suddenly

dropped before me, and more than that I do not know."

Such is the tale, as nearly as the writer can remember, that was related to him. Should it be said that he met with a romanticist, in that case, his only hope is that he may meet with another such every day of his life; though his firm and well-founded belief is, that all the details are perfectly true.

TALES OF THE COLONIES.

From the Monthly Review.

Tales of the Colonies; or, the Adventures of an Emigrant. Edited by a late Colonial Magistrate.

WE last month had merely the opportunity of noticing in the briefest fashion these "Tales of the Colonies," but drew copiously from some of the earlier sketches and adventures of the Emigrant. On further acquaintanceship with the work we are prepared not only to reiterate, but to go beyond our former praise and recommendation of its contents. It is decidedly original: for it traverses a country that is new, pictures the most striking scenes and objects in nature as met with in untamed or partially cultured regions, and presents contrasts of the boldest character. It is a penetrating guide even in such a luxuriantly wild country, abounding with retrospective as well as prospective glimpses that are clear and strong, drawing forcibly upon one's sympathies, and arousing to healthful flow and action the sentiments. It is an original work in manner of treatment as well as in respect of subject. As narratives, seldom has human writing been more truthful than these tales, more fresh in regard to life and nature, more various yet faithful in respect of character, or more exciting in point of incident; the author having gone on in his strength and glee with perfect self-confiding, and with a perfect knowledge of what he wrote about.

Let no one suppose that because the work passes under the name of Tales, that therefore nothing better than feigned things, merely to amuse the devourer of novels, enter into these volumes; for the fact is that the reader can no more doubt of the truth of the narratives than were it a book of De Foe's that he had before him, nor rise from the perusal of a single passage, be the subject gay or sad,—of beauti-

ful civilization or of savage features—without being instructed and bettered. It is very remarkable that where there is so much of simplicity and also of particular detail as the late Colonial Magistrate deals in, there should be so many points and so great attraction; the reason partly at least being that the author is full of the subject that may happen to be in hand, as well as having a full view of it: that his contemplation of it is direct; and that his purpose is manly and far-reaching. We do not hesitate to say, that for a settler in a new country, and especially if similarly circumstanced with Van Diemen's land, a truer, a more informing, or a more inspiring publication does not exist. Every thing seems to be shown and taught that is necessary, or can offer itself to the emigrants' observation or necessities. And then there are such healthfulness of principle, such traits of genuine humanity, and so many touches of well-timed humor, good-natured wit, and sly satire, that the book contains large quantities of food for every phase of feeling and order of appetite. But on all occasions when speaking of a work of sterling merit, and large abundance, nothing is more unsatisfactory than the vague eulogy, and the generalities which one must utter if limited to a few sentences. We therefore without further preface introduce a story that is exceedingly well told, besides being illustrative of some of the more terrible experiences in colonial history, during the infancy of settlement.

Had we room and time it would be easy to give many specimens in which the writer surpasses, whether viewed as a person of literary skill, of mental vigor, or of raciness of description and portraiture. But we must desist.

"My presence of mind almost forsook me at this crisis. Escape seemed impossible; and I felt that I was doomed to the most horrible of deaths—that of being burnt alive!

"The light of the flames increased, and the smoke inside the hut became almost insufferable! Feeling that if I remained where I was, death was certain, I determined to make a desperate effort to escape. There was a little wind, which blew the smoke in the direction of the back of the hut; the natives, as I knew by their cries, were assembled in the front.

"I determined to attempt my escape by the back window, hoping that the smoke in that direction would serve to conceal my exit at the moment of getting out of the window, when my position would be defenceless. I hastily tore down my barricade of logs, and jumped through the opening into the smoke. I was almost suffocated, but, with my gun in my hand, I dashed through it.

"For the moment I was not perceived; but the natives soon got sight of me, and a volley of spears around me, one of which struck me in the back, but dropped out again, proclaimed that they were in chase. I kept on running as long as I could towards a tree that was in the middle of the little plain over which I was passing, intending to make that my fighting place, by setting my back to it, and so to protect myself in the rear.

"The spears flew around me and near me, but I reached the tree, and instantly turning round, I fired among the advancing natives. This checked them, for they were now becoming afraid of my formidable weapon, and seeing that I stood resolute and prepared for them, they retreated to some distance; but they continued to throw some spears, most of which fell short, and kept up a shouting and yelling in a frightful manner, capering and dancing about in a sort of frenzy,—ferocious to get at me, but kept at bay by my terrible gun.

"My blood was now up! I was excited to a pitch of joyful exultation by my escape from the burning hut, and I felt that courage of excitement which almost prompted me to rush on my enemies, and to bring the matter to an issue by a bodily conflict with my broadsword. But prudence prevailed; and I placed my hope and my dependence on my trusty gun, which had already done me such good service.

"Taking advantage of the temporary inaction of the natives, I felt for my powder-horn, to reload the barrel which I had discharged. To my unspeakable horror and disappointment it was missing! I searched every pocket in vain! I had laid it on the table in the hut, and there I had left it! To recover it was impossible, as the hut was all in flames, and while I gazed on the burning mass, a dull report and a burst of sparks from the building made known to me that the powder had become ignited, and was lost to me for ever!

"In my agony of mind at this discovery, my hair seemed to bristle up; and the sweat ran down my forehead and obscured my sight! I now felt that nothing but a miracle could save me: but the love of life increasing in proportion to the danger of losing it, I once more summoned up my failing energies for a last effort. I had three barrels loaded; one in my fowling-piece and two in my pistols; I had also my broadsword, but that would not avail me against their spears.

"If I could hold out till night, I thought I might be able then to elude my savage enemies, as the natives have a fear of moving about at night, believing that in the darkness an evil spirit roams about, seeking to do them mischief, and who then has power over them. Casting my eyes upwards to the branches of the tree under which I was standing, I observed that it was easy to climb, and there appeared to me indications of a hollow in the trunk between the principal branches, which might serve me for a place of shelter till the night should enable me, under the cover of its darkness, to escape from my pursuers.

"I formed my plan on the instant, and without losing a moment I slung my gun behind me,

and, catching hold of a branch within reach, I clambered up. The natives who were watching my motions, renewed their shouts and yells at this manœuvre, and rushed towards the tree in a body.

"I scrambled as fast as I could to the fork of the tree, and found to my infinite relief that my anticipation was right; there was a hollow large enough to admit my whole body, and effectually to shield me from the spears of the savages. As my foot reached the bottom, it encountered some soft body, which I quickly learnt was an opossum, the owner of the habitation, which asserted its rights by a sharp attack on the calf of my leg with teeth and claws; I was not in a humor to argue the matter with my new assailant, so with my thick bush shoes I trampled the creature down into a jelly, though it left its remembrances on my torn flesh, which smarted not a little. When I recovered my breath, I listened to ascertain the motions of my enemies outside.

"They had ceased their yells, and there was a dead silence, so that I could hear my own quick breathing within the trunk of the tree. 'What are they about?' thought I. While I mentioned ejaculately this thought, I felt an agitation of the tree, from which I guessed that some venturous savage was climbing up to attack me in my retreat. I cautiously raised myself up to look around me, but the appearance of my hat above the hole was the signal for half-a-dozen spears, three of which passed through it, one of them grazing the scalp of my head. 'That plan will not do,' thought I; 'I must keep close.'

"As I crouched myself down, I thought I heard a breathing above me. I looked up, and behold the hideous visage of one of the savages glaring on me with his white eyeballs, which exhibited a ferocious sort of exultation. He had his waddie in his hand, which he slowly raised to give me a pat on the head, thinking that he had me quite safe, like an opossum in his hole. 'You're mistaken, my beauty,' thought I; 'I'm not done for yet.' Drawing out one of my pistols from my pocket, which was rather a matter of difficulty in my confined position, I fired. The ball crashed through his face and skull, and I heard his dead body fall heavily to the ground.

"A yell of fear and rage arose from his black companions. I took advantage of the opportunity, and raised myself up so as to look about me, but their threatening spears soon drove me back to my retreat. There was now another pause and a dead silence; and I flattered myself with the hope that the savages, having been so frequently baffled, and having suffered so much in their attacks, would now retire. But the death and the wounds of their comrades, it appears, only whetted their rage, and stimulated them to fresh endeavors; and the cunning devices of that devilish savage Musqueeto were turned in a new and more fatal direction.

"As I lay in my retreat, I heard a sound as if heavy materials were being dragged towards the tree. I ventured to peep out, and beheld the savages busy in piling dead wood round the trunk, with the intention as I immediately sur-

mised, of setting fire to it, and of burning me in my hole.

"My conjectures were presently verified. I saw emerging from the wood one of their females, bearing the lighted fire-sticks which the natives always carry with them in their journeys. I looked on these preparations as a neglected but not indifferent spectator, the natives disregarding my appearance above the opening, and waiting with a sort of savage patience for the sure destruction which they were preparing for me.

"The native women approached with the fire, and the natives, forming a circle round the tree, performed a dance of death as a prelude to my sacrifice. I was tempted to fire on them; but I did not like to part with my last two shots, except in an extremity even greater than this.

"In the meantime the natives continued their dance, seeming to enjoy the interval between me and death, like the epicure who delays his attack on the delicious feast before him, that he may the longer enjoy the exciting pleasure of anticipation. Presently, however, their death-song broke out into loud cries of fury; they applied the fire to the faggots, and as the blaze increased, they danced and yelled around the tree in a complete delirium of rage and exultation.

"The fire burned up!—the smoke ascended! I already felt the horrid sensation of being stifled by the thick atmosphere of smoke before the flames encompassed me. In this extremity, I determined, at least, to inflict some vengeance on my savage persecutors.

"I scrambled up from my hiding-place, and crawled as far as I could on one of the branches which was most free from the suffocating smoke and heat, and fired the remaining barrel of my fowling-piece at the yelling wretches, which I then hurled at their heads. I did the same with my remaining pistol, when, to my amazement, I heard the reports of other guns; but whether they were the echoes of my own, or that my failing senses deceived me, I know not, for the smoke and flames now mastered me. Stifled and scorched, I remember only falling from the branch of the tree, which was not high, to the ground, when my senses left me.

"I was roused from my trance of death by copious deluges of water, and I heard a voice which was familiar to me exclaiming—

"'Well, if this is not enough to disgust a man with this horrid country, I don't know what he would have more! For years and years I have been preaching to him that nothing good could come of this wretched den of bush-rangers and natives, and now, you see, the evil is come at last!'

"I opened my eyes at these words. It was the voice of Crabb, whom heaven had directed with a party of friends to this spot to deliver me! Overcome with the intensity of my emotions, racked with pain, and sick from the very fulness of joy at my escape from death, I uttered a piercing cry of mingled pain and delight, and fainted!"

DEATH.

BY MISS PARDOE.

THIS is a world of care,
And many thorns upon its pathway lie;
Weep not, then, mothers, for your fond and fair—
Let the young die!

Joys are like summer flowers,
And soon the blossoms of their beauty fall;
Clouds gloom o'er both; brief are of both the hours—
Death ends them all!

This is a world of strife,
Of feverish struggles, and satiety,
And blighted enterprise—what then is life?
Let the strong die!

All human love is vain,
And human might is but an empty sound;
Power both of mind and body bringeth pain—
Death is its bound!

This is a world of wo,
Of heaviness, and of anxiety;
Why cling we then to evils that we know?
Let the old die!

Wrestlings with fell disease,
Vain lamentations o'er departed years;
Is not age rife with these?
Death dries all tears!

This is a world of pain;
There is a "better land" beyond the sky;
A humble spirit may that portion gain—
Let the just die!

But let those shrink with dread,
Whose days have been of evil, lest they find,
When all their earthly hopes are withered,
Despair behind!

Let them implore for aid,
A fitter record of their years to give;
And lean on Him who mercifully bade
The sinner live!

CALICO PRINTING.—Great as have been the improvements in this branch of the cotton trade, there is every probability of still greater ones taking place, and which appear calculated to produce a complete revolution of the present system. There are two methods by which it is sought to be done. The first, which claims priority of notice from its great novelty, is that which is termed the galvanic process; and which those who profess to be in the secret are pleased to aver, is accomplished something after the following fashion:—Let it be supposed, then, that a piece of calico has to be printed by this process. This is done by machine and roller, in the ordinary way, but on which roller is placed or fixed (not engraven) a pattern composed of various metals, as iron, tin, brass, zinc, &c. This premised, the roller now passes through an acid (its composition a secret,) and coming in contact with the cloth, imparts thereon the desired pattern, say black, blue, green, red, &c.; and on the piece passing through the machine, and being then quickly dried, the work is perfect without being subject to any other process. The other method, and which has been successfully tried, is that of laying on the colors (supposed mineral ones) in oil. This is also effected by machine and roller, but with an engraved pattern. The colors, by either of the processes, will, it is said, be fast ones—a most important desideratum.—*Manchester Herald*.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

From Tait's Magazine.

History of the Sandwich Islands. By James Jackson Jarves. London: Moxon.

If it be true that the Sandwich Islands have been taken formal possession of in the name of the Queen of Great Britain, this history of our newest colony appears opportunely. But independently of this circumstance, the work is one that was wanted, and, moreover, one which fairly, if not faultlessly, supplies the want felt. The author appears to be an American, who, partly "in pursuit of health and recreation," visited the Sandwich Islands in 1837, and remained for some years. He became the editor of *The Polynesian*, a weekly newspaper, published at Honolulu; which vocation brought him into intimate relations with the chiefs and natives, and enlarged his opportunities of acquiring the materials which he has turned to good account in this history. He went with a strong prejudice against his countrymen, the missionaries, and imagining the natives, (the Hawaiians,) though improved in morals, a priest-ridden people. In the course of a four years' residence he completely changed this opinion. Much of the curious information which he obtained respecting the history, manners, religion, and traditions of the islands of the Hawaiian Archipelago has been derived from the missionaries, and especially from those of them who were schoolmasters. A history written in the native language by the pupils of what is called the High School at Lahainaluna has been translated by a late American missionary, and has been drawn upon for materials. The Tour of the Rev. Mr. Ellis, and the Missionary Records, have also furnished much useful information. The volume displays no fact more clearly than the extreme jealousy which the Americans feel of British interference with these islands, or with what they seem to assume as their superior claims. The Oregon Territory, according to Mr. Jarves, would ill compensate for the loss of the Sandwich Islands, and next to occupying them, the United States Government, or many of the citizens, would wish to see their independence guaranteed. There are more natives of the United States at present in the Sandwich Islands than of all other foreigners put together. Next to Yankees in number are the Chinese. The native population shows a tendency to decrease, and has decreased considerably within the last twenty years, though the rate of mortality is less within the last few years.

As the past condition of these islands is less familiar to ordinary readers than their history, since the Missionaries have labored to civilize and Christianize them, we shall select our few samples of this work from the description of the earlier period.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF HAWAII.

No regular police existed. The immediate attendants of the chiefs executed their orders. These attendants were numerous, every person of rank being supplied according to his grade. A certain number were bosom friends, who always remained privileged idlers about the persons of their lords, having no voice in political affairs; the others held different offices in the household, more or less menial, and constituted a permanent establishment. The principal of these were "pipe lighters," "spittoon carriers," "kahili bearers," "purloiners," "assassins," "cooks," &c. All ate, drank, and slept in common.

These retinues were formed immediately upon the birth of a chief of either sex, and each was designated by some peculiar title, generally of a whimsical character—as "the fragments," "mosquitoes," "umbrellas," &c. The care of the children devolved upon "*kahus*," or nurses, who assumed the sole direction, until the child was capable of exercising its own will; a period which, as no contradiction to its caprices was allowed, soon arrived.

Rank was hereditary, and descended chiefly from the females, who frequently held the reins of government in their own right. This custom originated in the great license existing between the sexes; no child, with certainty, being able to designate his father, while no mistake could be made in regard to the mother.

Three distinct orders of nobles existed. The first embraced the kings, queens, and all branches of the royal family. It also included the chief advisers or counsellors, though of inferior birth. Governors, or chiefs of large districts, were included in the second; and the third embraced the lords of villages, priests, and those who held estates, by payment of regular taxes, which were raised by their own dependents, or those to whom they had farmed out lands.

Servile homage was paid to superiors, particularly to priests and chiefs of the highest rank. Their persons could not be touched, or their houses entered, without permission.

Among the chiefs a considerable degree of courtesy prevailed, and a difference of language and demeanor, which betokened conscious rank. Perhaps in no other point was the exclusiveness of the aristocracy more strongly characterized. In every department of life a distinction was made, as if contact with the people by touch, use of the same articles, houses, food, or bathing places, would produce contamination. From such rules and deportment, so great a physical difference arose, that many superficial observers considered the two as distinct races. The chiefs formed a conventional dialect, understood only among themselves; in it novel words were incorporated or formed, which, if they came to be

understood by the common orders, were immediately discarded, and others substituted. Towards the common people their conduct was of the most oppressive character. No respect to their persons or property was shown. Their only security was to avoid their presence. To use the expressive language of their descendants, "their restrictions were like the poisoned tooth of a reptile." If a common man made use of any consecrated property belonging to a chief; or if a man walked in the shade of the house of a chief, with his head besmeared with clay, or with a wreath about it, with it wet, or wearing a *kihei*—a *kapa* mantle—or violated any one of numerous other regulations, equally whimsical and absurd, he lost his life. At sea, if their canoes interrupted their progress, they were overturned; on land, if the shadow of an individual fell upon the king, or he did not prostrate himself when any thing was carried to or from his majesty, the punishment was death. This was likewise the case, should any one place his hand upon his head, or be found in a more elevated position. The laws of etiquette were of the most varied nature, dependent greatly upon the caprices of the prince. Justice, or humanity, were utterly set aside, though, as before remarked, the personal disposition of the sovereign greatly affected the whole system of government. But the humane character of the few was but a slight relief from the cruel and capricious desires of the many. Priestcraft lent all its adventitious aids to support this system, from which it derived its own existence. So that but two classes really existed, the oppressor and oppressed—those who labored and those who reaped.

Ordeals were employed by the priests, and sorcery, witchcraft, and divination were among their arts. A peculiar superstition, "praying to death," appears to have had as strong a hold over the imaginations of the natives, as the Obi has over the Africans. "No spirit of benevolence pervaded their religion." How uniformly does this hold of every Heathen superstition!

Savage rites and blood-loving deities, a cruel priesthood and rapacious governments, inhuman faiths and absurd superstitions, were the burdens which the people were required to believe and sustain. From the perusal of the stories of this dark era, as gathered from their own lips, it would seem as if human depravity had reached its limits, and that the people must have gradually wasted away, like a mass of corruption, or have boldly cast off the slough with which they were enveloped.

Yet these people had some confused idea of a future state of rewards and punishments. The goddess *Pele*, their principal Deity, was supposed to live in the famous volcano of Kilanea.

Here, with her attendant spirits, she revelled in the flames; the unearthly noises of the burning mass were the music of their dance, and

they bathed in the red surge of the fiery billows, as it dashed against the sides of the crater.

The overthrow of the goddess, which we do not find noticed in this volume, forms a remarkable event in the Missionary annals. There was no limit to the number of subordinate gods in the Sandwich Islands. The power of the priests, there as everywhere, was maintained by the severity of their rule, and by the systematic prostration of the understanding of their followers; though, like other priests, they knew human nature too well not to permit a Carnival to relieve the gloom and severities of the season of Lent. Human victims were sacrificed to the idols, and were often selected from such individuals as made themselves obnoxious to the priests. The priests held in their own hands much of the land, and taxed the whole of it; and, like the nobles of England, their rank was hereditary.

The power of the priest, though it partook more of a religious character, was scarcely inferior to that of the chiefs. Their persons were sacred, from their supposed familiarity with the gods. It sometimes happened that a chief took the sacred offices upon himself, though, perhaps, from the nature of the intimate connexion existing between the two orders, the absolute power, both in politics and religion, centered in the head of the state. . . . One fact is everywhere apparent: the spiritual, like the temporal lords of the people, amid all their vagaries, never neglected their own interests. Every ceremony or superstition was framed to aid their already overgrown power; humanity, or a regard for the rights of their inferiors, would have been received as monstrous deviations from the true policy of government. Perhaps they governed no more harshly than could have been expected from a privileged order, nursed in selfishness and brutality.

Like the priests of some Christian countries, those of Hawaii possessed many immunities and privileges.

Offerings to the gods, or more properly to the priests, were required at definite periods, as at all religious ceremonies, and on all occasions when the people desired their services. The wants of the priesthood regulated the amount; and when the regular taxes failed in supplying their desires, the wishes of the god were called into requisition, and the coveted articles tabued for his use. Orisons, chants, and offerings, were made by the priests at their meals. Even in the care of their fowls and quadrupeds, they enjoyed remarkable privileges. When hogs were received alive, they were dedicated to the god of the order, received his marks, and were turned loose, to fatten upon the plantations of the poor cultivators; no one daring openly to injure or drive away the sacred animals.

How many common features does the history of every human tribe present!

The taboo, or *tabu*, as we find the word spelled here, is a very singular feature among the social institutions of all the Islanders of the South Seas. From its obvious utility, an improved or modified form of the *taboo* is still preserved in communities now professing Christianity.

Formerly it was applied exclusively to persons or things in a sacred sense, and was strictly a religious ceremony, imposed only by the priests; but has since come into common use in all the every-day concerns of life. Anciently, those chiefs who pretended to derive their descent from the gods, were called *alii kapu*, sacred chiefs. A temple, exclusively devoted to the abode and worship of gods, was said to be *wahi kapu*—sacred place. Any thing dedicated or reserved for the exclusive use of gods, chiefs, or priests, was considered as *kapu* for them. Certain lands and islands were *kapu*, as well as hunting-grounds, fish, fruit, or whatever the sacred classes chose to reserve for themselves. These *kapus* were occasional, or permanent—particular fruits, fish, and vegetables, being sometimes *tabu* both from men and women, for several successive months. The idols, temples, persons, and names of their kings, and members of the royal family; persons and property of the priests; every thing appertaining to the gods; religious devotees; the chiefs' bathing-places, or favorite springs of water; and every thing offered in sacrifice, were strictly *kapu*. In modern times, this magic term has become the property of all. A common man can *tabu* his house, lands, or make any partial restrictions, and all would respect the prohibition. Any forbidden article or action, is called *tabued*; hence, its common use in the domestic circle, and its application to laws. A captain can *tabu* his ship, and none dare approach. *Tabued* property is generally marked by small white flags, or other signs which are well understood. At the present time, any individual can impose such *tabu* as suits his necessities or convenience, provided they do not infringe personal rights or the laws of the kingdom.

Formerly, a religious motive was necessary for its assignment; but as the power of the chiefs increased, its use was greatly corrupted, while its influence remained the same, and may be said to have partaken of the preternatural. The bans of the Romish church, in the proudest days of that hierarchy, were not more powerful or obligatory. Every will of a chief, however monstrous, was promulgated as a *tabu*, and officers were appointed to see that it was observed.

Particular seasons were *tabu*; as on the sickness of a high chief, preparations for war, or the approach of important religious ceremonies. Their duration was indefinite, sometimes for a day only, then for months, and occasionally for years. Thirty to forty days was the ordinary period before Kamehameha's reign, when they were much reduced.

These *tabus* were either common or strict, and were proclaimed by criers or heralds. Men only were required to abstain from their common pursuits, and to attend prayers morning and

evening at the heiau, during the former. But when the season of strict *tabu* was in force, a general gloom and silence pervaded the whole district or island. Not a fire or light was to be seen, or canoe launched; none bathed; the mouths of dogs were tied up, and fowls put under calabashes, or their heads enveloped in cloth; for no noise of man or animal must be heard. No persons, excepting those who officiated at the temple, were allowed to leave the shelter of their roofs. Were but one of these rules broken, the *tabu* would fail, and the gods be displeased.

When the sacred chiefs appeared in public, all the common people prostrated themselves, with their faces upon the earth. The food of chiefs and priests, they being interdicted from handling any thing during this *tabu*, was put into their mouths by their attendants.

At Hawaii there were two cities of refuge, where criminals, or those in danger of falling victims to revenge, found a sanctuary. The *breed*—the large, well-fed and lazy aristocratic race, and the stunted, meagre, lower order—were as distinctly marked as they are among the natives of the Hebrides, or among the unmixed Irish. The chiefs, as among the Highlanders,

Were almost invariably tall, stout, and well-formed, and in most instances, as age advanced, increased to unwieldy corpulence; the latter were, upon the average, middle-sized, perhaps falling somewhat short of the European standard. Six feet and upwards were common to the stature of the chiefs of both sexes, with gigantic frames more capable of exerting great strength than of endurance. It is said of some that they could, by taking a man by the head and leg, break his back across their knees. While some exhibited persons so perfect, with Roman features, and with such full development of muscle, as to have delighted the eye of a sculptor, others were remarkable for their size and weight alone; from three to four hundred pounds being not an uncommon gravity. The female chiefs, when young, possessed interesting and intelligent features, which, however, soon became lost, as their bulk increased; this, fortunately, in the eyes of their lords, only heightened their charms. When these were most matured, they became almost as helpless as the belles of the Celestial empire. The latter tottered from want of feet of sufficient size to support frames of scarcely larger proportions; those of the former, though stout, were equally feeble to sustain the immense bulk above. Their flesh hung in deep folds about them; their walk, a majestic stagger; their carriage lofty, and betokening an innate pride of birth and rank. No aristocracy was ever more distinctly marked by nature. To a superficial observer, they might have appeared as a distinct race. The monopoly they enjoyed of the good gifts of Providence, with the greater exercise of their mental faculties, (for they did most of the thinking for the people,) served, every generation, to increase the distinction between the two classes. The great personal size was doubtless partly inherited, and partly

the result of early care. . . . Did they over-eat themselves, (a common case,) menials were always ready to do that for the system, which, otherwise, active exercise could only have effected. People were especially trained to *lomi-lomi*; a kind of luxurious kneading or shampooing, and stretching and cracking the joints, which served completely to renovate the system, when suffering either from a surfeit or fatigue. The fatter the chiefs, the more they required this operation.

Their most common position was reclining upon divans of fine mats, surrounded by a retinue, devoted solely to their physical gratification. Some fanned, brushed away insects, and held spittoons; others fed them, *lomi-lomied*, or dressed their hair or persons. In short, the extremes of activity or laziness, temperance or sensuality, were wholly at their option. Ambition and apathy, superstition and avarice, love and pleasure, by turns controlled them; and war, priestcraft, and oppression, varied by occasional acts of good nature, or the ebullitions of innate benevolence, which even such an education could not wholly eradicate, were the lot of their subjects.

This was the life of a lord or of a *lurdane* in all its glory. From this sort of exalted condition must have come the common English phrase descriptive of vinous beatitude, "as drunk as a lord." Cannibalism had not long ceased prior to the visit of Cook; and infanticide was a prevailing custom, but secretly practised, for its existence was a subsequent discovery. The condition of the women was even more degraded than among other savages. Even when a woman, in right of blood, held the sovereign authority, she was not permitted to eat with the men. The lives of the sexes were more apart than that of the humbler classes of other countries and their domestic animals.

Their aliment was separately prepared. A female child from birth to death was allowed no food that had touched its father's dish. The choicest of animal and vegetable products were reserved for the male child, for the female the poorest; and the use of many kinds, such as pork, turtle, shark, bananas, and cocoa-nut, were altogether interdicted. Whatever was savory or pleasant, man reserved for his own palate, while woman was made bitterly to feel her sexual degradation. Her lot was even worse than that of her sex generally in the southern groups. She was excused from no labors, excepting such as were altogether too arduous for her weaker frame. When young and beautiful, a victim of sensuality; when old and useless, of brutality.

Christianity had much to accomplish in the Sandwich Islands; and, within the last twenty years, the change is, indeed, little short of miraculous. The principal Missionaries to the Sandwich Islands have

been from the United States. The overthrow of the old system came suddenly.

The example of the southern groups, in the destruction of their idols, added much to the spreading disbelief. Incontestable evidences of the falsity of their oracles, together with the increasing inconvenience of their absurd rites, confirmed the skepticism. Those interested in the continuance of paganism, redoubled their efforts; threats, prophecies, and promises were freely uttered, and as freely falsified by their own failure. Like Laocoon and his offspring in the folds of the serpent, heathenism writhed and gasped, each moment growing fainter, under the strangling embrace of public opinion. Foreigners conformed to none of their rites, yet they lived and prospered; their own countrymen who had gone abroad, lived in equal disregard of their ritual, and with like impunity. Individually, their memories convicted them of frequently breaking tabus, yet no evil had overtaken them, for they were unknown to the priests. Men and women had eaten together, and of forbidden food; still the predicted judgments slept; their priests must be, as the foreigners described them, liars, and the tabu system altogether foolish and contemptible. Drunken chiefs often had violated the most sacred injunctions; no vengeance overtook them; the female rulers had of late broken through all restrictions, yet prosperity and health were still theirs. They encouraged others to do the same; and in this way the conviction of the folly of supporting an oppressive and corrupt faith for the benefit of a few, daily strengthened.

On the very day of Kamehameha's death, a woman eat a cocoa-nut with impunity, and certain families displayed their contempt for these laws, by feasting in common.

Kaahumanu, the Queen-mother and Regent, proved the Henry VIII. of the native priests.

Kaahumanu, determined in her opposition to the priests, prepared for decisive measures. In November, she sent word to the king, that upon his arrival at Kailua, she should cast aside his god. To this he made no objection, and, with his retainers, pushed off in canoes from the shore, and remained on the water two days, indulging in a drunken revel. On the last evening, Kaahumanu despatched a double canoe for him, in which he was brought to Kailua. Between them matters were arranged for the further development of their designs. He then smoked and drank with the female chiefs. A feast was prepared, after the customs of the country, with separate tables for the sexes. A number of foreigners were entertained at the king's. When all were in their seats, he deliberately arose, went to the place reserved for the women, and seated himself among them. To complete the horror of the superstitious, he indulged his appetite in freely partaking of the viands prepared for them, directing them to do likewise; but with a violence which showed he had but half divested himself of the idea of sacrilege and habitual repugnance. This act was

sufficient; the highest had set an example, which all rejoiced to follow. The gladdening cry arose, "The tabu is broken! the tabu is broken!" Feasts were provided for all, at which both sexes indiscriminately indulged. Orders were issued to demolish the heiaus, and destroy the idols; temples, images, and sacred property were burnt; the flames consumed the sacred relics of ages. . . . Idolatry was abolished by law; Kaumualii cordially gave his sanction, and all the islands uniting in an exulting jubilee at their deliverance, presented the singular spectacle of a nation without a religion.

The author of the History is as jealous of the Roman Catholic Missionaries, who arrived a few years after the Protestants, as if he had been a Missionary himself. It is sometimes—and very inconsiderately, as we think—said, that the Roman Catholic religion is better adapted to a barbarous people than the purer faith and simpler worship promulgated by Protestant Missionaries; as if the doctrines and teachings of the gospel in their primitive simplicity and plainness, stripped of all perversions and additions, were not the lessons best adapted to every creature possessing human reason and affections. The Sandwich Islanders are, at all events, no proof that a superstitious or ritual religion is better adapted to semi-barbarians than that which the first Missionaries to the South Seas taught. A small congregation of Catholics, foreigners, was formed after the arrival of the Catholic priests, to which the native government offered no molestation.

Curiosity attracted some natives to witness the ceremonies; they speedily reported that images were worshipped. This excited much surprise, and drew many of the chiefs to the chapel; among them went the young king. He afterwards confessed he could scarcely avoid laughing at the absurdity of worshipping a lifeless stock. This led to an investigation of the new rites: the popish doctrines of veneration of holy relics, use of images, fasts and feasts, were found strikingly analogous to their previous idolatry. To use the words of the chiefs, "This new religion was all about worshipping images and dead men's bones, and tabus on meat."

The Islanders could not comprehend the nice distinction between the worshipped symbol and the essence it signified, any more than they might the mystery of the priests' vestments, and lighted candles of the Puseyites. The new religion seemed to them, in externals, very like that idolatry which they had abjured; so much so, that the Queen began to persecute the new converts to Romanism upon an edict that had been made against the old exploded religion of the islands; nor were the American

Missionaries in any way averse to the severity shown to the French "Jesuits" by "the State;" nor by their final expulsion, and the introduction, by a native official, of a system which would have delighted Sir Andrew Agnew. The natives were prohibited from attending the religious services of the Papists, which had the natural effect of sending them in greater numbers; and some of them became true martyrs, if suffering for conscience' sake, though for an absurd tenet, entitles any one to the name. About this time a prime minister, or rather a viceroy, took a very decided line of conduct.

He entered upon the duties of his station with a determination of enforcing the very letter of the law; this was done with a rigor which gave cause of offence to many foreigners; but his sternness quelled every appearance of insubordination. He was equal to the task of subduing the impertinence of lawless whites, and compelling them to keep within their proper spheres. At the same time his officers, with a rudeness which was inexcusable, entered private houses, and carried liquor from tables. Horses were seized for their owners violating the law respecting the Sabbath, but were eventually released. The violence with which the statutes were now enforced contrasted forcibly with the laxity of the previous rule. Armed bands paraded the streets; grog-shops, gaming-houses, and haunts of dissipation, were suppressed; even quiet riding on Sundays was forbidden. But the strong arm of government was not capable of infusing order and sobriety into a dissolute population; though outward decorum prevailed, far preferable to the former laxity of society, secret means of indulgence were sought out; all his measures met at first a strong opposition, and many continued to be evaded. It was proposed to sell rum to foreigners only: Kuakini replied, "to horses, cattle, and hogs, you may sell rum; but to real men you must not on these shores." A national temperance society was formed, in the objects of which the chiefs cordially united.

Entirely to suppress all opposition to government, Kuakini next determined to send away the Romish priests; on the 2d of April, 1831, they were summoned to the fort, and ordered to leave the islands in three months. As they manifested no disposition to comply, this order was repeated twice afterwards.

But "conscience," and the interests of the true faith, commanded them to remain and intrigue against the government. The story of their expulsion is well-known. Our American does the Papist priests but scanty justice, though we are not defending their deceptive conduct, and actual defiance and contempt of the government of the country they had entered uninvited and unwelcomed. A period of great laxity followed the stern ascetic rule of the viceroy.

When the young king assumed the government, it was exactly a Charles II. succeeding an Oliver Cromwell; the dissolute licentious cavalier to the rigid Puritans and Roundheads. The pertinacious "Jesuits" made other attempts; the "persecution" was renewed, and the American Missionaries still maintained their influence with the native government and their converts. This strife of rival sects is not likely soon to terminate.

The American Missionaries are not more jealous of the French Roman Catholic priests in the Sandwich Islands than is this author of English ascendancy there. It is asserted in his book that the English are, at present, very unpopular in Hawaii; and the English Consul, Mr. Charlton, is run down and calumniated in a style which, perhaps, required to be modified before the work was published in England. So would the account of the death and visits of Cook. If American writers were thus fierce before, what will they be now that the Sandwich Islands, which were long since ceded to Vancouver, have been taken formal possession of. Though the book is alloyed by these jealous feelings, and some unfairness, it possesses merit, and both value and interest, as a fresh and faithful picture of a group of the great human family placed under very peculiar circumstances.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

WRITTEN IN THE AUTUMN.

DOWN the rosy-tinted West,
Sinking fast, effulgent star,
Whither in your regions blest
Guid'st thy tranquil course afar?
O'er the golden year presiding,
Autumn woos thy glistening light;
Still through Heaven's pure ether gliding,
Star of Eve—good night, good night.

Oh, how oft in life's soft leisure,
World-worn spirits past away
Thus have drawn a secret pleasure,
Felt thy calm, benignant ray—
Nearer, now, perchance, they view thee,
Nature's mystic veil remove,
Rapt in endless bliss pursue thee,
Through their native skies above.

Downward, lo! the sun forth speeding,
Bids thee to thy early rest,
Ere the twilight hour receding,
Shuts the crimson-curtain'd West;
Still as one last look to borrow,
Lingering on the verge of light,
Thee I trace with parting sorrow,
Faded Star of Eve, good night!

SPAIN.—Espartero has abandoned the field, and is now a refugee from Spain. The siege of Seville was raised on the night of the 27th July; having lasted twenty-one days, and the bombardment ten. Espartero himself left it for Cadiz on the night of the 26th, with an escort of three or four hundred cavalry; his retreat being covered by a stronger force. His soldiers remained true to the last, and defended the bridge of Suazo, which connects the island of Leon with the main, against Concha, who pursued the retreating chief. Concha took another road, and near Puerto Real he came up with Espartero's escort; and had a smart engagement with it, whilst Espartero, his Minister of War, (General Noguera,) his Minister of the Interior, (Gomez de la Serna,) Van Halen, Linage, and many other officers, succeeded in embarking at Puerto de Santa Maria. The boat on board which they went soon gained an offing, and placed itself under the protection of the cannon of the Malabar British ship-of-the-line; the commander of which, Captain Sir George Sartorius, refused to admit them on board until authorized to do so by the English Consul at Cadiz. The order, however, soon reached him, and the Regent and his friends were received in the Malabar. When on board, Espartero hesitated whether or not to be landed at Cadiz, which was supposed still to hold out for him: the bells and cannon were heard, celebrating his defeat: "To Lisbon, then!" exclaimed he; and the Malabar weighed anchor and sailed for that capital. Shortly after the embarkation of Espartero, the cavalry of his escort surrendered to Concha; when Generals Juan Van Halen, (a brother of the Van Halen,) Alvarez, Captain-General of Granada, General Osset, Colonel of the Regiment of Luchana, General Osorio, Governor of Tarragona, and a number of other officers, were made prisoners.

On the 2d instant, a deputation left Madrid for Seville, to present a gold crown of laurel to the Ayuntamiento in the name of the Queen, together with a letter from S. Lopez, complimenting the city in the most glowing terms upon its resistance.

Seoane was a prisoner at large, in Burgos; detained as a hostage for the safety of important prisoners who might fall into the hands of Espartero or Van Halen.

A strong protest against the usurpation by the Provisional Government of the authority of the Provincial Juntas, who gave it life and support, was received from Galicia on the 2d instant, and caused such a sensation that the Government had immediately issued orders for the march of a strong force on the province. Letters from Barcelona, of the 4th, announce that the Junta of that town is in a state of open hostility with the Provisional Government of Madrid. It has refused to obey orders to stop demolishing the ramparts.

The decree convoking the new Cortes, for the 15th October, is observed to depart from the constitution, in requiring that body to be totally renewed; thus prematurely expelling two-thirds of the senators. A second decree, equally unconstitutional, had dissolved the Provisional Deputation of Madrid, and appointed other Deputies to replace those whose services were dispensed with, until another election shall take place. The President and nine other Judges of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice had been summarily dismissed for refusing, without qualification, to recognize the Revolutionary Government; and a new Tribunal, with Olozaga at its head, appointed.

Madame Blake, the widow of an officer of Irish extraction, had been appointed to succeed Madame Mina as preceptress of the Queen.—*Spectator*.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCHES IN GREECE.

From the *Athenæum*.*July, 1843.*

THE interest you have always taken in keeping the public accurately informed concerning the progress of Archæological Research in Greece, induces me to send you an account of all that has been done in the Hellenic kingdom since the establishment of the German government. One object of this statement is to call the attention of the friends of Greek art in England to the importance of lending some aid towards furthering these researches, which, it will be seen from the following summary, have not been without important results both to art and literature. The artists and antiquaries at Athens have had quite as great difficulties to encounter from the supineness and illiberality of the Greek government as the mercantile and agricultural classes; yet I venture to refer to the essays of Professor Ross, on various questions of Greek topography,—to the splendid work on the Temple of Victory Apteros in the Acropolis of Athens, which he published in conjunction with the architects Hausen and Schaubert,—to the learned travels of Professor Ulrichs, in Bœotia and Phocis,—to the dissertation of the late General Gordon on the pass of Thermopylæ, with his map,—to the large Greek map of the Hellenic kingdom, by the engineer Aldenhoven, and to the extensive collection of unedited inscriptions, by Messrs. Rangavé and Pittakis, published periodically, under the title of the '*Archæological Journal*,'—to these works I refer as proofs of the services which the inhabitants of modern Athens have already rendered to the cause of ancient art and literature.*

It may not be superfluous to recapitulate the various attempts made at different times to excite the attention of King Otho's government to the importance of forming a society for the purpose of pursuing a regular system of excavation. The first attempt was made by four strangers residing at Athens, as soon as it was known that the son of a monarch so devoted to the cultivation of ancient art as King Louis of Bavaria was elected sovereign of Greece. The beautiful choragic monument of Lysicrates,

* I may mention as a proof of my own anxiety to aid the exertions of abler men and better scholars, a map of the northern part of Attica, and an Essay printed at Athens in English, on the topography of Diacria and Oropia, as they have been adopted as authority for laying down that district in the new *Topographisch-historischer Atlas of Greece* and its colonies, by Kiepert.

vulgarly called the Lantern of Demosthenes, was chosen, and the whole of this interesting building was laid open to public view, its basement having been previously concealed by an accumulation of earth to the depth of 12 to 15 feet. The intention of the excavators was to inculcate, by a practical illustration, the necessity of an excavation round most of the ancient buildings, in order to display, as far as possible, the peculiarities of their original sites. This excavation led to nothing further at the time, as the excavators were not allowed to extend their researches, and it excited the jealousy of the royal government, which has permitted the little square formed round the monument of Lysicrates to be ruined, and almost filled with rubbish, for the purpose, as it is maliciously asserted, of clearing it out again, and making such improvements as will give a specious claim to say the excavation is a government work.

Some time after this first attempt, a second was made, and the foundation of an Archæological Society was laid. Most of the Greeks of wealth at Athens subscribed, and it was determined to make a considerable excavation in the Acropolis, in order to greet King Otho on his first arrival at his future capital, with matter to excite his enthusiasm. As Count Armanseperg, Mr. Maurer, and General Heideck, the members of the regency, were also to visit Athens for the first time in his Majesty's company, it was expected that they would all join the Society as patrons and subscribers. Very liberal subscriptions were collected among the Greeks and Philhellenes; Mr. Gropius, the patriarch of Attic Archæologists, was requested to select the ground to be examined, and Mr. Pittakis, the present conservator of antiquities in Greece, undertook to direct the operations of the workmen in person. The success of the undertaking was most encouraging, as might have been anticipated, under such able superintendence. Five portions of the frieze of the Parthenon were discovered, four of which are in an exquisite state of preservation; one belongs to the assembly of the gods at the east end, and the others to the festal procession on the north side of the temple. Several other fragments of minor interest were also found, but all the exertions of this Society met with no encouragement from the Regency,—indeed, quite the contrary; it was met with the most distinct declaration that all further exertions would be dispensed with. I had exerted myself a good deal in persuading the Greeks that

their new rulers would view their liberality as a proof of great merit, and that their patriotic conduct would be highly applauded. I own I was utterly confounded, when I laid the matter before Mr. Maurer and General Heideck, who were my guests on their royal visit to Athens. I had made sure of their support at least, as the one was an accomplished artist and the other a learned scholar, and I prepared them for the sight of the Acropolis by recounting the formation of the Society and its achievements; all this was met by a very cool observation on the part of their Excellencies, that the Society need give itself no further trouble, nor incur any additional expense, as the royal government had resolved to take the antiquities under its especial care, and would appoint its own agents for excavating.

For two years the Bavarian government did not appear to consider that the antiquities required much care. Antiquaries are, however, a persevering, obstinate race, and the regency was not allowed to rest, until at length Professor Ross was charged to make excavations in the Acropolis of Athens, in order to continue the researches commenced by the advice of Mr. Gropius. The results of these excavations were also of the greatest importance to the history of ancient art. The beautiful temple of Victory at the entrance of the Acropolis, was found to have been thrown down without its materials having been destroyed, and almost every stone of the building, with the exception of the portion of the frieze in the British Museum, was discovered. The restoration of this elegant little treasure of Grecian art was almost completed when Professor Ross was removed from his office of conservator of antiquities, and Mr. Pittakis appointed in his place. From that day to this, the temple remains incomplete, in consequence of the jealousy which, in Greece, invariably induces every new official to adopt a totally opposite line of conduct from that pursued by his predecessor. One of the most valuable discoveries was an exquisite figure of a winged victory tying on her sandal to fly forth in attendance on the armies of the republic, which formed the last in a series of winged figures disposed in front of the temple, as a substitute for a balustrade. Many portions of the other figures have likewise been found; but all is left huddled together in a dusty magazine, or exposed carelessly in the ruined temple.

As soon as the Bavarian Regency awoke from its lethargy, it was seized with a fever

for earth-scratching. The soil of almost every ancient site was rendered in turns, though for a very short space of time, the scene of a little digging. But as the object of this activity was only to supply a pretext for a series of articles in the German newspapers, by which it was thought glory and popularity would be gained in Europe, and very little reference was made to the service likely to accrue to art or literature, these excavations were without any important results. Some ground was, however, turned over at Olympia, at Tega, at Sparta, at Megalopolis, at Tenea, near Corinth, at Thera, at Anaphé, and at Delos. It would certainly have been wiser to have pursued these researches on a more regular and intelligible system; but they deserve praise, as activity is always preferable to idleness, if the cause be in itself a good one.

In 1837 a new era dawned on Greece. Public opinion extended its influence everywhere, and the government was compelled to abandon all the outworks of its anti-hellenic system, in order to defend Bavarianism in the central departments of public business. An Archaeological Society was then formed by the Greeks themselves, and it exists to this day, though its funds are not very large, as the annual subscription of the members is only about 10s. 6d., and from the Report drawn up and published by the president and secretary, it appears that a large proportion have allowed even this small subscription to fall into arrear during the last two years. This Society has nevertheless rendered great service to art and literature, and its affairs have been conducted in the most popular and prudent manner. One general meeting has been held annually in the Parthenon, in the open air, and all the world has been free to attend; nor have the meetings failed to attract some of the fair dames from distant lands, who have chanced to visit Athens at the time. Indeed it must be owned, that such sights can never fail to leave agreeable reminiscences. The unrivalled splendor of the setting sun, seen from the Acropolis, has excited many a noble verse: an assembly of Greeks discussing in their own language the affairs of their ancestors—the venerable president, Mr. Rizos, eloquently expounding the new light thrown on some point of ancient history, in which he shines far more than in penning despatches as Minister of Foreign Affairs—all this makes a stranger proud on such an occasion to be a member of this Society, or even to have attended one of its meetings. At this annual meeting a committee of management

is elected, the report of the proceedings of the previous year is read, and any question concerning the administration and application of the funds determined. The excavations already made have been very successful, and reflect great credit on the committee of management.

The entrance to the Acropolis has been cleared, and all the ruins and rubbish which encumbered the centre of the propylæum have been removed. All the modern buildings have been taken down which blocked up the northern wing, and the pinakothekē is now completely laid open. A considerable portion of the cella of the Erechtheum has been re-constructed, by replacing the ancient blocks which had fallen, and a sixth caryatide has been found, so that the little portico might be restored, except for the one in the British Museum.

But the most important labor of the Society is the clearing the basement of the Parthenon, and the restoration of those parts of the building which were uninjured, to the original places. The northern side has been completely cleared from the earth and rubbish which covered the fragments of the temple, which now remain exposed to view in ruined majesty. A well preserved metope, three more pieces of the frieze, and several fragments of sculpture from different parts of the temple have been found—amongst the rest a colossal owl, about whose position the Athenian antiquaries have expressed a multitude of opinions. The old mosque in the centre of the Parthenon has disappeared, but it was not removed until the fall of its portico warned the conservator of antiquities to remove all the fragments of sculpture it contained, and destroy it, lest it should destroy something valuable, by the fall of its heavy dome. The centre of the Parthenon would have presented a very meagre appearance after the removal of the mosque, and even the general appearance of the Acropolis would have lost something of its picturesque beauty, had nothing been done to enable the eye to connect the two masses of building which formed the eastern and western fronts, and which were left almost entirely unconnected by the explosion of the Turkish powder magazine, during the last siege of Athens by the Venetians. Several columns in this interval have been almost restored from the fragments found merely overturned by the explosion; 34 drums of columns on the northern side have been replaced in their original positions, and 12 on the south side. Part of the wall of the cella, and

several of the large marble flags of the pavement have likewise been replaced.

These excavations have not been made on the principle adopted by Klenze, the celebrated Bavarian architect, who visited Greece in 1834, in order to propose a plan for the restoration of the Parthenon, and choose a site for the palace of King Otho. He seems to have been equally unfortunate in his opinions on both subjects, though his hurried visit may afford some apology, if his orders were not to exceed the time he devoted to the subject. In this work, published after his return,* he expresses some alarm lest the actual palace should be flooded by the Ilyssus, and with regard to the restoration of the Parthenon, he considered it sufficient to take any drum of any column at hand, the diameter of which nearly corresponded with the spot it was to occupy, and replace it on the column to be restored. In this way he replaced one of the drums of a column on the northern side of the temple, where it still remains, as a specimen of the unsightly figure which the Parthenon would have been rendered had his plan been adopted. I cannot, myself, understand how a learned scholar and an architect of the classic school, like Klenze, could have entertained the idea of defacing a work of the purest architectural taste in this manner. It is well known that no two columns of the Parthenon correspond exactly. The axis of no column being exactly through its centre, every column has likewise an inclination towards the centre of the building, and the basement on which they stand, and the architrave which they support rises in the middle of the side. Since the time of Verres nothing so unclassical has been done in the way of restoration, and one would almost fancy Mr. Klenze appreciated so little the true principles of Hellenic art, that he considered it sufficient to make a column perpendicular. Cicero seems to have held that a man must have been an utter barbarian who could so utterly fail to admire one of the most distinctive beauties of the Grecian peristyle, and we subjoin the whole passage as possessing especial interest, for it has not yet been sufficiently attended to in illustrating this peculiarity of Doric architecture.†

* Aphoristische Bemerkungen.

† Venit ipse in ædem Castoris: considerat templum: videt undique tectum pulcherrime, laquearium, præterea cætera nova atque integra: versat se, quærit quid agat. Dicit ei quidem ex illis canibus, quos iste Liguri dixerat esse circa se multos. Tu Verres! hic quod moliri nihil habes, nisi forte vis ad perpendicularum columnas exigere. Homo

The Society adopted a very different principle, as they considered the plan of Mr. Klenze implied a re-making, not a restoration, of the Parthenon. No piece of marble has been replaced, unless in the position it occupied before the explosion removed it. The Athenian antiquaries consider that it will be time enough to discuss the question, how far restoration ought to be carried, when all the fragments in the Acropolis still prostrate have been reinstated in their original positions.

Numerous interesting discoveries have likewise been made, but they appertain too exclusively to the domain of the antiquary and topographer to be interesting to general readers. Part of a sculptured frieze of black Eleusinian marble belonging to the Erechtheum was found near that building. An excavation behind the propylæum has exposed to view a beautiful specimen of a building destroyed to make way for the magnificent gateway to the Acropolis, built by Pericles. Many of the sites of temples and monuments mentioned by Pausanias, have been ascertained, and the inscription on the Trojan horse has been found on a vase in the position he mentions that he read it. Much, it is to be hoped, will be found, when it is in the power of the Society to clear out the southern side of the Parthenon, as they have done the northern. Only about half of the metopes of this side are in the British Museum, and one is in the Museum of the Louvre, so that there seems every probability that many may be found covered with the rubbish, which, from the lowness of the level of the soil on this side, has accumulated in a greater degree than on the north.

In the town, a considerable space has been cleared out round the tower of Andronicus Kyrrestes, or the Temple of the Winds, as it was formerly called. In common conversation it is now called the Temple of Eolus, and forms an appropriate termination to one of the new streets, of course Eolus Street. An excavation was also made by the Society in the Theatre of Bacchus, and near it a curious statue of Silenus, with a young Bacchus sitting on his shoulder, and holding a mask in his hand, was found.

As a contrast to the labors of the Society, I shall now mention a proof of the archai-

ological zeal and judgment of the central government. For some years no one was allowed to build, nay, the houses half built, were ordered to be left unfinished, within a certain limit, and government determined to purchase all the ground for excavation. Many individuals remained ill-lodged, with half-finished houses, and paying enormous rents for upwards of eighteen months. Suddenly the government plans were changed, and orders were given to build a large barrack within the sacred inclosure; and in order to remove any respect to Hellenic ruins, part of the building was erected on one of the existing walls of the gymnasium of Hadrian, near the old Turkish bazaar, while the rest of the area was filled up with a layer of rubbish seven feet deep.

The services which the Archæological Society of Athens has rendered to Europe, may be appreciated from this fact. It could not, however, have accomplished as much as it has already executed, had it not received several donations from Western Europe; and its labors would have been interrupted last year if his Majesty the King of the Netherlands had not sent a donation of 300 drachmas. A request was lately transmitted to Mr. Bracebridge, who has been a liberal promoter of the cause of education in Greece, to attempt the formation of a society, or the establishment of a branch of the Athenian Archæological Society in London; but from no official authority to act having been forwarded by the committee of management, this was found to be difficult. The state of the Athenian Society was, however, communicated to Colonel Leake, who, with his usual promptness and liberality in aiding the cause of Greece, immediately sent the Society a subscription of 500 drachmas, (£18.) As it is probable that many admirers of ancient Art may be inclined to support this useful institution, I have ventured to send you this long statement of its affairs and proceedings.

It must be observed that the archæological commission, charged with the publication of the *Ephemeris Archæologiké*, in which the ancient inscriptions are printed, is not a part of this Society. It consists of persons employed by government, though several members of the commission have been elected also members of the committee of management of the Society, from possessing the requisite qualification for the office in the highest degree. All members of the Archæological Society are, however, entitled to receive the journal of the commission at a moderate price.

I shall now recapitulate the most re-

omnium imperitus, quærit quid sit ad perpendicularum. Dicunt ei, fere nullam esse columnam, quæ ad perpendicularum esse possit. Jam, mehercule, inquit, sic agamus: columnæ ad perpendicularum exigantur. —In Verr. 1. 'De Sartis Tectis exigendi,' pars ultima.

markable discoveries which have been made in the Greek provinces. An excavation made by the late General Gordon at the Heræum, near Argos, at which I was present, brought to light two interesting fragments—a portion of a marble peacock and a large fragment of a præfix of terra cotta, painted as a peacock's tail. Several trifles in terra cotta and bronzes were likewise found, and an extended excavation at this place would probably yield important results. At Delphi several fragments of the great temple, which it was supposed had entirely disappeared, were accidentally discovered; a small temple was also found, and the late Professor Miller made an excavation into the ancient treasury under the cella of the great temple.

A considerable collection of ancient statues from all parts of Greece has been assembled in the Temple of Theseus, several of them belonging to the first school of art, and rendering this little museum of great interest to antiquaries, and worthy of a visit from all admirers of classic sculpture.

One of the most curious monuments in the collection is the figure of a warrior in low relief, rather above the natural size, and executed with a degree of stiffness, which shows far more affinity to the style of the Egina marbles than to the Attic school of Phidias. Its antiquity, and the visible traces of the painting with which it was adorned, give it great value. This curious piece of sculpture was found at a place called Velanideza, on the coast of Attica, two or three miles south of Araphen, (Rafina), between Halæ and Prasiæ, in the year 1839. An ancient demos existed in this plain, and near it there were forty or fifty unopened tumuli, which had excited the attention of several antiquaries. It is said that a society of excavators received permission to open these tumuli, but I have never been able to obtain any exact information on the subject, though I have applied directly to Mr. Pittakis; and Professor Ross was also as unsuccessful as I was. Much mystery attended the whole proceedings, for the Greek government has generally been extremely averse to all private excavations, and General Gordon was requested to discontinue his at the Heræum; I suppose that many of the vases offered to travellers for sale, in 1839, were from Velanideza. Mr. Pittakis has published no account of these excavations, and the Archaeological Society took no notice of them, as it is dangerous for a body wishing to live in peace with all men to attempt penetrating where there is mystery. No account

of these excavations has appeared in the Annals of the Archaeological Institute at Rome; and the only knowledge the world possesses of them, is the singular work of Aristocles, which we have noticed; this, however, is the best preserved monument of the most ancient style of Greek art when it began to rise towards perfection.

I hope that this letter will call the attention of some one in England to this subject, capable of rendering it more effectual service than lies in my power.

GEORGE FINLAY.

THE CHINESE FOOT-TORTURE.—The means taken to effect the alteration of the women's feet in China are decidedly prejudicial to the health, and frequently attended with fatal consequences. This fact was ascertained by a clever young naval surgeon who was for some time stationed at Chusan. It happened that during an excursion into the country, he one day entered a house where he found a child about eight years old very ill, and suffering under severe hectic fever; on examination, he discovered that her feet were undergoing the process of distortion; he was informed that she had been a year under this treatment. Moved by pity for the little sufferer, he proceeded to remove the bindings, and fomented the feet, which were covered with ulcers and inflammation. The change in shape had already commenced by the depression of the toes. The child was much relieved by, and evidently grateful for, his treatment. On taking his leave, he warned the mother that she would certainly lose her child if the bands were replaced; but his remonstrances were of no avail. Whenever he returned (and this happened frequently), he always found them on again, the woman urging as an excuse that her daughter had better die than remain unmarried, and that without improved feet such a calamity would be her inevitable lot. As might be expected, the child grew worse and worse. After a longer interval than usual, he once again revisited the house, but found it untenanted, and a little coffin lying at the door, in which he discovered the body of his poor young patient.—*Lock's Closing Events of the Campaign in China.* [All will feel the monstrous character of this madness of the Chinese females; but is the waist-constriction of our own any better? The extravagance is not with us, perhaps, so very great in degree, but it is equally bad in kind, and there can be no doubt that it also causes coffins to be laid down at doors for "young patients." We fear it is an extravagance not in the way of being diminished. There has been introduced of late years an atrocious piece of enginery called the *French stay*, for easing up the frames of young ladies in an artificial and unyielding shape, in which they believe the ideal of form to be realized. Specimens of it may be seen glassed in windows in London, and it has also travelled into the provinces. It leaves its victims hardly room to breathe, and entirely takes away the power of raising their arms above their heads. What they might deem its worst peculiarity, if they could judge of it at all, it makes one half of them round-shouldered, and thus adds a real deformity where it only creates an imaginary elegance. But we must cut short, remembering that this is the subject on which it is of no use to speak.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Jour.*

DISCOVERIES ON THE NORTH COAST OF AMERICA.

From the Athenæum.

Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America; effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company during the Years 1836—39. By Thomas Simpson, Esq. Bentley.

THIS modest, unpretending volume contains the lively history of one of the most remarkable expeditions, or rather series of expeditions, on record;—remarkable, as filling up and giving continuity to our knowledge of the northern circumpolar coasts of America, through seventy-four degrees of longitude, or, following the windings of the shore, above 2,000 miles, all explored by British enterprise: remarkable as an example of bold and comprehensive plans, carried into execution with a rare union of consummate prudence and indomitable courage, and completely successful, without a serious accident or mishap, during three trying campaigns. Without accident or mishap, we say; but alas! in the train of so signal a triumph there followed at no great distance a sad disaster, to which we shall return in the sequel. Owing to the untimely fate of the author of this narrative, the task of vindicating his share in the expedition has devolved on his brother, who says,—

“Although Mr. Simpson's name appears only as second or junior officer of the expedition,—the senior being Mr. Peter Warren Dease, an old and experienced officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, who co-operated with Sir John Franklin on his last expedition,—yet a glance at the narrative in the following pages will prove that Mr. Simpson was really the main-spring of the expedition. He alone was at all conversant with science: and the most arduous parts of the service performed by the expedition—the completion of the survey between Mackenzie River and Point Barrow; the exploration of the country between Great Slave Lake and the Coppermine River—essential to the transport across that rugged and sterile country (well called the *Barren Grounds*) of the boats and provisions of the expedition; and the pedestrian journey along the coast, of the summer of 1838, which opened the prospect of a clear sea to the eastward, securing the success of the expedition in summer 1839,—were performed by him alone.”

On the failure of Sir G. Back's attempt to reach the Polar Sea by Wager Inlet, or Repulse Bay, the Hudson's Bay Company determined to lend its aid in completing the geography of that nearly inaccessible region. It had often smiled at the expeditions fitted out by Government for Arctic

discovery at an enormous expense, and composed of individuals having plenty of zeal, but who, possessing very little experience of the polar climate, necessarily found difficulty and danger in journeys which, to the practised fur-trader, would have been safe and easy. In July 1836, Messrs. Dease and Simpson received the commands of the Company to conduct an expedition northwards in the following year, and, in the first place, descending Mackenzie River, and proceeding westwards to Return Reef, the furthest point reached by Sir J. Franklin in 1826, to explore the coast onwards from that point to Point Barrow, which had been reached by Mr. Elson in Beechy's voyage. Returning from this western exploration, the expedition was to winter at the north-eastern angle of the Great Bear Lake; thence to descend, in the following summer, the Coppermine River, and to follow the coast eastwards, as far as the mouth of the Great Fish River, discovered by Back in 1834. This eastern survey eventually proved to be the work of two summers.

Mr. Simpson started to join the expedition at its first winter quarters, near Lake Athabasca, from the Red River settlement, which is situate in the heart of the North American Continent, about 300 miles W. N. W. from the remotest borders of Canada, above Lake Superior. This colony lies so far from the ordinary track of tourists, and is in itself of so interesting a character, that we cannot refuse to glean from our author's pages some information respecting it:

“Situated under the 50th degree of north latitude, and 97th of west longitude, at an elevation of eight or nine hundred feet above the sea, and stretching for upwards of fifty miles along the wooded borders of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, which flow through a level country of vast extent, it possesses a salubrious climate and a fertile soil; but summer frosts, generated by undrained marshes, sometimes blast the hopes of the husbandman, and the extremes of abundance and want are experienced by an improvident people. Horses, horned cattle, hogs, and poultry, are exceedingly numerous. Sheep have been brought by the Company, at great expense, from England and the United States, and are reared with success. Wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, turnips, and most of the ordinary culinary vegetables, thrive well. Pumpkins, melons, and cucumbers come to maturity in the open air in favorable seasons. Maize, pease, and beans, have not been extensively cultivated; hops grow luxuriantly; flax and hemp are poor and stunted; orchards are as yet unknown. The banks of the rivers are cultivated to the width of from a quarter to half a mile. All the back level country remains in its original state—

a vast natural pasture, covered for the greater part of the year with cattle, and also furnishing the inhabitants with a sufficiency of coarse hay for the support of their herds during the winter. The length of this severe season exceeds five months, the rivers usually freezing in November and opening in April, when there is a fine sturgeon-fishery; but Lake Winnipeg, the grand receptacle of the river waters, does not break up till the close of May. The most common sorts of wood are oak, elm, poplar, and maple; pines are likewise found towards Lake Winnipeg. * * The generality of the settlers dwell in frame or loghouses, roofed with wooden slabs, bark, or shingles, and, for the most part, whitewashed or painted externally. Not a man, however mean or idle, but possesses a horse; and they vie in gay carioles, harness, saddles, and fine clothes. A great abundance of English goods is imported, both by the Company and by individuals, in the Company's annual ships to York Factory, and disposed of in the colony at moderate prices. Labor is dear, and produce of all kinds sells at a higher rate than could be expected in such a secluded place."

The land at the Red River colony is, in general, given gratuitously to the Hudson's Bay Company's retired servants. These traders, scattered over the country in their early years, and far removed from civilized society, usually marry Indian women, and consequently, the population of the Red River settlement, which now amounts to five thousand souls, consists, in a great degree, of half-breeds. The restless, turbulent passions of this race, have gradually driven from the Red River the original Scotch settlers, who have, for the most part, migrated to the United States; and there now remain, in the vicinity of Lake Winnipeg, less persevering industry, and more wild recklessness, than might be expected in a British colony of thirty years standing. At the same time, the Red River colonists are elevated far above savage life, and as the fur-traders now take their wives from that settlement, rather than from the hut of the wild Indian, a steady improvement in the character of the half-breed population, may be looked forward to as a certain result.

On the 1st of December our author started on his journey northward. There was not yet any snow on the ground. The dogs were allowed, therefore, to draw empty sledges, while the travellers amused themselves with a wolf-hunt, a favorite pastime in the plains around the colony, where the horses are trained to the pursuit of the buffalo and wolf, and to stand fire at full speed. On the ice of the Lake of Manitobah, or the Evil Spirit, the labor of the dogs commenced. A little further

on the region of oak terminated; but fine woods of elm are found much further northward, when these in turn give way to pine, poplar, and willow. Much of the country now lying desert on the western side of the Manitobah and Winnipeg lakes, is capable of producing wheat and other grains. The cold now became intense. On the 23rd, a strong westerly wind, at a temperature of at least 40° below zero, seriously threatened the safety of the party, and notwithstanding every precaution, two men were injured by the cold. After two months' toil, our author arrived at Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca, and concludes this part of his narrative with the following observation:—

"Thus happily terminated a winter journey of 1277 statute miles. In the wilderness time and space seem equally a blank, and for the same reason—the paucity of objects to mark or diversify their passage; but, in my opinion, the real secret of the little account which is made of distance in these North American wilds is, that there is *nothing to pay*. Every assistance is promptly rendered to the traveller without fee or reward, while health and high spirits smile at the fatigues of the way."

The forts or trading establishments of the Company, constitute so many fixed points of Indian resort. The Indian finds in them a market for the produce of the chase, a refuge in case of war, and at all times relief and instruction. It requires all the eloquence and personal influence of the trader to persuade the Indian to spare the young of the beaver, and other valuable fur animals. So obstinate are the red men in their improvident habits, so deeply seated their destructive propensities, that our author does not hesitate to pronounce them irreclaimable. He gives the following curious illustration of their innate love of slaughtering game:

"Near York Factory, in 1831, this propensity, contrary to all the remonstrances of the gentlemen of that place, led to the indiscriminate destruction of a countless herd of reindeer, while crossing the broad stream of Haye's River, in the height of summer. The natives took some of the meat for present use, but thousands of carcasses were abandoned to the current, and infected the river banks, or floated out into Hudson's Bay, there to feed the sea fowl and the Polar bear. As if it were a judgment for this barbarous slaughter, in which women and even children participated, the deer have never since visited that part of the country in similar numbers."

On the shore of Athabasca lake, were built two sea boats, each twenty-four feet long, so much alike, and, in the eyes of the

travellers, so handsome, as to obtain the classical appellations of Castor and Pollux. On the 1st of June, the boats being finished, the expedition commenced the descent. We shall say nothing of the ice still lingering in Great Slave Lake, nor of the cheerful verdant scenery of Mackenzie River. Barley is cultivated at Fort Simpson, in latitude 62° ; and even at Fort Norman, 200 miles lower down, European perseverance is exhibited in the cultivation of the ground; "At this northerly spot, in latitude $64^{\circ} 40'$, a small quantity of green barley, and of potatoes, almost as big as pigeons' eggs, is now annually raised." The wood coal, on the banks of the Mackenzie, is, for several miles, in a state of ignition, and these natural fires appear to have extended since the time of Dr. Richardson's visit. They locally affect the climate; a richer herbage and riper berries being found in the vicinity of the fires. Near Fort Good Hope, in latitude $66^{\circ} 16'$, our author writes—"The majestic river, and its high banks, were steeped in a flood of light, and except the diminutive size of the wood, there was nothing in the landscape to suggest the thought that we had penetrated so far into the regions of the North."

Let us hasten now from Mackenzie River, to the unexplored sea shores towards the west. With great exertions the boats were forced through the ice about 150 miles beyond the Return Reef of Sir J. Franklin; but the progress being so slow, and the obstructions so formidable, it was thought advisable to prosecute the remainder of the required exploration on foot: with this view, therefore, Mr. Simpson set forth with five companions. The sequel of his story shall be told, as much as possible, in his own words:—

"After travelling about ten miles, and wading through many a salt creek, the waters of which were at the freezing temperature, the land, to our dismay, turned off to the eastward of south, and a boundless inlet lay before us. Almost at the same instant, to our inexpressible joy, we descried four Esquimaux tents, at no great distance, with figures running about. We immediately directed our steps towards them; but, on our approach, the women and children threw themselves into their canoes, and pushed off from the shore. I shouted 'Kabloonan teyma Inueet,' meaning 'We are white men, friendly to the Esquimaux;' upon which glad news the whole party hurried ashore, and almost overpowered us with caresses. The men were absent, hunting, with the exception of one infirm individual, who, sitting under a reversed canoe, was tranquilly engaged in weaving a fine whalebone net. Being unable to make his escape

with the rest, he was in an agony of fear; and, when I first went up to him, with impotent hand he made a thrust at me with his long knife. He was, however, soon convinced of our good intentions; and his first request was for tobacco, of which we found men, women, and even children inordinately fond. * * Confidence being now fully established, I told them that I required one of their oomiaks, or large family canoes, to take us two or three days' journey—or sleeps, as they term it—to the westward; after which we should return. These skin boats float in half a foot of water. No ice was visible from the tents; and, from the trending of the coast, it was more than doubtful that our journey could have been accomplished in any reasonable time on foot. They acceded to my demand, without a scruple. We selected the best of three oomiaks; obtained four of their slender oars, which they used as tent-poles, besides a couple of paddles: fitted the oars with lashings; and arranged our strange vessel so well that the ladies were in raptures, declaring us to be genuine Esquimaux, and not poor white men. Whilst my companions were thus employed, I procured, from the most intelligent of the women, a sketch of the inlet before us, and of the coast to the westward, as far as her knowledge extended. She represented the inlet as very deep; that they make many encampments in travelling round it; but that it receives no river. She also drew a bay of some size to the westward; and the old man added a long and very narrow projection, covered with tents, which I could not doubt to mean Point Barrow."

The wind blew violently and the sea ran high, but the Esquimaux boat rode gallantly over the waves. At night, propped on the paddles, it formed a shelter on the shore, which is here formed of frozen mud. A fine deep river, named the Bellevue, was discovered further on, and, immediately after, our author descried, with unfeigned joy, the object of his search. He thus describes his arrival at Point Barrow:—

"We had now only to pass Elson Bay, which is for the most part shallow. It was covered with a tough coat of young ice, through which we broke a passage; and then forced our way amid a heavy pack, nearly half a mile broad, that rested upon the shore. On reaching it, and seeing the ocean spreading far and wide to the south-west, we unfurled our flag, and with three enthusiastic cheers took possession of our discoveries in his Majesty's name. Point Barrow is a long low spit, composed of gravel and coarse sand, forced up by the pressure of the ice into numerous mounds, that, viewed from a distance, might be mistaken for gigantic boulders. At the spot where we landed it is only a quarter of a mile across, but is considerably wider towards its termination, where it subsides into a reef running for some distance in an easterly direction, and partly covered by the sea. One of the first objects that presented itself, on looking around, was an immense cemetery. There the

miserable remnants of humanity lay on the ground, in the seal-skin dresses worn while alive. A few were covered with an old sledge or some pieces of wood, but far the greater number were entirely exposed to the voracity of dogs and wild animals."

Among the remarkable features of the line of coast discovered by the expedition is the River Colville, apparently of great magnitude, for the sea opposite to its mouth was quite fresh three leagues from the shore. This river is supposed by our author to flow from the western side of the Rocky Mountains. It appears that our fur traders on the western side of those mountains, not far from the Russian lines, have heard of a great river a little farther north, the description of which suits well with the Colville. With a glad heart, and during a gleam of fair weather, our author saw and relished whatever agreeable scenery these desolate shores possess. He thus paints the view from a hill near Demarcation Point:—

"I ascended the nearest hill, six or seven miles distant, whence I enjoyed a truly sublime prospect. On either hand arose the British and Buckland mountains, exhibiting an infinite diversity of shade and form; in front lay the blue boundless ocean strongly contrasted with its broad glittering girdle of ice; beneath yawned ravines a thousand feet in depth, through which brawled and sparkled the clear alpine streams; while the sun, still high in the west, shed his softened beams through a rich veil of saffron-colored clouds that over-canopied the gorgeous scene. Bands of reindeer, browsing on the rich pasture in the valleys and along the brooks, imparted life and animation to the picture. Reluctantly I returned to the camp at sunset."

The mouth of the Mackenzie was regained without accident, and the wearied crews at length enjoyed repose. "The night was serene, and not a sound broke upon the solemn stillness, save the occasional notes of swans and geese calling to their mates, and the early crowing of the willow partridge, as the soft twilight melted into the blush of dawn."

From the return of the expedition to the Mackenzie, to its arrival in winter quarters at the north-eastern angle of Great Bear Lake, a month elapsed; and, in that month, the glow and serenity of autumn had given way to the immitigable severity of a northern winter. Various accidents had prevented the completion of the buildings and the accumulation of provisions, and if the whole party—men and leaders—had not been expert hunters and backwoodsmen, it is probable that the expedition would have experienced the extremities of famine.

The intense cold was of unusual duration. The average temperature of the latter half of December was $-33\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, that of all January -30° . In March when the average temperature was -20° , the thermometer on one occasion sank so low as -60° , or even -66° (66 degrees below zero!). Our author had the curiosity, when the thermometer was standing at -49° , to cast a pistol-bullet of quicksilver, which at ten paces passed through an inch plank, but flattened and broke against the wall a few paces beyond it. This chilling temperature, however, did not repress the gaiety nor subdue the appetites of the party, as will be manifest from what follows:—

"On Christmas and New-Year's day we entertained our assembled people with a dance, followed by a supper, consisting of the best fare we could command. By this time we had, through our indefatigable exertions, accumulated two or three weeks' provisions in advance, and no scarcity was experienced during the remainder of the season. The daily ration served out to each man, was increased from eight to ten, and to some individuals twelve pounds of venison; or, when they could be got, four or five white-fish weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds. This quantity of solid food, immoderate as it may appear, does not exceed the average standard of the country; and ought certainly to appease even the inordinate appetite of a French Canadian."

The barren grounds or country immediately to the east of the Great Bear Lake have been explored during the winter, and, all the preparations being complete, the expedition started again in June, 1838, as soon as the ice broke up. The boats ascended the River Dease for some miles; they were then carried over a short portage to the Dismal Lakes, by means of which, and the River Kendall, they descended into the Coppermine River. This communication between the Coppermine River and Great Bear Lake was frequently examined, and four times crossed by the expedition, with all their luggage: our author must, therefore, be regarded as a competent authority, when he asserts that the descent is equal on both sides. The consequence is, that the Coppermine River, from the mouth of the Kendall River to the sea, or in a course of seventy miles, has as great a fall as the Great Bear Lake, the Great Bear River, and the Mackenzie altogether, in a line of 700 miles. The dangers of so impetuous a torrent were fully experienced by our author and his companions; their boats, however, were fortunately steered by expert Canadians well used to shoot the rapids, and thus they reached the sea in

safety. A little to the west of the Coppermine River another large stream, named after Dr. Richardson, was found to discharge its waters into the same inlet.

The prosperity of this campaign may be said to have ended here. The winter had been unusually severe, the summer late. The sea was compact ice; thick fogs darkened the heavens. On the 19th of August, the boats had only reached within a league of Franklin's farthest encampment in 1821. The lateness of the season, and the appearance of new ice, forbade the attempt to navigate any further. Mr. Simpson, therefore, with a few chosen companions, volunteered to explore some distance on foot, so that their exertions hitherto might not be wholly fruitless. He had not proceeded far beyond Franklin's limit, when he descried, over the sea, land about twenty-five miles distant. On the third day, an appearance of land extending round the horizon, disheartened the explorers: but here we shall have recourse to our author's description:—

"As we drew near in the evening to an elevated cape, land appeared all around, and our worst fears seemed confirmed. With bitter disappointment I ascended the height, from whence a vast and splendid prospect burst suddenly upon me. The sea, as if transformed by enchantment, rolled its free waves at my feet, and beyond the reach of vision to the eastward. Islands of various shape and size overspread its surface; and the northern land terminated to the eye in a bold and lofty cape, bearing east-north-east, thirty or forty miles distant, while the continental coast trended away south-east. I stood, in fact, on a remarkable headland, at the eastern outlet of an ice-obstructed strait. On the extensive land to the northward I bestowed the name of our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria. * * Our present discoveries were in themselves not unimportant; but their value was much enhanced by the disclosure of an open sea to the eastward, and the suggestion of a new route—along the southern coast of Victoria Land—by which that open sea might be attained, while the shores of the continent were yet environed by an impenetrable barrier of ice, as they were this season. Our portable canoe, which we had not had occasion to use, was buried in the sand at the foot of a huge round rock on the beach, and with lighter burdens we commenced retracing our steps."

In returning to the Coppermine River much hardship was endured, and the ascent of the bold rapids of that river with a fallen stream, which former travellers had pronounced impracticable, proved the consummate skill of our author's Canadian followers. The boats and part of the stores were buried in a convenient spot on the banks of the river, and the party returned once

more to their old quarters at Fort Confidence, on the Great Bear Lake.

The incidents of the winter of 1838-9 exhibit the usual vicissitudes of the backwoodsman's life. There was much feasting on venison and much fear of famine. Hordes of begging Indians poured in, and numerous expert hunters brought supplies of meat to the fort, and ate more than they brought. Particulars such as these, however, cannot detain us. The manners of the native tribes will be found sharply sketched, though with no flattering lines, in our author's pages. Yet the following bold attempt to discriminate the native races of North America, may, from its brevity, be admitted here:—

"The Esquimaux inhabiting all the Arctic shores of America, have doubtless originally spread from Greenland, which was peopled from northern Europe; but their neighbors, the Loucheux of Mackenzie River, have a clear tradition that their ancestors migrated from the westward, and crossed an arm of the sea. The language of the latter is entirely different from that of the other known tribes who possess the vast region to the northward of a line drawn from Churchill, on Hudson's Bay, across the Rocky Mountains, to New Caledonia. These, comprehending the Chipewyans, the Copper Indians, the Beaver Indians of Peace River, the Dog-ribs and Hare Indians of Mackenzie River and Great Bear Lake, the Thœcanies, Nahanies, and Dahadinnehs of the Mountains, and the Carriers of New Caledonia, all speak dialects of the same original tongue. Next to them succeed the Crees, speaking another distinct language, and occupying another great section of the continent, extending from Lesser Slave Lake through the woody country on the north side of the Saskatchewan River, by Lake Winnipeg to York Factory, and from thence round the shores of Hudson and James bays. South of the fiftieth parallel, the circles of affinity contract, but are still easily traced. The Carriers of New Caledonia, like the people of Hindostan, used, till lately, to burn their dead; a ceremony in which the widow of the deceased, though not sacrificed as in the latter country, was compelled to continue beating with her hands upon the breast of the corpse while it slowly consumed on the funeral pile, in which cruel duty she was often severely scorched."

The Loucheux differ, it appears, from every other tribe of red Indians, by their bold, open, and perfectly frank demeanor. They are as free as savages can be from treacherous cunning and dissimulation, and have never yet shed the blood of white men. The Esquimaux seen by our author are not the stunted race hitherto described. Among those met with on the Circumpolar shores, there were many robust men, six feet high. He considers the Esquimaux as much supe-

rior to the Indian in intelligence, provident habits, and mechanical skill. He had the good fortune to procure, this winter, an Esquimaux interpreter from the missionary settlement of Ungava, in Labrador.

Passing over the reiterated toils of descending to the coast, it will be sufficient for us to state, that in July, 1839, the expedition found the sea, at the mouth of the Coppermine River, tolerably free from ice. The voyage eastward, therefore, was successful, though it furnished no incidents calling for especial notice. A river, larger than the Coppermine, and named the Ellice, was discovered in longitude $104^{\circ} 15'$ west. In his Journal of the 15th of August, our author observes:

"All the objects for which the expedition was so generously instituted were now accomplished, but Mr. Dease and myself were not quite satisfied. We had determined the northern limits of America to the westward of the Great Fish River; it still remained a question whether Boothia Felix might not be united to the continent, on the other side of the estuary. The men, who had never dreamed of going any further, were therefore summoned, and the importance of proceeding some distance to the eastward explained to them; when, to their honor, all assented without a murmur."

After an interval of five days, the narrative of discovery is continued in these words:—

"It was now quite evident to us, even in our most sanguine mood, that the time was come for commencing our return to the distant Coppermine River, and that any further foolhardy perseverance could only lead to the loss of the whole party, and also of the great object which we had so successfully achieved. The men were therefore directed to construct another monument in commemoration of our visit; while Mr. Dease and I walked to an eminence three miles off, to see the farther trending of the coast. Our view of the low main-shore was limited to about five miles, when it seemed to turn off more to the right. Far without, lay several lofty islands; and in the north-east, more distant still, appeared some high blue land: this, which we designated Cape Sir John Ross, is in all probability one of the south-eastern promontories of Boothia. We could therefore hardly doubt being now arrived at that large gulph, uniformly described by the Esquimaux as containing many islands, and, with numerous indentations, running down to the southward, till it approaches within forty miles of Repulse and Wager bays. The exploration of such a gulph, to the Strait of the Fury and Hecla, would necessarily demand the whole time and energies of another expedition, having some point of retreat much nearer to the scene of operations than Great Bear Lake; and we felt assured that the Honorable Company, who had already done so much in the cause of discovery, would not abandon their munificent work till the

precise limits of this great continent were fully and finally established."

When we add that the southern shores of the great island named Victoria-land were traced through an extent of 156 geographical miles, we shall have stated all the chief results of the expedition, which, if we consider that it comprises the navigation of a tempestuous ocean, beset with ice, for a distance exceeding 1400 geographical, or 1600 statute miles, in open boats, together with all the fatigues of long land journeys and the perils of the climate, was certainly a wonderful achievement. Nor must we omit to state, that science was not neglected; good astronomical observations were made, and a list of the plants collected by Mr. Dease is appended to our author's volume. Let us add, too, that the men appear to have done their duty well and cheerfully, which reflects as much credit on their leaders as on themselves.

The merits of Mr. Simpson were at once recognized by his employers and the Government. The Hudson's Bay Company accepted his offer to conduct another expedition to the Straits of the Fury and Hecla; the Royal Geographical Society awarded him its medal; and the Government intimated its intention of bestowing on him a pension of £100 a-year. But, alas! all this cheering news arrived too late to satisfy and calm his impatient spirit. The letter of the Company was written on the 3rd of June: on the 6th of that month Mr. Simpson left the Red River Colony to proceed by the way of the Missouri to Europe. He hurried on before the rest of his party, with four men. Two of these were shot by him on the evening of the 13th or 14th of June; the other two fled, but returned with their friends on the following morning, when our author's death took place. All the circumstances of this painful tragedy are involved in deep mystery; and we feel no desire to hazard conjectures on such a matter. But one thing is certain, and will be acknowledged by all attentive readers of this volume, that in Thomas Simpson the world lost no common man.

MARLBOROUGH PAPERS.—It is stated that eighteen boxes full of the correspondence of the famous Duke of Marlborough during the war of the succession with Prince Eugene and all the foreign princes, statesmen, and generals, concerned in that great struggle, have been found in a house in Woodstock. These very important documents have been confided to Sir George Murray; and are said to form a collection not dissimilar to the publication of Colonel Gurwood.—*Lit. Gaz.*

MISCELLANY.

HUMANITY OF THE PEOPLE OF VIENNA.—Mr. Kohl, in his "Hundred Days in Austria," relates that he witnessed a scene in one of the streets of Vienna which was alike honorable for the human and the feathered animals who figured in it. A couple of young sparrows, making their first essay in flying with their parents over the roofs of the capital, had fallen exhausted into the street, where they were picked up and carried off by a boy, in whose hand they fluttered and chirped most pitifully. The parent birds followed, uttering most sorrowful cries, fluttering against the walls, perching on signs of the shops, and venturing even into the turmoil of the street. I begged the lad to let the young ones go, and as the cries of the old birds had already excited his compassion, he did so; but the creatures flying awkwardly against the walls, fell a second time into the street, and were again picked up. "Give them to me for my children; give them to me," cried some women; but the remonstrances of the feathered parents were so pitiful, that in the end the whole assembled crowd (all of the lowest class) raised a general shout of "No, no; let them go; give them their liberty." There were some Jews among the populace, who cried out louder than any. Several times the birds were flung up into the air, and as often fell down again, amid the general lamentation of all present. At last a ladder was procured, all lent a hand to raise it against a small house, and hold it fast while some one mounted it and placed the little animals in safety on the roof. The parents flew to them immediately, and the whole family took wing, amid the general acclamations of the multitude; even a couple of "glacéfränzel" (*petits maitres*) stood still at a little distance and eyed the scene smilingly through their glasses.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Jour.*

THE FETE OF NANTERRE.—An interesting ceremony takes place annually in some of the French towns and villages. Every year a young woman, who has rendered herself remarkable for general good conduct, is selected to be crowned with white roses, and to receive certain other rewards at the hands of the civic functionaries. The following account of such a ceremony is abridged from a French illustrated newspaper, called "*L'Illustration, Journal Universel*." The scene is Nanterre, which lies between Paris and St. Germain:—

"Nanterre," commences the sprightly French reporter, "honors virtue—Nanterre crowns the fortunate candidate (called the *Rosière*) for the year of little grace and many sins, 1843. Till now, we believed that *Rosières* only existed in comic operas and in Monsieur Bouilly's tales; but Nanterre has had the honor of undeceiving us.

"The *Rosière* of this year is a young woman who appears to be a model of every virtue—Mademoiselle Giraud. She is only twenty-six, and supports, by her own labor, part of her family. Her conduct up to this day has been exempt from reproach; never was there brought against her the smallest tittle of slander. But, would you believe it? a formidable opposition was raised against the coronation of Mademoiselle Giraud. Monsieur, the curate of Nanterre, demanded the honors of the roseate crown for another candidate, whose great merit consisted, in his eyes, of having assiduously frequented the church and the confessional. The mayor and the municipal council stated, however, that, though they admired the piety of the priest's candidate, they thought that she who labored hard, like Mademoiselle Giraud, to support her infirm

parents, was best deserving of the reward. There unhappily followed a schism between the temporal and spiritual powers of Nanterre, and the priest refused to favor the ceremony with his presence. Leaving him, therefore, we pass at once to the triumphal procession, which conducted Mademoiselle Giraud, the fortunate *Rosière*, to the Town Hall. The drums of the national guard struck up when it began to move, and the church bells *would* have rung merrily out, only the disaffection of the curate condemned them to silence. A double line of national guards occupied the space between Mademoiselle Giraud's house and the Town Hall, from the windows of which flags were suspended. It was a magnificent spectacle, tending to incite all mankind to virtue—had all mankind been able to witness it. Indeed, we propose that a congress from the world in general should meet at this time of year in the commune of Nanterre for that purpose.

The march was commenced by the *garde départementale*, (police,) followed by the band of the national guard, playing pleasing and lively airs. Next appeared the *Rosière*, between the mayor and his deputy. Behind walked the municipal council, dressed in white, with their most showy badges, followed by a guard of honor, composed of *Messieurs*, marching in front, and armed with long pikes, such as ornament the national colors. The *Messieurs* are the principal agriculturists of the commune, who form a defensive, and often an offensive body, to make up the insufficient superintendence of the rural police, in guarding the country and in protecting the harvests against theft. Upon the steps of this yeomanry it is usual for the *Rosière* of the preceding year to follow, wearing on her head the crown which will soon pass from her forehead to that of the new heroine. But this time the ex-*Rosière* had become a defaulter; since her coronation, she exchanged the state of single blessedness for the troubles of matrimony. The office of carrying the chaste emblem, therefore, was transferred to one of the village maidens, who bore it on a velvet cushion in her place. Next appeared the members of several religious orders; amongst others that of 'the Virgin,' distinguished by the scarf of blue ribbon worn by its sisterhood. Lastly, a number of women, the relations and friends of the *Rosière* in their holiday dresses, walking in two lines, presently in four, and finally pressing forward in a compact crowd to form the rear of the procession.

Arrived at the town-house, the principal actors in the ceremony ranged themselves in the great hall, where marriages ordinarily take place. The mayor sat between his colleagues and the municipal councillors; the *Rosière* stood in front of him; the Sisters of the Virgin were placed on the right and left; behind were the friends, relations, officers of the national guards, and other great people of the village. At the bottom of the hall, amid a tableau formed of tri-colored flags, appeared in large letters this appropriate inscription, 'TO VIRTUE.' After an impressive delay, and a silence which may almost be called religious, the mayor began to speak, and pronounced a pathetic discourse on the advantages of virtue; then, by way of peroration, he placed round the neck of the *Rosière* a collar of gold; handed her a pair of ear-rings, a magnificent brooch, divers other trinkets—the forms and uses of which we have forgotten—and a sum of three hundred francs (about £12): finally, he removed the crown of white roses from the cushion on which it was deposited, and placed it on the head of the damsel, saying (we write from stenographic notes,) 'Mademoiselle Giraud, receive, as the reward of

virtue, the civic crown which your fellow-citizens have awarded you !' At these words the music—concealed in a vestibule of the building—struck up a spirited melody ; tears suffused the eyes of the spectators, and the procession recommenced its march in the same order as it arrived. After the Rosière had been conducted back to her home, a splendid banquet—in which she and her family took part, and which the authorities of the village also honored with their presence—terminated the doings of the day."—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.—There are at present 138 newspapers circulated in London ; the yearly circulation of which amounts to 36,271,020 papers, and the advertisement duty to 48,179*l.* 10*s.* There are 214 English country papers in circulation, the total yearly sale of which amounts to 16,857,000 papers ; showing that, though the number of journals considerably exceeds the number in London, the yearly circulation does not amount to half of the circulation in the metropolis. The yearly amount of advertisement duty on the country papers is 49,766*l.* 13*s.* The yearly amount of circulation in Scotland is 1,478,940, and the advertisement duty is 12,595*l.* 12*s.* In Wales there are ten papers in circulation, the highest of which averages only 1500 per week. The circulation of the rest is uncertain, sometimes rising to 10,000 per month, and sometimes falling to 100. The total yearly circulation is 88,000, and the advertisement duty is 305*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* There are 25 papers circulated in Dublin, the yearly sale of which amounts to 3,366,406 papers, and the advertisement duty is 4,599*l.* 8*s.* There are 58 Irish country papers, the yearly circulation of which is 2,435,068, and 12,000 supplements. The advertisement duty amounts to 3,686*l.* 16*s.*—*Lit. Gaz.*

MUSICAL DEVOTION.—Yorkshire, and the adjoining counties of Lancaster and Derby, are celebrated for a love of music : its spirit pervades every rank of the people in a manner unknown and unfelt in the rest of our island. And amongst those districts famed for musical taste and skill, Halifax stands pre-eminently forward. There, as perhaps nowhere else in England, may be found, at stated periods, the justice of the peace and the artisan side by side in the orchestra, practising together their divine art, and forgetting, for a time, the artificial distinctions set up in the world of men. In an essay entitled "A Village Oratorio," by George Hogarth, justice has been done to the musicians of this part of Yorkshire. "Of these singers and players," he says, speaking of choristers and instrumental performers, "very few are professional. Most of them are industrious tradespeople, cultivating music from love of the art, and making its practice their dearest recreation." As an instance of devotion to the art, we may relate, that the Halifax Orchestral Society consists of between thirty and forty members, most of whom reside five or six miles from the town ; and, for years past, it has seldom happened, even on the darkest and wildest night of winter, that any one of its rustic members has been absent from his post on the nights of rehearsal, which takes place fortnightly. An officer of the society, a respectable tradesman residing in that town, had occasion, some time ago, to visit a brother musician and a member of the society, who lives some miles from the town. His condition is humble, being a hand-loom weaver ; his dwelling is of a character according with his condition, and is situate at Cold-edge, an outlandish part of the parish of Halifax, bordering upon the moor of Saltonstall. To find

his bidding place became a task of infinite difficulty. However, after much inquiry, and many windings through a devious path, which lay over fields and through farm-yards, the distant sound of a violoncello fell upon the ear of our wandering musical votary, making him no longer doubtful of the "whereabout" of the "famous bass player," as some of the hardy mountaineers had denominated him, on inquiry being made of them touching his dwelling-house. Following the direction whence the pleasing sound issued, he was led to a mean-looking hut. He entered, and found the object of his search half dressed, engaged in the performance of one of Lindley's concertos : the room contained two pair of looms ; in one of these the "guid-wife" was industriously "plying the shuttle ;" and on the hearth was her lord, surrounded by two or three youngers, deeply engaged, as we have intimated, in a domestic concert of no ordinary or commonplace character, for his execution of a difficult and beautiful composition is described as admirable and worthy of all praise ! Thus, beneath this humble roof of poverty, and far from the haunts of cultivation and refinement, was presented a picture of simple and virtuous happiness rarely to be found in England. How truly might it be said, in this instance, that music has been given us by our bountiful Creator to assist in smoothing the path of human life !—*Bradford Observer*.

SEA OF ARAL.—Of the sea of Aral it is difficult to procure any particulars from a people so barbarous as the Kuzzauks, who alone are familiar with it. The water is too salt to be drunk by man or beast, excepting at the mouths of the rivers Oxus and Jaxartes. The water is shallow, but navigable by small craft. Its north-western shores are sometimes bounded by cliffs of chalk, marle, and shell-limestone, elevated about 200 feet above the level of the water. At the mouth of the Oxus are many islands, and near the centre of the sea is one of considerable extent. . . . The boats upon the sea of Aral are merely small fishing-craft, belonging to the Aral Oozbegs and Kara Kulpauks, dwelling on its coasts : they are few in number. The name of this sea is Dungiz-i-Kahaurism, or the sea of Kahaurism. The name Aral is never applied to it by Asiatics, and belongs to a tribe of Oozbegs dwelling near that sea.—*Capt. Abbott's Khiva, etc.*

ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.—In the French Chamber of Deputies, a short time since, M. Guizot, in answer to some observations throwing doubts upon the practicability of the proposed works for piercing the Isthmus of Panama, read the following letter from the Baron de Humboldt to one of the heads of the parties interested in the proposed operation :—"I learn, with regret, that you are not further advanced in your important enterprise than you were when I had last the pleasure of seeing you in Paris. For the last twenty-five years, the project of a communication between the two seas, either by the Isthmus of Panama, by Lake Nicaragua, or by the Isthmus of Capica, has been proposed, and topographically debated ; and yet no beginning has been made. I should have thought that the British Embassy would have found a means of inspiring confidence in the proposal to send a scientific man (an engineer) for the purpose of examining the valley which separates the two seas, through which the canal might be dug to the western side of the Port of Chagres. Be assured that those persons who use the authority of my name in support of the opinion that the two seas have different levels, do so only to excuse themselves from engaging in the enter-

prise." The Minister also read an extract from a document addressed to the Academy of Sciences, by M. Warden, a distinguished American citizen, long consul for that country in Paris:—"The cutting necessary to unite the two seas, by means of the three rivers, Vno-Tinto, Bernardino, and Farren, is but twelve and a half miles in length. The fall will be regulated by four double locks of 45 mètres long. The canal will be altogether 49 miles in extent, 43 mètres 50 centimètres wide at the surface, 17 mètres 50 centimètres at the bottom, and having a depth of 6 mètres 50 centimètres. It will be navigable for vessels of from 1,000 to 1,400 tons burthen. The rivers, in those portions of them where they have from 2½ to 4½ mètres of water, will serve for the canal, by deepening to 6½ mètres; and the water will be maintained at that height by two guard-locks. All the materials necessary for the construction of the canal are found on the soil which it has to traverse; and the total cost has been estimated at 2,778,615 dollars, including the price of four steam-boats, and two iron bridges, 46 mètres long, and opening for the passage of ships."—*Athenæum*.

ANIMAL SKELETONS.—It is stated that, during the week, several enormous skeletons of the mastadon, elephant, ox, elk, hyena, wolf, etc., have been dug up, about eighteen feet from the surface, near Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, all in a good state of preservation.—*Lit. Gaz.*

TOMB OF ALEXANDER.—A communication from Mr. J. L. Stoddart, now at Cairo, relates "to the probability of the real locality of the tomb of Alexander within the walls of Alexandria being still preserved in the tradition of the Mahometan inhabitants of that city. 'Amidst the mounds of rubbish,' says the writer, 'and by the corner of one of the many gardens or palm-groves, which occupy a large portion of the space within the Arab wall, there stands an insulated bath called Hammam Hattieh. It is said to be the oldest in the place. Near to it is a small square building of unfashioned stone, very rude, very humble. Within is a rustic chapel. In the wall facing the entrance was a kiblâh, or long niche, which marks the direction of Mekka. To the left, the chapel is separated by a coarse wooden rail from a hollow of nine or ten feet square, and five feet five inches below the rest of the chamber and level of the soil. Seven steps lead to the bottom, where is a common Arab tomb of rough masonry. To this spot, however mean and humble in its present state, the general tradition of the Arabs has assigned the name of the tomb of Alexander; and as such it is the common resort of the resident Arabs, who pay respect to him as a great sultan and the founder of their city.' Many of the principal points of the topography of Alexandria are already well ascertained; such as the ancient port, now called the 'New Port;' and Eunostos, now the 'Old Port;' and the Heptastadium. The Pharos is unaltered, and Cape Lochias is the point of the Pharillon. The two obelisks near the old port belonged to the Sebastium or Cæsarium, as is evident from the words of Pliny, 'Duo obelisci sunt Alexandriae in portu ad Cæsaris templum,' (l. 36, c. 9.) The temple of Serapis, said by Strabo to be in Rhacotis, was on the site of the fortress erected by the French, and named Caffarelli, on the lofty mound of earth which commands Port Eunostos. The spot is clearly pointed out by the words of Rufinus and Sozomen; and the Persian or Egyptian temple of Mendes-

Schmoum, or Ammon the generator, may be safely applied to the other high mound, now called Koumel-Dikke.—*Lit. Gazette*.

CAPTAIN HARRIS'S ABYSSINIAN EMBASSY.—Capt. W. C. Harris, of the Engineers, accompanied by the two Abyssinian ambassadors, who arrived last month in the Victoria, left Bombay in the Sesostri in charge of the presents sent for her most gracious majesty the Queen, through the late mission, of which he was the leader, at the court of Shoa. The various articles were for some time exposed in the council-chamber, and from their novelty and savage singularity attracted great admiration, although obviously the work of a people low in the scale of civilization. Although nothing of a political nature can transpire, the arrival in Bombay of the two Abyssinians, the first of their nation who have crossed the ocean boundary, would at least prove that the most friendly relations have been established with the monarch of Shoa, who, we understand, has been induced to conclude a treaty of commerce, whereof Captain Harris is likewise the bearer to England. The extent of the zoological and botanical collection, the myrrh, the cotton, the seeds, and the splendid paintings lately exhibited, with the various rude manufactures of the countries visited, would prove that the enterprising party were not idle; and some of their accessions to geography, which have already appeared in print, may be expected to lead to very important results. We read with feelings of admiration, mingled with the proudest gratification, the fact, that upwards of seven thousand Christian slaves were liberated from galling bondage at the intercession of our countrymen, and are now blessing the name of the white man; that hundreds of doomed pagan captives, taken in the bloody forays, witnessed by the British embassy, were set at large; and that the members of the royal house of Shoa, and princes of the blood, whom a barbarous policy has, since the days of Solomon, doomed to chains and a living grave, have been liberated through the same influence—to the permanent abolition, we trust, of a system so revolting to humanity.—*Bombay Times*.

EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION.—Referring to the interesting particulars respecting the Lake and Labyrinth of Mæris, contained in a letter from the spot (*Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1383, pp. 480, 81,) we see it stated farther, on the authority of Dr. Lepsius, that "there are some hundreds of chambers standing, with walls of from 15 to 20 feet high; and the name of Mæris has been frequently found amongst the inscriptions. Dr. Lepsius says that the supposition of Manetho, that this monarch belonged to the twelfth dynasty, is confirmed.—*Ibid*."

COMET.—A comet has been visible, we learn from Manilla and Singapore, since the beginning of last month, but during almost all which time the weather here has been so unsettled, and the sky so continually overcast, that it was first beheld here on the night of the 28th. The comet itself is barely visible to the naked eye, but its tail is of great extent, say about forty degrees, and quite straight. At present it sets at about half-past ten in the south-west, and when first seen, disappeared soon after nightfall; it is probable, therefore, that it will remain visible a long while. We believe this to be a comet hitherto unknown. As may be supposed, the Chinese are in great consternation about it, believing that it forebodes evil.—*Canton Press*, April 1.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

NEW MERIDIAN INSTRUMENT OR SUN-DIAL.—On a recent visit to Mr. Dent, chronometer maker, we observed a small instrument on the mantle-piece, apparently a circular glass mirror about two inches in diameter, imbedded in a solid metallic frame, reflecting the image of a lighted taper revolving on the opposite side of the room. Our curiosity was excited, naturally, and we inquired the object of the experiment and the uses of the reflector. Mr. Dent immediately placed us in a particular position, and we beheld two reflected images of the flame approaching each other, coinciding and then receding, and so for each revolution of the taper. It was evident at once that here was a most simple and beautiful transitorial or meridian instrument. But what was its construction? merely such an arrangement of three reflecting planes, that they could be used as one single and one double reflector, and in such a manner that an observer may see two images of a distant object, when that object is near to an imaginary plane passing through the instrument; and by the coincidence of those images, the observer may know when the distant object is in that imaginary plane. The honor of this invention is due to James Mackenzie Bloxham, Esq., and to Mr. Dent jointly;—to the former, in whose name the patent is to be enrolled, for the original suggestion of the optical arrangement—and to the latter, who has become the legal patentee, for experimenting, carrying out, and perfecting the instrument to its present simple form, about one-fifth the size of the practical perfect sun-dial. The optical principles involved in the invention, however, and its construction and application, can only be understood by an illustrated description, which, together with a large woodcut of the full-sized instrument, through the kindness of Mr. Dent, we hope to be enabled to give in our next number.—*Literary Gazette*.

DUVERNOY ON THE TEETH.—According to the theory of M. Duvernoy, the bulb, or soft core, is the producing organ of each simple tooth, at least of its principal dentary substance, or ivory, and impresses on it its form and dimensions. This bulb is composed of two distinct parts: the one, in immediate relation with the blood-vessels and nerves, which penetrate it, is a gland, the coats of which secrete and turn into the cavity which it contains the materials of the tubulous substance; it is at once the preparing organ and the reservoir of these materials; the other part of the bulb envelops the first, and is the ground-work of the tubulous substance of the tooth, which hardens, so that the capillary tubes of which it is composed receive and absorb the materials prepared by the secretory organ of the bulb. The new work of M. Duvernoy is intended to develop this doctrine, and to demonstrate it by new preparations and new designs. The teeth of shrew-mice, (he says,) because of the transparency of their enamel and ivory, are peculiarly suitable for the study of these relations.—*Ibid*.

FRESCOES.—At a time when fresco-painting is likely to work a grand revolution in the arts of England, we have been much interested and delighted by the sight of a number of plates designed for the illustration of a splendid folio work about to be produced by Mr. Lewis Gruner. They consist of fresco-decorations and stuccoes of churches and palaces of Italy, during the triumphant reign of painting in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and are selected from the principal performances of the great mas-

ters—Luini, Pinturicchio, Correggio, Raphael and his school, Giulio Romano, B. Peruzzi, S. del Piombo, Primaticcio and others. Their number is forty-five; and Certosa near Pavia, the Monastery at Maggiore, the Library of Siena, the Camera di St. Paolo at Parma, the Vatican, the Villa Madama and Villa Lante and Farnesina Palace at Rome, and two palaces at Montova, supply the fruitful, the inexhaustible subjects. It is not in our power to convey an idea of the endless variety, elegance, beauty, and invention of these designs, which are sufficiently colored by hand to afford a perfect idea of the originals. The harmony of these colors is exquisite, and the revelling of fancy in the forms indescribable. It appears to us that suggestions for hundreds of book-ornaments, and patterns for that purpose, for room-papering, for distemper embellishments, and for many articles of furniture, such as candelabra, stands, chimney-pieces, carpets, curtains, &c., might be taken from these plates with admirable effect, and contribute to the wonderful improvement of our most refined efforts in those lines of taste and luxurious expenditure. But above all, at the period when we are proposing to adorn our public buildings with works of the same kind, the accomplishment of this rich treasure of what has been done by the greatest genius the world ever witnessed, is most *apropos*, and must be of inestimable value. We speak of it in terms of the highest panegyric that our language can compass, because we are certain that its examination will disappoint no lover of what is superb and charming in art. English descriptions are to accompany the publication, for which we certainly look with much impatience, believing that nothing could be better calculated to inform the public mind upon an art so little understood by those who have not travelled to the sites of these matchless decorations.—*Ibid*.

THE NELSON MONUMENT.—The workmen are again employed a-top of this column, placing there the bronze leaves and volutes of the capital, cast for that purpose at Woolwich. After they are fixed the statue will be raised: it is said to be nearly finished, and to consist of two great blocks of stone, now wrought upon under the direction of Mr. Baily, R. A.—*Ibid*.

DAGUERRETYPE.—MM. Choiselat and Ratel think that in photography the accelerating substances only act by seizing on the iodine left bare by the action of the light, and the transformation of the iodine of silver into the subiodine. They have found by experiment that bodies deprived of sensibility in themselves greatly exalt the sensible layer, and especially carbon. Thus, by adding to bromine, employed as an accelerator, essential oils, naphtha, alcohol, &c., they have succeeded in obtaining pictures in two seconds. Their method of applying the accelerating vapor is very simple: they mix bromine and alcohol, for instance, in the proportion of 5 to 2; they draw with a small glass syringe about a demi-centilitre of the vapor which escapes from the mixture, and inject it into the box with the bromine: the plate exposed to this vapor is covered again with it very uniformly and with great rapidity.—*Ibid*.

GALILEO.—M. Alberii announces, that among the mss. of Galileo, collected for the edition which is being printed at Florence, have been found those relating to the satellites of Jupiter, and which works were thought to have been lost for two centuries.—*Ibid*.

OBITUARY.

NOAH WEBSTER, LL. D. May 27.—In New Haven, U. S., aged 85, Noah Webster, LL. D., author of the English Dictionary.

Dr. Webster has been a long time before the public as a prominent individual in the various departments of society. He was born in West Hartford, Oct. 16, 1758, a descendant of John Webster, one of the first settlers of Hartford, who was a member of the Colonial Council from its first formation, and subsequently Governor of Connecticut. Noah Webster entered Yale College in 1774. In his junior years, in the time of Burgoyne's expedition from Canada, he volunteered his services under the command of his father, who was captain in the Alarm List. In that campaign, all the males of the family, four in number, were in the army at the same time. Notwithstanding this interruption in his studies, Webster graduated with high reputation in 1778. During the summer of 1779, he resided in the family of Mr., afterwards Chief Justice Ellsworth, at Hartford. He was admitted to the bar in 1781. Subsequently he engaged in the business of instruction, and, being strongly impressed with the defects of such books as were then used in elementary schools, published in 1783, at Hartford, his "First part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Grammar." The great success of this work, and of others of the same class prepared by him, is well known. His "Sketches of American Policy," published in 1784, his writings in favor of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in defence of Washington's proclamation of neutrality, and of the treaty negotiated with Great Britain by Mr. Jay, had great influence on public opinion, and were highly appreciated. Various other topics during the same period were publicly discussed by him. In 1793, he commenced a daily paper in New-York, which is now called the Commercial Advertiser and New-York Spectator. Mr. Webster removed to New Haven in 1798, and 1807 entered on the great business of his life, the compiling of a new and complete Dictionary of the English Language. This work he prosecuted amidst various difficulties and discouragements, and published the first edition of it in 1828. In the preparation of this dictionary he was led to investigate to a great extent the subject of etymology, and the relations of various languages to each other. This dictionary has been more favorably received, than, as is believed, the author ever anticipated. His other publications are numerous.

Dr. Webster had enjoyed remarkably vigorous health till within a few days of his death. His disorder soon took the form of pleurisy, and he gradually sank under the attack, till, in the full possession of his reason, he died with entire composure and resignation.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

REV. SAMUEL KIDD, M. A.—June 12. At Camden Town, of epilepsy, aged 42, the Rev. Samuel Kidd, A. M., Professor of Oriental and Chinese Literature at the University College, London.

The suburbs of Hull had the honor of giving birth to this eminent student, who at an early age exhibited extraordinary powers for the acquisition of language, and a not less tenacious memory for literature in general, to which he was remarkably attached. These qualifications, joined to an ardent love of the gospel, recommended him to the notice of the London Missionary Society, and he was appointed to the important post of Malacca, where the society established an Anglo-Chinese College, to-

gether with a printing press, which have been extensively useful in the translation and circulation of the Sacred Scriptures, and other Christian publications, amongst the Chinese. Mr. Kidd became the principal of the college, and his labors must have been great; at the time of his death he was allowed to be the first Chinese scholar in this country, and therefore eminently qualified for the seat of Professor of Chinese Language and Literature in the University of London, to which he was appointed when the state of his health required his return to this country. His acquaintance with the literature of China comprehended a very wide range of reading, and his position in University College, which possesses a most valuable library in the language of the celestial empire, appeared to be eminently calculated for usefulness, now that our connections with the country are assuming a closer character. In 1841 he published a learned and ingenious work, entitled "Illustrations of the Symbols, &c., of China."

He was in the prime of life, and surrounded by a numerous family.

DR. HAHNEMANN.—July 2.—At Paris, aged 88, DR. HAHNEMANN, the founder of Homœopathy.

Dr. Hahnemann, was born in 1755, at Meissen, of poor parents, and owed his education to the great aptitude for learning he gave evidence of at the little school where he was first placed. He was received doctor in physic at Heidelberg in 1781, and discovered in 1790 the new system which he afterwards designated homœopathy. He continued until 1820 his experiments and researches, and then published the results of his labors, under the title of *Matière Médicale Pure*. In 1829 he published his *Theory of Chronic Diseases, and their Remedies*, of which he gave a second edition in 1840. To those works must be added his *Organon de l'Art de Guérir*, which ran through five editions. He also published nearly 200 dissertations on different medical subjects; and he did all this whilst occupied with patients, which took up from ten to twelve hours a day. He had the satisfaction of seeing his system, after half a century's existence, spread over every part of the globe; and just before his death he learned that homœopathy was about to have a chair at the University of Vienna, and hospitals in all the Austrian States, at Berlin, and at London.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

MR. WASHINGTON ALLSTON.—At Cambridge, in America, in his 64th year, Mr. Washington Allston, Associate of the R. A., the most imaginative painter on that continent.

Though nearly thirty years have elapsed since Mr. Allston quitted England, and his works have since but seldom appeared in our exhibition rooms, we have not forgotten some which remain in our principal collections: the Egremont, Jacob's Dream, and Elisha; Mr. Labouchere's Elijah in the Desert; and the Stafford Uriel. We have heard those curious in pedigree point to Mr. Allston as the first in that gorgeous style of perspective painting, which Martin and Danby have so richly adorned. A still elder artist, however, might be named, Paul Brill. Mr. Allston occupied himself with other graceful pursuits besides his own art. A volume of poems was published during his residence in England, and it is but a year or two since that we reported on his Monaldi, an Italian romance of considerable power.

He married a sister of Dr. Channing, whom he survived several years.—*Athenæum*.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

- 1.—*Claims of the Christian Aborigines of the Turkish or Osmanli Empire.* By W. F. Ainsworth, F. G. S. &c. Cunningham & Mortimer.

THE extent of the information, and the interest of the claims advocated in these pages are singularly disproportioned to the small size and low price of the work. The subject—the claims of the Christian Aborigines of the Turkish empire upon civilized nations—falls properly into the literary care of Mr. Ainsworth, who, it may be remembered, had in charge the late expedition to the Chaldean Christians, from the Christian Knowledge Society. His object is to promote the interests, both spiritual and temporal, of a prostrate and often wronged and suffering people; and it appears that he purposes to devote some monthly effort, in a separate publication, to that philanthropic, though we fear not readily attainable purpose. His present view of the subject includes three divisions, and he severally treats of the claims of the aborigines, the existing condition and prospects of the Osmanli empire, and the aspect and position of the missionary enterprise in Western Asia. It may be proper to remind the reader, as the first step to awaken his interest, that the only right possessed by the Osmanli Turks to the rich and great countries (for the most part, Christian, formerly) over which they rule, is that of conquest. They rose to power within the country, but they are not the aborigines of it. Mr. Ainsworth shows, we think, by bringing extensive reading and close argument to his aid, that there are many considerations affecting the welfare of these people which deserve to be entertained; and he forcibly advances the suggestion which was once laid before parliament, of the necessity of giving protection to our Protestant brethren in the East. The French have long since taken under their protection the Roman Catholics of Turkey. But of course nothing in the way of permanent security and advancement could be effected, but by all sects and classes of Christians in the East making common cause, and exhibiting in practice the brotherhood which should be the bond of their faith. Our zealous advocate perceives in the establishment of Protestant sees in the Mediterranean and at Jerusalem, a circumstance which tends strongly to increase confidence in the proximate regeneration of the East. That he himself has enthusiasm, as well as confidence, is seen in a passage of considerable power, which we here subjoin:—

"As it has been said that there are stars so distant, though their light has been travelling towards us ever since the creation, it has never yet reached us, so there are meanings in God's dispensations, a light in events long past, which, through our imperfection of moral vision, or the thick medium through which we have to judge, may not yet have broken upon us, and may not, indeed, till far in the bosom of eternity. The meaning of the brazen serpent in the wilderness was not seen till the Son of man was lifted up on the cross; the purpose of David's education as a shepherd was not read till the publication of the Book of Psalms. There was a meaning in that three years' drought and famine in the time of Elijah, in the reign of Ahab, in the land of Judea, not known even to the church of God till the general epistle of James, after the crucifixion of our Saviour. An event like that of Bunyan's imprisonment for thirteen years had a meaning that could not be seen by that generation, indeed is but beginning to be known now, after the

translation of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' into more than twenty languages. An event in a still greater cycle of dispensations, like the banishment of the puritans to America, had a meaning which we are now only beginning to comprehend. And lastly, circumstances like those which threw the key of the Mediterranean into the possession of a Protestant power, did the same with Malta—the bridge between the Oriental and the Occidental world—and, finally, opened one of the antique gates of Christendom to the same nation, can only be understood when those future events have begun to march by in succession, for which those previous steps of God's providence are so evidently taken."—*Ainsworth's Magazine*.

- 2.—*History of the Westminster Assembly of Divines.* By the Rev. W. M. Hetherington. Edinburgh: Johnstone.

Though Mr. Hetherington's is an extremely one-sided account of the proceedings of this memorable Assembly, it may be of use to many students of English Ecclesiastical History from its brevity. Its errors and partialities will probably be pointed out in some of the religious periodicals under the immediate influence of the Independents or Congregationalists;—and this is required. Instead, therefore, of meddling with the controversy as between the Presbyterians and Independents in the Assembly or yet with the *Erastian* Controversy, we should, at the present moment, prefer as a sample of the History, the disputes concerning priests' vestments, and those other frivolities and fopperies which have come into vogue of late, and with more blame and absurdity than in past times, as this superstitious nonsense is revived in an age claiming to be much more enlightened than the sixteenth century. From recent appearances, one might conclude that the Bishop of London would not be very loth to see the whole clergy of London summoned, as of old, to Lambeth, and compelled to assume the sacerdotal costume prescribed for them, or forfeit their livings, which thirty-seven out of a hundred ministers then did. This arbitrary order, however, was alleged to be issued to enforce the great duty of conformity, and not from any intrinsic importance connected with the mere vestments and frivolous rites. Both objects may now be contemplated by the Puseyite clergy.—*Tait's Magazine*.

- 3.—*The Universal Kingdom: a Sermon preached at the request of the Protestant Association of London, May 4, 1843.* By the Rev. G. Croly, LL.D. Pp. 27. Duncan & Malcolm.

We seldom venture to offer opinions upon single sermons, and preached for peculiar occasions; but the eloquence of this discourse pleads for an exemption from our rule. The enthusiastic view which Dr. Croly, years ago, took of the fulfilment of the prophecies, in endeavoring to put his finger upon their development to the present epoch, and thence deducing their farther completion at calculated periods, prepared him for not only an animated but a profound sermon when called on to perform this duty. There is consequently a grandeur and comprehensiveness in his ideas which lead the hearer and the reader along with his impressive style; and were we to put all question of religion out of sight, we would advise men of every variety of faith to peruse this splendid apotheosis (if we may say so) of the expected universal kingdom, were it only for the sake of its beauties as a composition.—*Literary Gazette*.

4.—*Sacred Poems, from Subjects in the Old Testament.* By JOHN EDMUND READE, Author of "Italy," &c.

We have frequently noticed Mr. Reade's poetical efforts in terms of high commendation. There is not one of our living writers who has a deeper and more abiding sense of the requirements of his art, or who approaches his subjects with greater sincerity and earnestness than does the author of these Sacred pieces. He is not of the number who imagine that a set of verses strung together without forethought and steady purpose can be fitting either as respects the purposes of Poetry, or his own character. As he himself observes, the great ends of Poetry are like those of Truth, "with whom she is one, the sister and the adorning handmaid—to hold up the evil and the good in their most impressive colors." Accordingly he never thinks of applying his art as a mere plaything, but makes its employment a matter of conscience. Most sedulously has he sought to improve his skill by study, by travel, and by careful revision; and we may be sure that when he essayed sacred themes he did not rush unadvisedly into the temple, nor read his texts with an undisciplined imagination.

These Poems have for their subjects some of the most remarkable events and characters to be met with in the Old Testament, which abounds with passages of the very highest capability for poetical treatment, and which at the same time impose the highest responsibility upon him who approaches them with the design of bringing out parts of the picture more fully than has been done by the inspired penman, or of enlarging a sentiment that may be but incidentally or indirectly suggested by the text. An example from the collection before us may be given to illustrate our meaning, and at the same time, to convince the reader of the beauties which shine in these poems. The lines are taken from the piece called "Jephthah's Vow."

The shouts of victory rose, the timbrels sounded :
The old men came forth with their laurels green ;
And in the dance glad Israel's maidens bounded,
Circling their mistress with triumphant mien :
For Jephthah's honored daughter they surrounded,—
Handmaids of beauty waiting round their queen.

She stood among them yet alone,
Peerless and pure as is the moon
Among the lesser planets shown :
Her hair, unbraided now, was strewn
In masses o'er her shoulders bright,
Glistening in threads of amber light !
But where they parted o'er her brow,
And left her temples bare, ye traced
The violet vein that stained their snow ;
And where those tresses, interlaced
With their own tangled braids, descended,
Veiling that swan-like neck of pride,
And with her heaving bosom blended,
Shadowing the forms they could not hide,
They looked as they had stolen the rays
Of sunset in their golden maze.

All this is fairly within the scope of the sacred narrative, and certainly a very beautiful enlargement. We think that it would be idle after such a specimen to offer any further words of general recommendation.—*Monthly Review.*

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FRANCE.

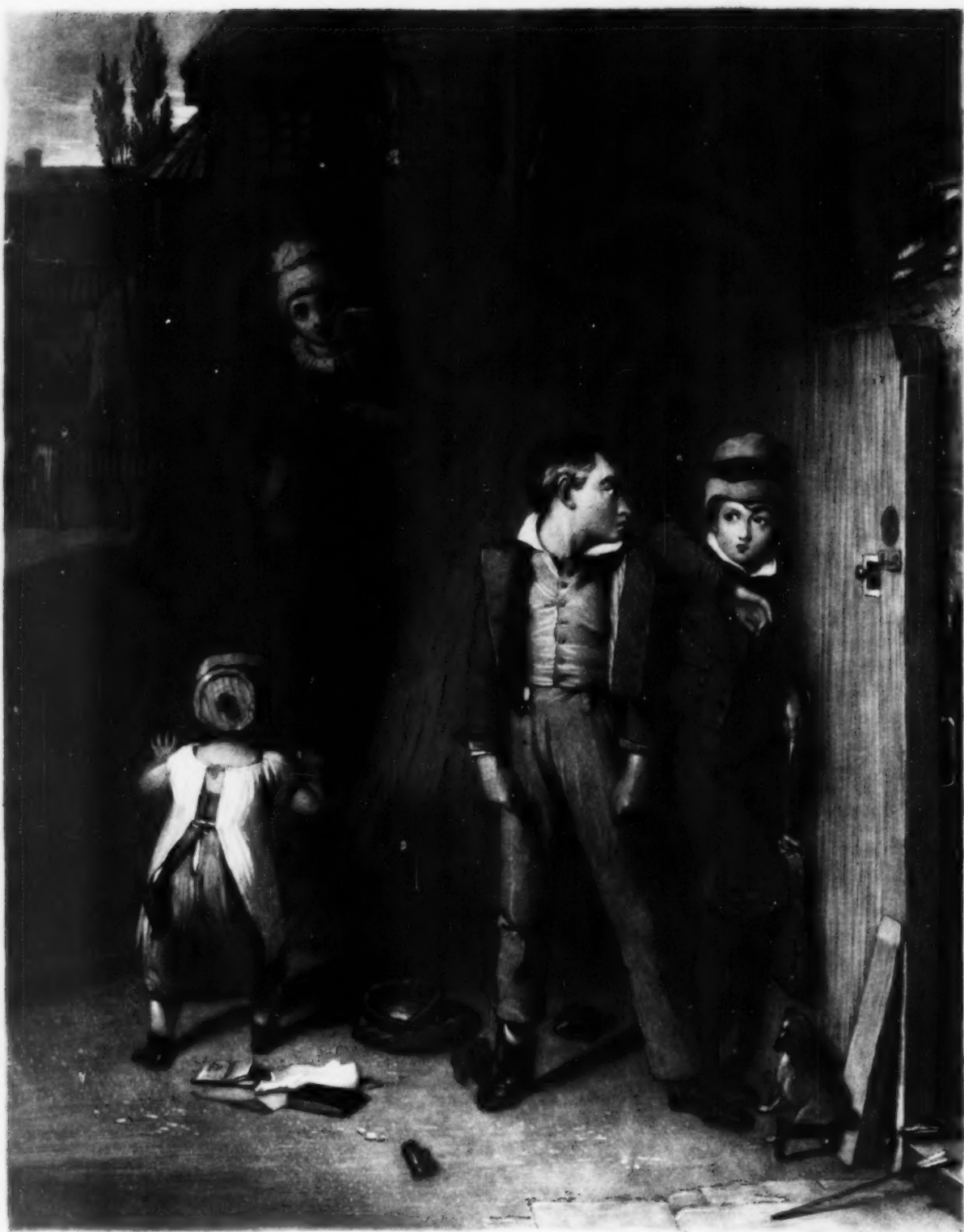
Citolégie hébraïque automatique: par M. S. Franck. Genève.

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Cicéron et son siècle: par A. F. Gautier aine. Paris.



THE ESCAPE OF FRANCESCO DA CARRARA, SOVEREIGN OF PADUA.

PAINTED BY CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE, R. A., F. R. S.

As the Plate in this No. needs no illustration, and many persons were at a loss for the incidents illustrating the "Escape of Carrara" in the last, we subjoin a brief notice.

This subject, from the History of the Italian States in the Middle Ages, is full of deep interest; and the picture, when exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1834, excited much attention, though the particular story was not, perhaps, generally known; the observers felt sympathy for the fugitives of rank, represented in difficulty and danger, and admiration for the picture as a work of art.

The tale is found in the History of Padua of the 14th century, by Galeazzo and Andrea Gataro, the historians of the house of Carrara. Their manuscripts, in the Este Library, were first printed by Muratori, who says, in a preface, that of all the histories he had collected, this would be the most likely to reward the reader's attention; and Mr. Percival, in his History of Italy, speaking of the last sovereign of Padua (the hero of the present subject) and of his lady, says, "The story of their sufferings and hair-breadth escapes, by Andrea Gataro, is more interesting than any romance, from the simple air of truth which pervades it." An abridgment of this chronicle was published by David Syme, Esq., in Edinburgh, 1830.

Francesco Novella da Carrara, when heir to the sovereignty of Padua, was detained with his wife Taddea d'Este, and a few followers, at Asti, by Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan. The Governor of Asti soon informed his noble guest that Visconti had given secret orders for his assassination. The flight of the prisoners was agreed on; but, even in order to reach Florence, (to cross to Padua or Ferrara being out of the question,) they were obliged to penetrate into France, and then get to the coast. The emissaries of Visconti were everywhere on the watch; and the dangers the little party encountered before they reached Florence, Madonna Taddea being then enciente, and ill too, from fatigue, make up one of the most interesting chapters of the story of Gataro. The picture represents the escape of the fugitives, from the pursuit of the Podestà of Ventimiglia, by a narrow pass on the mountain-side which skirts the deep ravine of the Roya above that town. The shrinking fear of the boy who leads the mule, the alarm of the lady's attendant, and her own expression of pain and suffering as she leans on her gallant lord, who is ready in the extremity of danger to guard her from the approaching enemy, seen in the depths of the ravine below—disclose a moment of the deepest anxiety. They were overtaken, but fought their way to the shore, and ultimately escaped.

The period is the latter part of the 14th century. At the commencement of the 15th, in 1406, Francesco Novella, with all his sons, was put to death by the Venetians in cold blood. He kept at bay five officers and twenty executioners for some time, before they subdued him and strangled him in his dungeon. Particulars can be found in Harpers' Family Library, No. XLII.

The picture was painted for James Morrison, Esq., and is now in his possession.